

MAY
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



M

YSTERY HOUSE *A New Novel by*
LEROY SCOTT

SLOT MACHINE EDUCATION

by Montrose J Moses *Also* Zack Cartwright
Austin Parker . . . Courtney Ryley Cooper &c.

"In America the present average expectancy of life is fifty-six years, which is eighteen years more than that of our grandfathers"

From a statement by

Dr. Wm. H. Welch,
Director Johns Hopkins
School of Hygiene and
Public Health.



What has this to do with the Cost of Insurance?

JUST this . . . every man and woman knows that insurance rates are based on the average life expectancy.

Dr. Welch, one of the greatest medical authorities in the country, says that the average lifetime has been increased by 18 years, or nearly fifty per cent in the past generation.

These figures are based on the population of the United States as a whole. ACACIA members are not the general population average. They are men of a select class—whose standards of living should carry their life expectancy beyond the figures given by Dr. Welch.

This, together with an extremely economical management, is the reason why ACACIA is able to offer its policyholders lower rates than they can possibly secure in any other old-line life insurance company.

ACACIA is the FIRST and ONLY life insurance company or organization to reduce its rates so that its

policyholders get the full benefit of this changed condition.

ACACIA is different from any other old-line company. It gives its members the advantage of the low initial rates of the stock company, combined with the dividends and privileges of a mutual company.

In 1926, ACACIA made the greatest gain in its history, closing the year with more than 100,000 policyholders with a total of over \$226,000,000 of insurance in force and assets of over \$19,000,000. There can be no more conclusive—or impressive—evidence that this *service institution stands alone*.

You are entitled to all the advantages and the opportunities which ACACIA has developed.

Send in the coupon *today* and you will receive an attractive booklet which explains more about your opportunity to enjoy the absolute security, low rates, and special service of ACACIA protection.

ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION
Homer Building, Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of your booklet which explains the unusual opportunity ACACIA offers to Master Masons. No obligation on my part, of course.

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Standing
ALONE



ACACIA
MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, President

HOME OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1869

MAY, 1927



In 16 years we have not published a more dramatic story than this

This is the story of a man who almost threw \$10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president, who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of 'Forging Ahead in Business' to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it."

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for \$10,000 in that little book."

"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you to-morrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the

phone. "I think I found that \$10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way to-day, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier; his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—\$10,000 and all."

Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which *all* business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nut-shell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it

puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it

into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion—curiosity—which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.



"I said to him, 'There is a check for \$10,000 hidden in that book.'"

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
854 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature _____ Please write plainly

Business Address _____

Business Position _____

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



"CATTY" by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE in June

IT WAS the day before the Cat Show and only 17 prize winners were entered as against the 400 cages to be filled. The Committee was desperate. There were cats everywhere—on the highways, in the alleys and kitchens . . . The Cat Show opened and the cages were filled with cats—some were tame, some were wild, even ruffraff. It's one of Terhune's best stories.

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR MAY

The Imperial Potentate's Page 7

Decoration by Allen Lewis

Mystery House

(This is the first instalment of a new serial story of love, jealousy, mystery and suspense—By Leroy Scott

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

8

Pauper to Millionaire—and Back Again

(The first of two articles on the Life-Story of Oliver Morosco as related by himself to Paul Thompson

Illustrated with photographs

14

The Crowded Day

(Caroline's love had to be flavored with romance—By Austin Parker

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

18

Slot Machine Education

(A vitally interesting article on the modern "get-educated-quick" system—By Montrose J. Moses

With a foreword by Frederick B. Robinson, Acting President, College of the City of New York

Illustrated by Kerr Eby

24

Pensioned

(Old-time circus performers who refused to be "laid-away" to rust—By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

28

Salary Was No Object

(This man looked for experience and his salary took care of itself—By Earl Chapin May

33

What the Left Hand Doeth

(It is well at times not to have the right hand too well posted—By Zack Cartwright

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

34



Drawing by David Robinson

(The newboys played a dark rôle in the Cat Show.

Read Albert Payson Terhune's delightful story

"CATTY" in the June Issue

Saturday's Children

(The Play that is being talked about—By Maxwell Anderson 38

But Their Souls Are Not Crippled

(A Heart-warming picture of the new Chicago Unit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children—By Genevieve F. Herrick 40

Photographs by Eugene Hutchinson

WITHIN THE SHRINE
Around the Caravan Campfire

—By Roe Fulkerson 42

Activities of the Temples and Other News Matter

—By J. Harry Lewis, 43
Fraternal News Editor

Who's Who in Shrinedom 44

The Shrine Editorials 46

Directory of Temples, Officers and Representatives 47

SHRINE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

(Conducted by Mrs. Christine Frederick, nationally known expert on Home-making

Ask Mrs. Frederick 60

Make Wash Day a Gay Day in May 62

The "Just So" of Making Shortcake 64

Devices Tested by Shrine Service 66

Shrine Service Travel Bureau 68

Conducted by Anne C. Granbeck

For Investors 72

(A Financial article—By Jonathan C. Royle

(Cover design by W. T. Benda

Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America

Sewell Haggard, Editor

Fred O. Wood, Executive Director

Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager

Published monthly at 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912; additional entry at Chicago, Ill., Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 15, 1926. Price, single copy, 25c. Subscription in the United States and Possessions for Shriners, \$1.00 per year; for non-Shriners, \$2.00 per year; Canada, 50c extra; foreign, \$1.00 extra. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering changes of address, please do so through your Recorder, giving him 1. Your name, 2. Old address, 3. New address. Allow five weeks' time. Copyright, 1927, by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America.

MAY, 1927

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 600,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."

The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

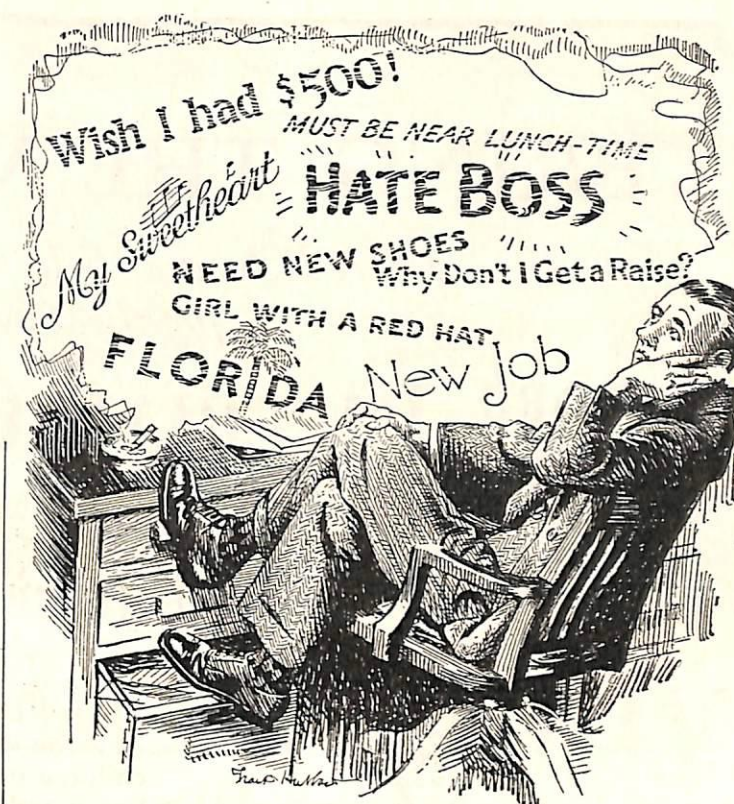
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.

Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life, if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

19 West 44th St. Suite 1785 New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,
19 West 44th St., Suite 1785
New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 600,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

BRING THE WIFE ALONG!

*There'll be a Whole Raft of Entertainment
for the Ladies at the*

53RD IMPERIAL COUNCIL SESSION

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

WEEK OF JUNE TWELFTH, 1927



JUST REMEMBER, Noble, it's Atlantic City this time. And you know what that means to the ladies. Yes, and the children too. A stroll on the Boardwalk with its beautiful hotels and shops—a plunge in the surf—a sail on the ocean—a roller-chair ride—and literally scores of other pleasant things to see and do, the unique sort of entertainment that has made Atlantic City the most famous resort in the world!

Make it a family holiday! Bring the wife and children along to Atlantic City and spend your Summer vacation there at the time of the big Shrine Convention. Kill these two brightly-colored birds with one stone. Play with your family for a whole week or two in Atlantic City—the Playground of the World—and clinch your popularity and your job with your family for life.

Plenty of Hotels for Everybody

—and what's more important, there are genuinely good hotels at prices suited to the limitations or the demands of every Shriner pocketbook. SPECIAL REDUCED RAILROAD RATES, too. Consult your railroad ticket agent.

"The Best Program of Entertainment Ever Arranged for a Shrine Convention"

That's the way some of the old-timers describe the elaborate entertainment that is planned for visiting Shriners. Each day will be crowded with so much entertainment—FREE TO SHRINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES—that it will be impossible for any individual to do all of it.

RESERVE YOUR SEATS NOW FOR THE BIG PARADES

The only satisfactory way to witness the mammoth Shrine Parades and the Moving Picture Pageant is from a grand stand seat. Place your order for seats now either through your Temple or send your check direct to the *Atlantic City Committee* (\$5.00 pays for a good reserved seat for all events for the entire convention). For hotel rates, grandstand seats, or other information, address—

EARL JEFFRIES, *Director General*

16 Central Pier

Atlantic City, N. J.



Suddenly I Broke Away and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free book entitled "How to Work Wonders with Words"—a book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast—a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps. At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup—that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for that free book.

I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most successful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success. As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggressiveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meeting when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new policy.

Three months previously, the forces

of indecision, timidity, and inability to talk in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 15-minute daily training at home had taught me so forget myself and think only of my subject. Almost automatically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with a silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferences, luncheons, banquets, etc., as a popular after dinner speaker. And my talents are not confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worth-while people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that wonderful little free book "How to Work Wonders With Words."

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Thousands have accomplished just such

amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called "How to Work Wonders with Words." You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

Now
Sent
Free

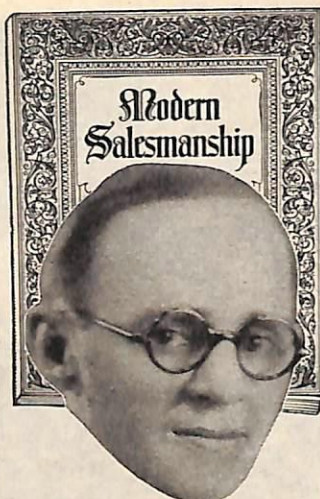


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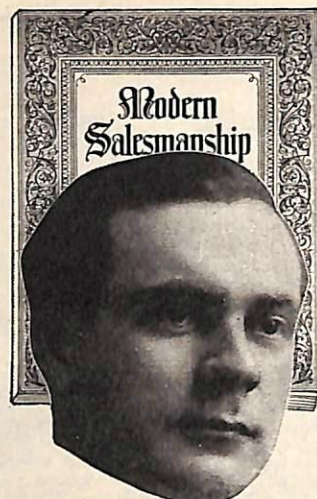
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Chicago, Illinois

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, "How to Work Wonders With Words" and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

**\$7,500 a Year**

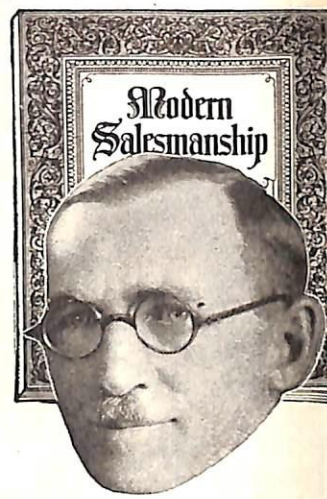
C. W. Birmingham, of Ohio, was formerly a clerk in a shop, earning \$15 a week. Within a short time he has increased his earnings 500% so that, today, he is making \$7,500 a year. The book "Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to Success!

**Over \$10,000 a Year**

C. V. Champion, of Illinois, counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says: "It enabled me to learn more, earn more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed \$10,000 a year!

**\$1,000 a Week**

O. D. Oliver, of Norman, Oklahoma, was local manager of a mercantile business for 17 years—finally getting \$200 a month. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to big pay. Today he earns more in a week than he previously earned in 5 months—or \$1,000 in the last 7 days!

**\$7,286 Last Year**

F. G. Walsh was a clerk earning \$1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. He had to do something. N. S. T. A. training built up his income last year to \$7,286—an increase of over 700 percent.

-and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire To Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific sales-

manship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

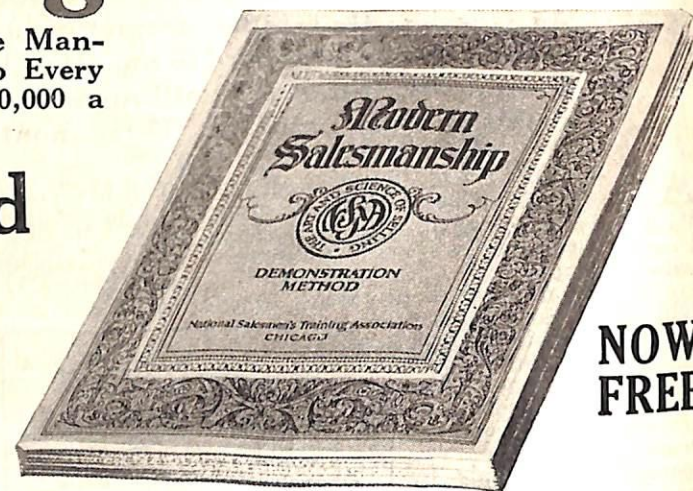
What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams, of California, who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash, of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny, of Kansas City, commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6,000 a year. O. H. Malfroot, of Massachusetts, became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience proves that salesmen are made—not born, as some people have foolishly believed. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.



NOW FREE

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. I cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!



Dept. E-36, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. E-36,
N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name
Address
City State
Age Occupation

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1927

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

May! the beautiful month of flowers, the month of love, the time of youth. The rosy dawn before the warmth of the day of summer's sun.

Not only the time of love, of flowers, of radiant youth, but most fittingly the month of memories—the sweetest and tenderest memories, the bravest and truest memories.

MOTHER'S DAY MEMORIAL DAY

Friendship and love have varied forms, all of them expressions of the Divine in man, but none so pure, so unselfish, so true, unflagging and unflinching as Mother's Love.

*"The Sun to kiss the mighty Sea stoops low
And o'er the world the weird shadows blow
So deep;
But Mother's love sinks lower than the shadows
And sweepeth broader than the ocean's billows."*

This is pure Love, holy and unalloyed. It stoops over the cradle, goeth over mountains and into deepest valleys, through weal or woe, into palace or hovel; waits at the prison gates, nor quails before the yawning jaws of death itself, but follows ever, even through heaven or hell. It is one pure drop of God's own love, nestled deep in the heart of creation's sweetest and most beautiful rose.

To be a Noble one must love the beautiful and good, the sweet and true. No man can be a true Mason or true Shriner without love for his mother filling and overflowing his heart. Let every Noble, on Mother's Day, if he is fortunate enough to still have with him that best friend a man can have, give to her the sweetest and tenderest expression of love and appreciation of which he is capable. Spend the day with her if possible. If that dear friend has passed to her reward, fail not to pay the most loving tribute to her memory.

It is written that greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend, but he who gives his life for his country has given for friend and enemy alike. We live in this prosperous, happy land today because it was bought for us with the lives of thousands who went before, watering the earth with their blood for us whom they could never know. Eternal shame and disgrace to us if we forget.

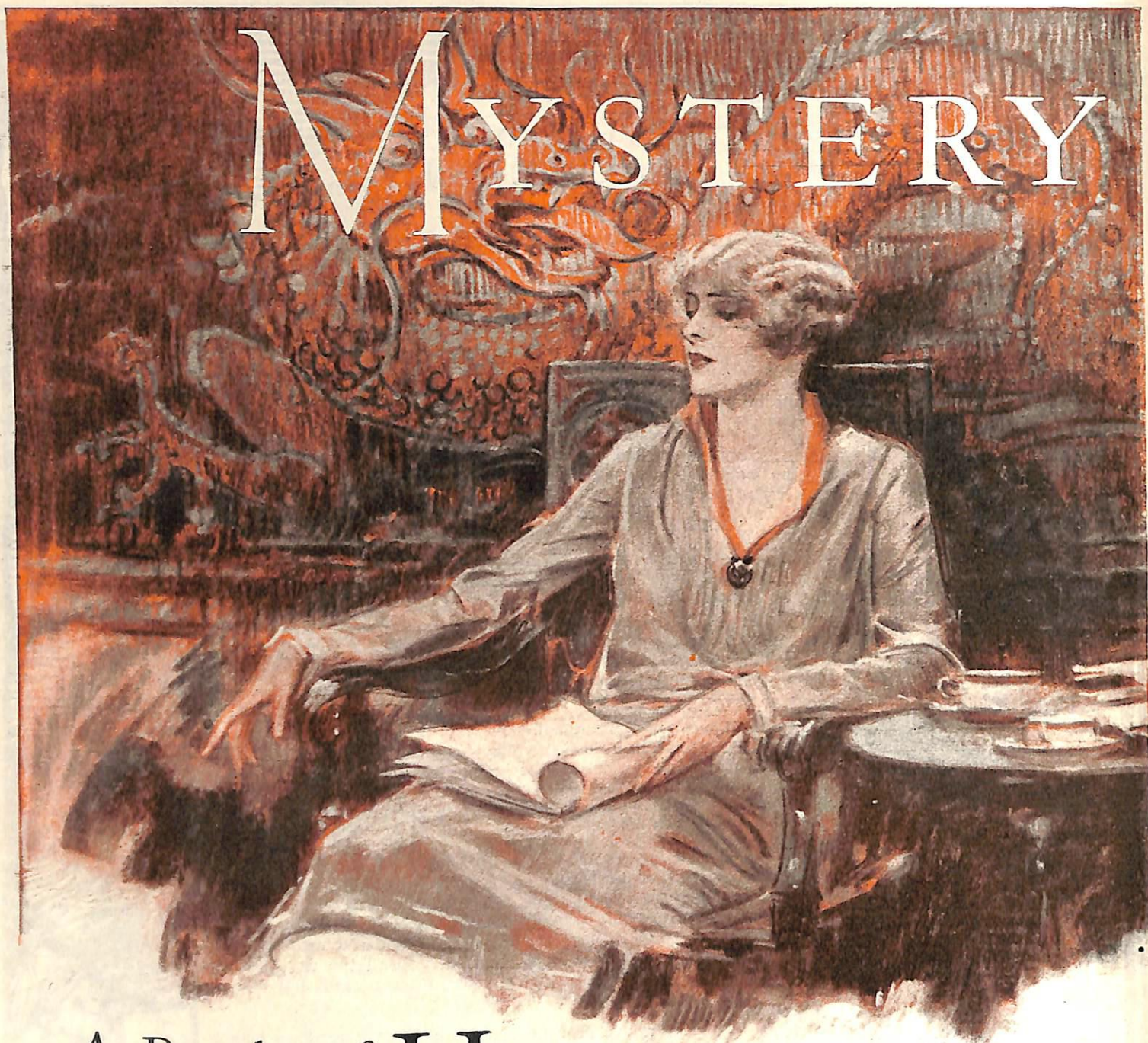
Let the Shriners be the first on Memorial Day to wreath these graves in blossoms sweet and by word and deed tell to the world that they are not forgotten.

Sweeter memory can no man have than emulation of a worthy life.

Yours in the Faith,

Alfred C. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

MYSTERY



A Battle of **H**ATE between A Man whom and A Man who

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

LARRY picked up the afternoon paper the office boy tossed upon his desk and as he glanced at it with casual interest the great black headline seemed to lunge up at him like a smashing fist: "New Clue Discovered in Famous Love-Murder Mystery." Dazedly he raced through the accompanying text. Yes, there it was again! Under the date line of Waldron, Long Island, the ghastly old story of scandal and mystery and murder was rehearsed yet once more, and in the story the name of Lawrence Kane kept occurring like a major theme; and there once more was his picture among the gallery of notables of the old crime.

For a full minute Larry sat as limp as a knocked-out fighter who is groping his way back to consciousness; groggy and reelingly sick with this new resurgence of those implied black charges which had hounded him and blocked all his best hopes these last three years. Then rage flooded into him and with it defiant determination.

"Miss Clark," he snapped out to the secretary he shared, springing up, "I'm going out to Waldron. If I'm wanted on

anything important, try the district attorney's office out there. From Waldron I'll go straight home to Green Manors."

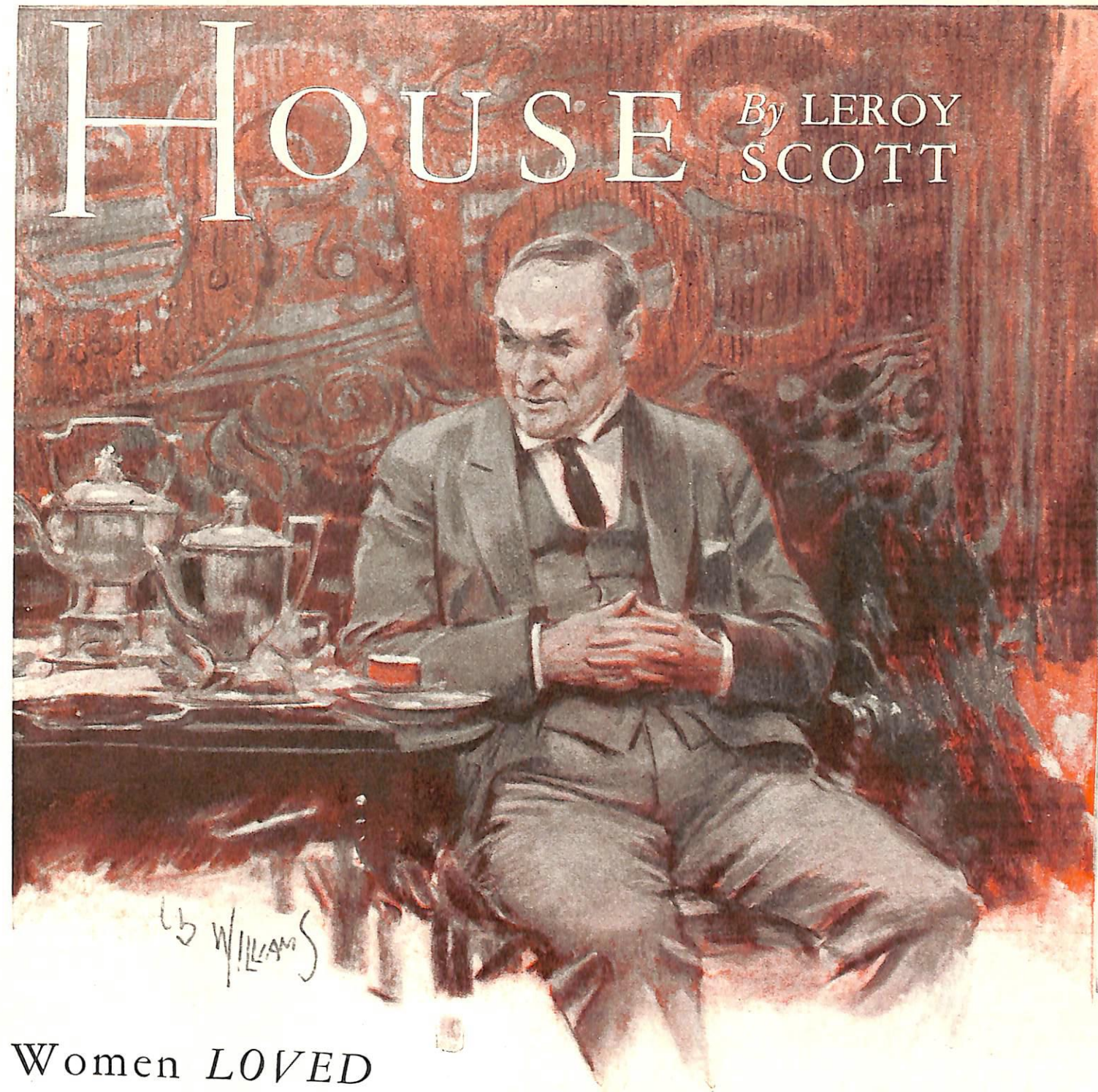
Two hours after Larry plunged out into lower Broadway, his local train, having crawled through two-thirds of the lean length of Long Island—through villages, country estates of millionaires, wastes of sand and scrub pine and scrub oak—set Larry down at the Waldron depot: which building recalled to him just one thing, and would forever recall just that one thing—debauching hordes of New York newspapermen, camera-men, private detectives, all ravenous for scandal, mystery, clues, solutions, rewards. Five minutes later Larry was standing furiously before the desk of the district attorney.

"So you've started in to hound me again, Jackson!" he flung across at the white-haired prosecutor. "After three years of persecution, you're still not satisfied with all the harm you've done me!"

The district attorney quietly regarded the inflamed young man who had burst in on him like an explosion. "Why this sudden fit, Larry? I don't just get—"

"Don't you 'Larry' me!" interrupted Larry. "I'm Mr.

HOUSE By LEROY SCOTT



Women **LOVED** **WANTED** Love

It was evident to others if not to Maida that Peter Buchanan was in love with her. Maida thought his interest was due to her resemblance to her mother whom Peter had loved in his youth.

Lawrence Kane to you and all the officers of the damned Inquisition you're running!"

"Don't you think it just a bit late for you to stand upon formality?" Mr. Jackson commented with a dry smile.

"The fact that you've always known me doesn't make you my friend! And if I were your best friend, you'd still have your pound of my flesh, yes, and all my blood, if you thought it would help build up your reputation as district attorney!"

"My job is to find the guilty person and prove him guilty, whoever he may be. But as yet, Larry, you haven't explained why you've come here to throw a fit."

"There's your explanation!" Larry threw the newspaper he had carried from New York down before Jackson. The prosecutor looked it through rapidly.

"I didn't give this story out, Larry, and I don't know who did."

"If you didn't give it out, then there's a leak in your office, for someone certainly gave it out! For it's true, isn't it, Jackson, that you have discovered new evidence?"

"I'm not showing my cards until it comes time to play them."

"Then, by God, I'm going to make you play them!" Larry exploded furiously and accusingly. "For three years you've been making a big bluff of solving the mystery of that Dodge-Randolph murder. You've fallen down—you're a damned failure! But because the mystery has been such a tremendous sensation, you've tried to save your face by spreading rumors of mysterious progress and by pointing your finger of suspicion at persons you hinted you'd have soon under arrest. Mostly your dirty finger of suspicion has been pointed at me! For three years I've suffered, and I don't propose to suffer any longer! So, by God, I call you, Jackson—you've got to play your cards!"

"Oh, I have, have I?" quietly inquired the district attorney, coolly, eyeing the flaming Larry. "And just how is Mr. Lawrence Kane going to make me play my cards?"

"By making you arrest me this minute!" Larry flung at him. "By making you immediately put me on trial for the murder of Mrs. Dodge and Murray Randolph! I've come to

your office to give myself up, so call in the sheriff and have me jailed!"

The veteran prosecutor blinked at the challenging young figure. This was indeed a novelty to his experience, to have a man demand that he be put on trial for murder.

"Just why are you asking that, Larry?"

"You'd understand why, if you were really the old friend you pretend to be!" Then Larry's accumulated bitterness poured from him as through a broken man. "I'm twenty-five. Almost ever since I started out in the world for myself, that suspicion, which is almost a direct charge, has been hanging over me. Every man, woman and child in this country knows I'm a suspect in the Dodge-Randolph murder; I'm a marked man to everyone. What chance do I have to get on in the world, to become somebody? Who wants to trust a murder suspect? I'm barely tolerated, I haven't advanced one inch since I first went to work in that bond house where I am—and that bond house, nor no one else, will ever advance me an inch while that murder suspicion hangs over me! That's why I'm telling you I can't and won't stand this situation any longer and why I'm demanding you either send me to Sing Sing and the chair, or else clear my name and give me my chance in life!"

"I see, Larry, I see," nodded the old lawyer. "But while you're listing your reasons, why not include your chief one—Maida Dodge?"

"You'll keep your tongue off Maida Dodge!" Larry ordered furiously.

"Don't try to high-hat me, Larry," drawled the other. "And better keep your temper; it was partly your well-known red-hot temper that involved you in this trouble in the first instance. Now you can't very well order me to leave Maida out of this—since all Green Manors and all Garland County and all the United States know that you two are supposed to have always been in love."

"Then you must all know damned well that I can't tell Maida Dodge I love her," panted Larry; "and can't ask her to marry me, while I'm a suspect of having murdered her own mother! And while I have not a thing ahead of me to offer her! There, you've got the total of my reasons, Jackson—every big thing that goes to make up a man's life! Now are you going to play your cards and give me my chance: arrest me and put me on trial?"

"I'm not going to arrest you, or anyone else, till I get good and ready. No, you listen to me now!" sharply commanded Jackson when Larry tried to interrupt. "Get this straight. I'm running the district attorney's office, and I don't start a big murder trial just for the fun of having it end in a fiasco that means my certain discredit and your certain acquittal.



Peter Buchanan lay before them like a living dead man, unable to speak or move a muscle, just staring at his taunting brother and the coldly beautiful Beatrice, who had divorced Peter and married his brother.

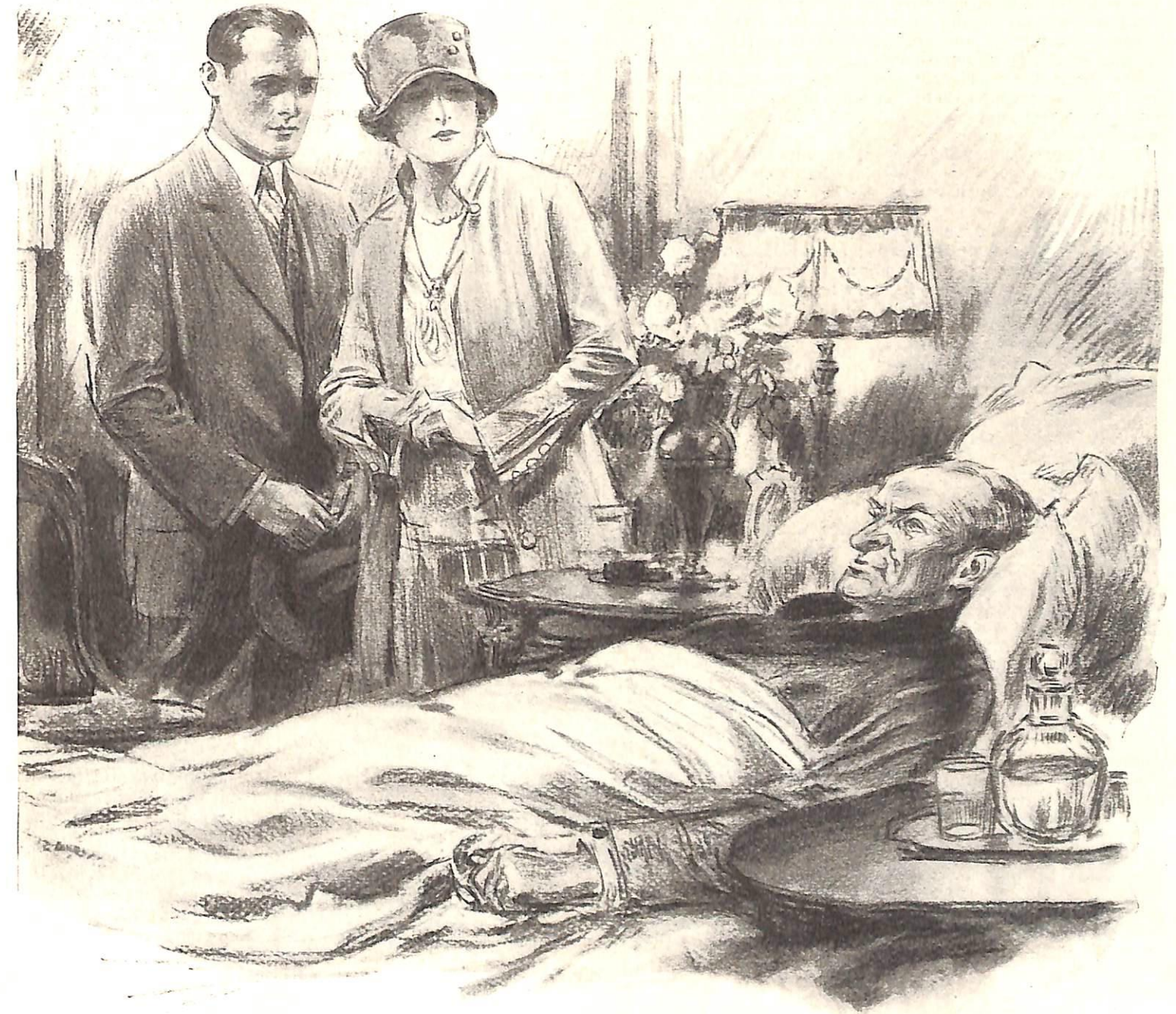
You can only be put in jeopardy of your life once on this count, and once you are acquitted I can never again touch you no matter how much new evidence is later turned up. There's a lot of further evidence in this old mystery that will some day come to light, and until I have that evidence I'm not going to start any foolish trial of you or any other suspect. And that's your answer, Larry."

"You're—you're going to make me keep on suffering?" Larry choked out.

"I get your situation, and if you're not guilty, as I hope, then I'm certainly sorry for you. But you may be guilty, and I'm taking no chance of premature arrest and premature trial."

"There are half a dozen persons you have more reason to suspect than me!" exclaimed Larry. "Myself, I think Peter Buchanan did it. And so do most other people. Plenty of clues point to him, and Peter Buchanan certainly had the motive!"

"A fine show I'd make of myself trying to bring to trial a paralytic who can't move, who can't speak or give evidence



in any other way, and who's been in a prison hospital almost from the night of the double murder!"

"But Peter Buchanan is this case's very biggest figure, isn't he?" Larry demanded desperately.

"He is, and certainly its most intriguing figure. He's got one of the best brains I ever knew. But Peter Buchanan is closed to us, Larry—closed."

Abruptly Jackson switched the subject and his own voice became bitter. "Don't get the idea, Larry, that you're the only one who's sick of this situation or who wants it cleared up with a quick trial. Consider me. That Dodge-Randolph affair is the biggest murder mystery sensation Long Island has known in a generation. There have been half a dozen suspects; I have used all the resources of my office in trying to uncover the truth. But after all these years the mystery is still the same mystery. And I'm the goat of it all! I'm being hammered as a dumbbell for not having made progress. I'm being accused of having been bought off by some of your rich smart Green Manors people who may be involved."

The telephone on his desk interrupted him. "Hello . . .

Yes, he's right here." Jackson pushed the telephone across to Larry. "It's for you—Maida Dodge."

"Oh, Larry," an excited voice came over the wire. "I'm so glad I caught you! Your New York office told me that you might be out there with Mr. Jackson. Larry, can you come home at once? I've got something most important—oh, so very important—to tell you!"

"I'll start at once, Maida. But what is this something?" "It's about Peter Buchanan. Take a taxi and come by the North Shore Turnpike; I'll start now and meet you halfway between Waldron and Green Manors. Good-by."

"Mr. Jackson," Larry snapped out eagerly, as he set down the telephone, "do you know anything new about Peter Buchanan? Has Doctor Grayson or his office told you a thing?"

Dr. Grayson was a famous New York neurologist who for over thirty years had had his legal residence in Green Manors. As Garland County's most distinguished physician he had been induced to accept the post of coroner; he had full authority as such, but of course the office was regarded as honorary, the

duties being performed, except in matters which had for him a special interest, entirely by his deputies.

"I've had no fresh report from Dr. Grayson," Jackson replied. "And I know nothing later than that, at the time of his discharge from Sing Sing, six or eight months ago, Peter Buchanan was again pronounced an incurable paralytic by state experts, and that since then he has been in Dr. Grayson's private hospital in New York. Did Maida have some news about Buchanan?"

"She knows something new about him, but she didn't say what. God, I hope it's something that'll clear things up—for I tell you Peter Buchanan is the key to the whole mystery! So long!"

Larry bolted out, his demand for arrest and trial forgotten in the thrilling hope aroused by Maida's mention of that strange immobile figure of changeless silence, Peter Buchanan.

As Larry's taxi sped through the June afternoon toward Maida Dodge and Green Manors, his mind, as was its long habit, went feverishly over and over that old mystery that had become the dominant factor of his life.

There had been hundreds of thousands of newspaper pages printed on the Dodge-Randolph murder; but for all that, the known facts were comparatively few, and at present their sum was little more than was known a dozen hours after the tragedy. Mrs. Dodge, a beautiful

and amazingly youthful looking woman in her late thirties, wife of the rich and handsome and distinguished Arnoldo Dodge who was Green Manors' most prominent summer citizen, and Murray Randolph, a clever lawyer who had the reputation of being even more the gallant than the lawyer, had been found shot to death in the living-room of "Locust Lodge," Mr. Randolph's cottage.

All the evidence proclaimed this to be what is known as a "love crime." Mr. Randolph was separated from his wife; his cottage was a small one and in it he lived alone, his two servants sleeping out. After the crime, some of Mrs. Dodge's love letters to Randolph were found, and some of his to her; it was established that she had gone to see him frequently, and that on the night of the crime she had received a message from him and had slipped out of her home at midnight to meet him.

The killer had left behind no clue and so suspicion had aimed in half a dozen directions. There was Mr. Dodge, who certainly had the usual motive of the outraged and vengeful husband; but then Mr. Dodge had had no suspicion of his wife's amour, his devotion to her was a matter of wide talk, and his liberal views on marriage and his almost princely standing in Green Manors made such an act entirely out of character for him; besides, he had been in New York at the time of the murder. And certainly he could have had no financial motive, killing his wife the quicker to get her money; for Mrs. Dodge's will left her very great independent fortune entirely to her daughter.

Then there was Mrs. Randolph, the discarded wife; she also certainly had the usual motive of the outraged and jealous spouse, and she had been seen in Green Manors on the fatal night. There was also a beautiful Mrs. Washburn, with whom Randolph was reputed to have had an affair which he had abruptly terminated for the sake of the dead woman; she also had a jealous woman's motives, and she also had made mysterious movements around Green Manors on the night of the murder.

But the bulk of suspicion had pointed at Larry Kane and

at Peter Buchanan. Considering the differences in their ages there had been an amazing likeness between eighteen-year-old Maida and her mother, and Larry and many other persons had frequently mistaken one for the other at a distance or in dim lighting. Maida had been friendly with Randolph, despite the hot-tempered Larry's wrathful objections. Larry had been the one who had discovered the murder and given the alarm; when state troopers arrived, and promptly thereafter county officials from Waldron. A search discovered in a clump of honeysuckle near the cottage a .38 caliber service revolver, wiped clean of all finger-prints, containing four fired shells. This was later proved to have been the weapon of execution. The theory against Larry was that, in his uncontrollable jealous rage, he had shot the pair in the belief that the mother was the daughter, that he had then discovered his mistake and had rid himself of the revolver, and that he had then "discovered" the murder as a means of diverting suspicion from himself. It was known that he had received a message hinting at Maida's intended visit to Randolph.

But most spectacular of all the suspects was Peter Buchanan. Buchanan was the bereaved Dodge's step-brother, and from childhood the pair had been raised as real brothers: Dodge, the elder, turning out a distinguished, polished, respected man of the world—and fat little Peter Buchanan, for all his clever

brain, turning out the black sheep of the family—a lawyer so much the blackleg that he had finally been caught at blackmailing a client and given the stiff sentence of five years in Sing Sing. He had appealed his case, and it was while he was free on bail and the higher court was considering his appeal that the double murder had been committed.

Some twenty years before, Peter Buchanan, although then only eighteen, had fallen in love with Laura Penrose. So had Arnoldo Dodge, and not unnaturally the older and more pleasing brother had been the successful suitor. Fifteen years later Buchanan had married that cold and haughty young beauty, Beatrice Peyton. They had never made a go of the marriage, and it was rumored that Buchanan's affection had gone flaming back to his first love, now his brother's wife. So Peter Buchanan had the most common and compelling of all motives which appear in crimes of passion.

And then there was the evidence against Buchanan. He had been at Locust Lodge the fatal night, so claimed the state authorities; his motor had stood before the cottage, and in his jealous rage he had been so indiscreet as to leave behind him a pair of gloves and fingerprints in plenty. That wiped-off revolver might very well have been used by him.

The total of Buchanan's dark character, the fact that he already stood convicted of crime, the hot revival of his early passion, his undoubted presence on the scene, made him inevitably the first candidate for guilt.

But justice had been balked. A mile from the scene of the double murder there had been a second crime of which Buchanan himself had been the victim.

It seemed plain that Buchanan, alone in his car, had been speeding toward the city from the scene of the murder, when he had been ordered to halt by bandits who at that time had been preying on the rich summer colony of Green Manors. He had not halted and the bandits had opened fire—evidently with pistols equipped with silencers, since the shots had not been heard—and his car had plunged off the road and been wrecked against a stone wall. When he was found he was seemingly dead with two bullet holes in his body, with one

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"I'm now free forever from that inferiority complex he forced on me, damn him," Peter cried. "From now on I'm the one who'll dominate!"



arm and both legs broken. His body had been rifled of all valuables and money.

Peter Buchanan had never told the story of this attack by the bandits. True he recovered from the bullet wounds; but in the words of the state's physicians who diagnosed his case, "the automobile accident caused a hemorrhage affecting the sensory and motor portions of his brain, causing a permanent aphasia"—which meant that Peter Buchanan had lost the use of arms and legs, and that he would never be able to speak again or communicate in any other way.

The day after the murder the Court of Appeals had affirmed the sentence already imposed on Buchanan, and as soon as he was able to be moved he had begun to serve his term in the prison hospital of Sing Sing.

A year after Peter Buchanan went to prison, his coldly beautiful young wife had divorced him and had married his bereft stepbrother.

The old mystery had yet another added feature—the house in which the tragedy had taken place. Perhaps because of the gruesome events staged within it, the house had remained untenanted all these years; it grew dreary and dingy, it looked inhabited by mystery; and so not unnaturally "Locust Lodge" was rechristened "Mystery House" by common usage and was now known by no other name.

Such is an ordered synopsis of the facts and rumors and fears that milled in disorder through Larry's feverish mind until a well-known green roadster came winging toward him out of the distance like an eager bird. In the car was Maida,

without a hat, her yellow bobbed hair brushed back from her face by the high wind of her own speed.

"What has happened, Maida?" he cried when he had transferred from his taxi to the green car and it was heading back for Green Manors.

"Larry," she exclaimed breathlessly, "oh, Larry—guess who the patient is that Dr. Grayson is putting into Mystery House?"

For over twenty years the eminent Dr. Grayson, although his practice was confined almost entirely to New York City, had been bringing an occasional well-to-do and favored patient for the summer months out to Green Manors, that such patient might have the benefit of the quiet, the sea air, and of some of his leisure time. A month before he had bought Mystery House, admitting that he was merely a dummy for the real purchaser. Green Manors had been all agog as to who might be the unknown person who chose to live in this house of such dark memories.

"Who is the patient, Maida?" Larry asked. "Not—not Peter Buchanan?"

"Yes—Peter Buchanan!"

"Great God—Peter Buchanan of all men!" Larry breathed slowly, in awed amazement.

Suddenly he gripped her arm. "Maida," he cried excitedly, "perhaps Dr. Grayson's bringing him out to Green Manors may mean that Peter Buchanan has improved! Perhaps improved enough—"

"Enough to talk!" she broke in. [Continued on page 77]



Walter Morosco, the man who adopted Oliver and his brother, Leslie.



Oliver Morosco (right) and his brother during their acrobatic career.



An old photograph of Oliver Morosco taken in his early teens.

PAUPER to MILLIONAIRE —and Back Again

By Oliver Morosco
as related to Paul Thompson

The first of two articles on the Life-Story of Oliver Morosco—the boy who rose from obscurity to one of the envied places in the theatrical world

“COME on, Ollie! You can do it! Just jump and flip your feet over! Listen, Ollie, gosh! You’ve got to do it or you’re out of the act!”

The voice was that of my brother, Leslie, three years my senior. The place was the fence top in a sandlot at the corner of Sixteenth and Valencia streets, San Francisco. The time, 1888!

The important question at issue was whether I could be induced to cast myself backward from the top of the eight-foot fence, turn a back somersault and then, theoretically, land on my feet in the sand. Grave doubts existed in my mind. Eight feet—or eight hundred—it was all the same to me.

But, spurred on by the insistent demands of my brother, I took the leap and landed ankle deep in sand—and squarely in the first step of an amusement purveying career which brought me to the millionaire class, then dumped me back unceremoniously to the beginning again. Today I am eight cents poorer than on that eventful San Francisco day. Then I had eight cents.

However, getting back to the sandlot, I negotiated the back

somersault successfully. Subsequently Leslie and I learned many other tumbling stunts, both intricate and dangerous. Aside from the natural boy-inclination toward athletic pursuits, we had a more serious urge—the desire to make money for our Mother, of blessed memory. And we did make money—money that in retrospect looms larger than the hundreds of thousands which came in later years. Today I am beating back to prosperity again, but I know the dollars of the future will be smaller in breadth and thickness than those first earnings of my childhood days.

I was born June 20, 1880, in Logan, Utah. My father was Sir John Leslie Mitchell; my mother, Dora Esmea Montrose. Both were high Episcopalians which should discount the thought that I might be a Mormon—even though I have had two wives.

Father had been an English barrister in his birthplace, Birmingham. He continued to practice law after removing to the States several years before I was born. Soon after my advent the family removed to San Francisco. There father died suddenly and some of his burden came on the shoulders of Leslie and myself.



Oliver Morosco, the man to whom Fortune was lavish with both her smiles and frowns.

When we had perfected our tumbling act we tried it out and soon there was a demand for “The Mitchell Boys” for all public celebrations. Proud indeed were we when we strutted home after these occasions, possessed of \$7.50—our professional charge!

But there must have been some merit to our act for we finally were engaged to become a finale number at the Woodward Gardens and later we added an opening song-and-dance number for the bill. This schedule we followed nightly, making five appearances for which we received the joint reward of five dollars. But in 1889 even that small amount meant comfort for mother and we had no complaints.

This first professional engagement was destined to have a vital bearing on our future, however, for through it we came into contact with Walter Morosco (born “Bishop”) the proprietor of Morosco’s Royal Russian Circus. He was a dignified man of impressive mien whose act was a big feature of the Garden show, and whose “circus” invaded the smaller communities in the off seasons.

My first impression of him was one of extreme grandeur. He wore the flashiest of garments and in the center of his cravat an unbelievably huge diamond. To our juvenile minds this meant that he probably was as wealthy and powerful as Commodore Vanderbilt himself.

One day while Leslie and I were rehearsing a new feature for our act, Leslie nudged me and pointed out into the dark auditorium. There sat Walter Morosco watching us with interest. When he saw he had been discovered he came to the stage and gave us some expert advice with the result that we not only mastered the thing we were trying to do, but added a certain dramatic element of suspense in preparation.

“You boys are getting pretty good,” Mr. Morosco said to us as we stopped to rest, “but you need someone to help you with your showmanship. You’ll have to keep changing your act all the time, and if you’ll sign up with me I’ll see that you get ahead.”

Immensely flattered by his interest Leslie and I chorused our approval without a word of discussion of terms, time of contract or any other essential. Henceforth we were “under



©The old Burbank Theater in Los Angeles, California, the first theater ever taken over by Morosco, and which was the scene of many of his first real triumphs.

the wing" of Walter Morosco. Two things he demanded of us—absolute obedience and that we adopt his "nom de circus." Accordingly we became Leslie and Oliver Morosco—which we will remain to the end of the chapter.

Patiently our mentor trained us in the clown variety of acrobatics, then in great public demand, until both my brother and myself could do the "Rizzly"—a foot-to-foot somersault. Likewise we mastered the sidewise, twisting leap from a springboard over the backs of several elephants.

We continued thus for a time until one day another athlete on the bill miscalculated the triple somersault and was carried out with a broken collarbone and two fractured arms. Walter Morosco kindly offered to let me do the number. I countered with a fervent loud-toned resignation.

The Great American Tea Importing Company then became the source of my income to the tune of \$3.50 weekly. In order to turn this over intact to mother I had to walk forty blocks each day to and from work. Then a brilliant idea came to me. If I must walk such a distance daily, why not be paid for it? So I went to work for the Western Union telegraph people and soon was receiving \$12.50 each Saturday night for my services!

This employment was to my liking for, as I hiked here and there with messages, I could do tumbling stunts over hitching racks, fence tops, etc., thus keeping in training.

Then Walter Morosco took over the old Howard Street Theater, at Third and Howard streets, and, meeting me by chance one day he offered to take me on as ticket-seller and general "handy" man. Leslie was engaged to do an equilibristic act on a tight wire stretched across Howard street in front of the theater! This today is known as a "ballyhoo" act.

This period of my career brought

me into contact with William A. Brady and George P. Webster. They were giving the public lurid melodramas on the "Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" type, and were scoring heavily. Brady later became manager for James J. Corbett and Jim Jeffries, world champion heavyweight pugilists.

Several years passed in this manner, but with material benefit to me. I had exchanged my room over the theater for a place in the home of my foster-father, Morosco, in Fruitvale. He compelled me to go to school, limited my work in the theater to the evenings and Saturday matinees.

One of my prized possessions was a small target rifle and with this I soon became a crack shot, hitting spinning coins in the air. This facility, however, was to cost me dear, for one Saturday morning some of the ranch hands called for me to hurry to the orchard with my rifle.

They pointed out to me a swarm of bees high up on a tiny, swaying branch of a tree, a point inaccessible to the most daring climber.

The canny ranchmen challenged me to see if I could cut the branch with a rifle bullet so they might retrieve the queen bee and her winged courtiers. To this end they took their stand under the tree, holding a big blanket by its corners. My confidence in my own marksmanship was justified for my first bullet nicked the branch sufficiently so that the weight of the bees sent it crashing to the ground.

But alas for human confidence! The ranchmen, seeing the mass of bees descending on them, dropped the blanket and ran, leaving me for the new swarming point of the insects. And how they improved their opportunity! Within a second I had been stung scores of times. Naturally I struck at the bees and, being of single track mind, they struck back at me. My adventure ended in a nearby watering trough into which I



©A scene from "The Bird of Paradise" which made a fortune for Oliver Morosco, its producer.

leaped, fully clothed, and wild with pain.

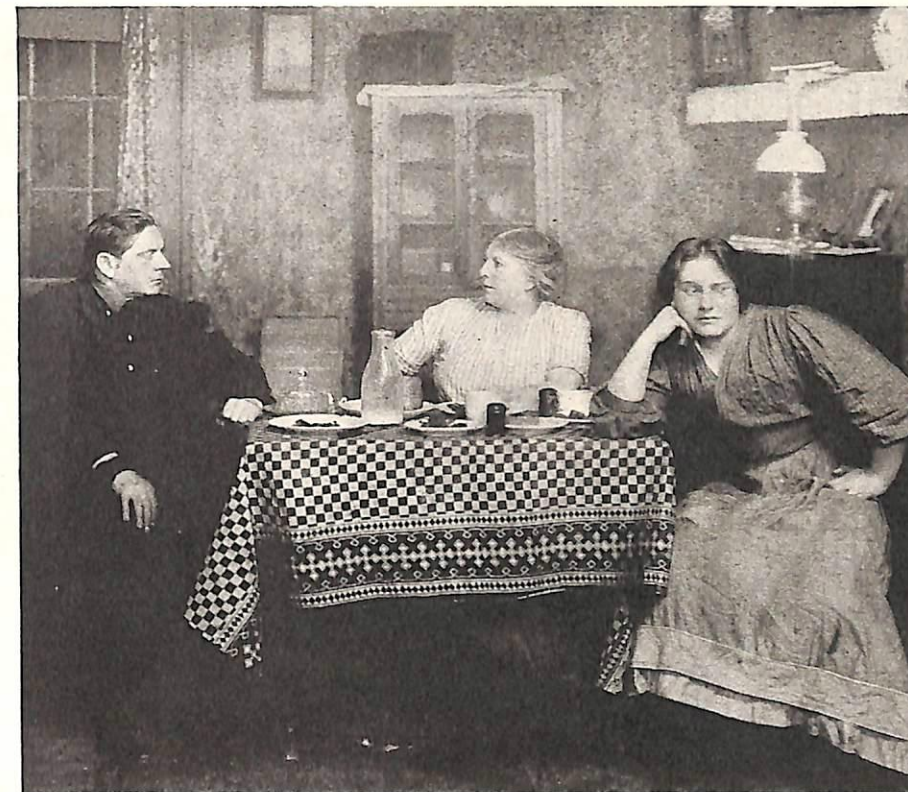
Fruitvale and its ranch home also brought me opportunity to become proficient in the equestrian art. There were bronchos as well as broken horses for me to ride and Walter Morosco encouraged me to develop trick riding for possible later use.

Something of his purpose became apparent later when he made a hurried trip to Scotland and returned with a group of eight fine Shetland ponies, and eight coal black horses, the latter about sixteen hands high. Always with an eye to the spectacular, he planned to use the eight-horse span tandem with a Stanhope trap; this to be followed by the Shetland outfit and a tiny trap, the latter to be driven by me! I was thrilled at the part I was to play.

For weeks we trained the horses and ponies in various evolutions until their performance was as nearly mechanical as is possible with horses, always sensitive to the least outward influence.

Picture the turnout! Walter Morosco, huge and handsome, gaudily attired, driving his eight horses expertly, with two "tigers" or footmen in the back of his equipage. Myself in my miniature trap, following with the Shetlands, also gaudily dressed and with two dwarf tigers at my elbow. Oh, Walter Morosco was a showman, par excellence!

We made our first public appearance in San Francisco on a gala day in Golden Gate Park, climbing the hills back of the concourse without attracting much attention. At a signal we turned about for our spectacular entrance.

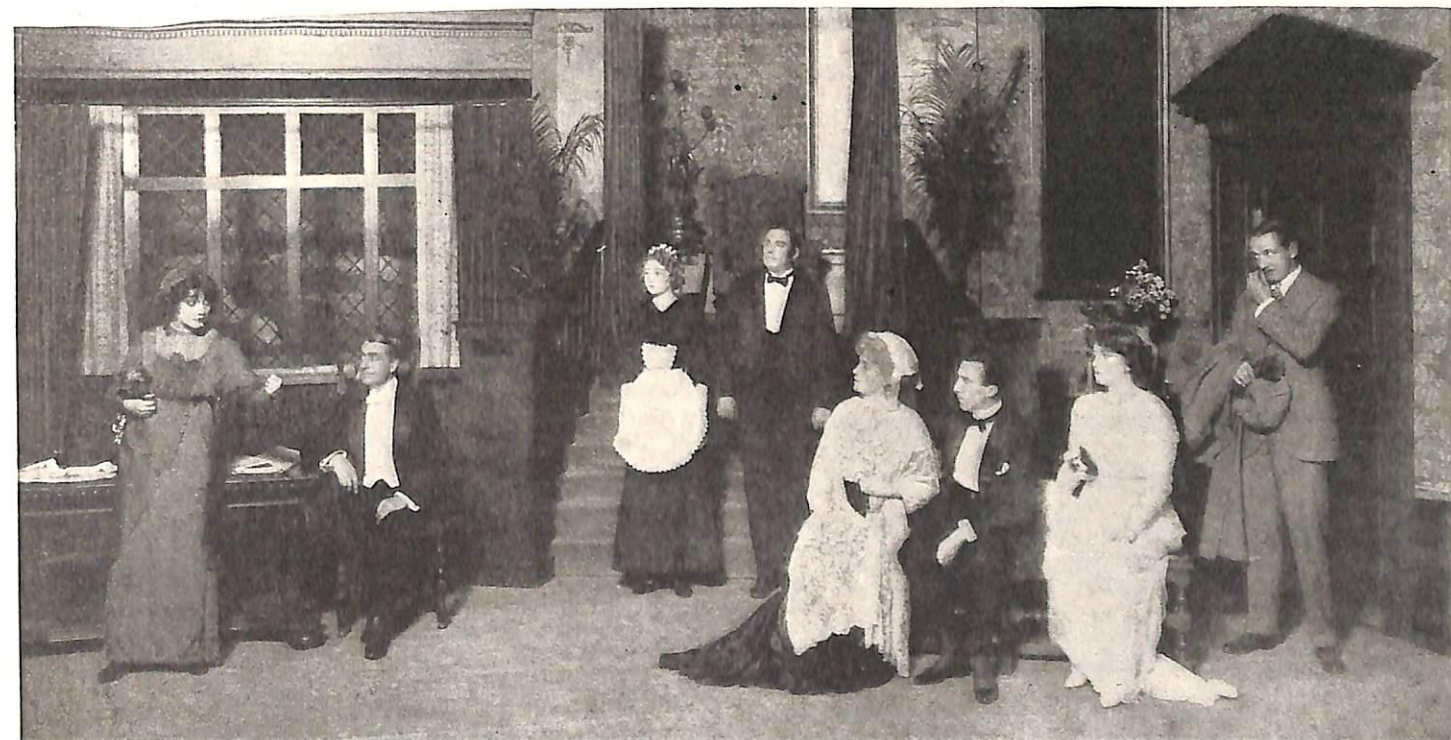


©Margaret Illington (right) who helped to make the play "Kindling" another of the great Morosco successes.

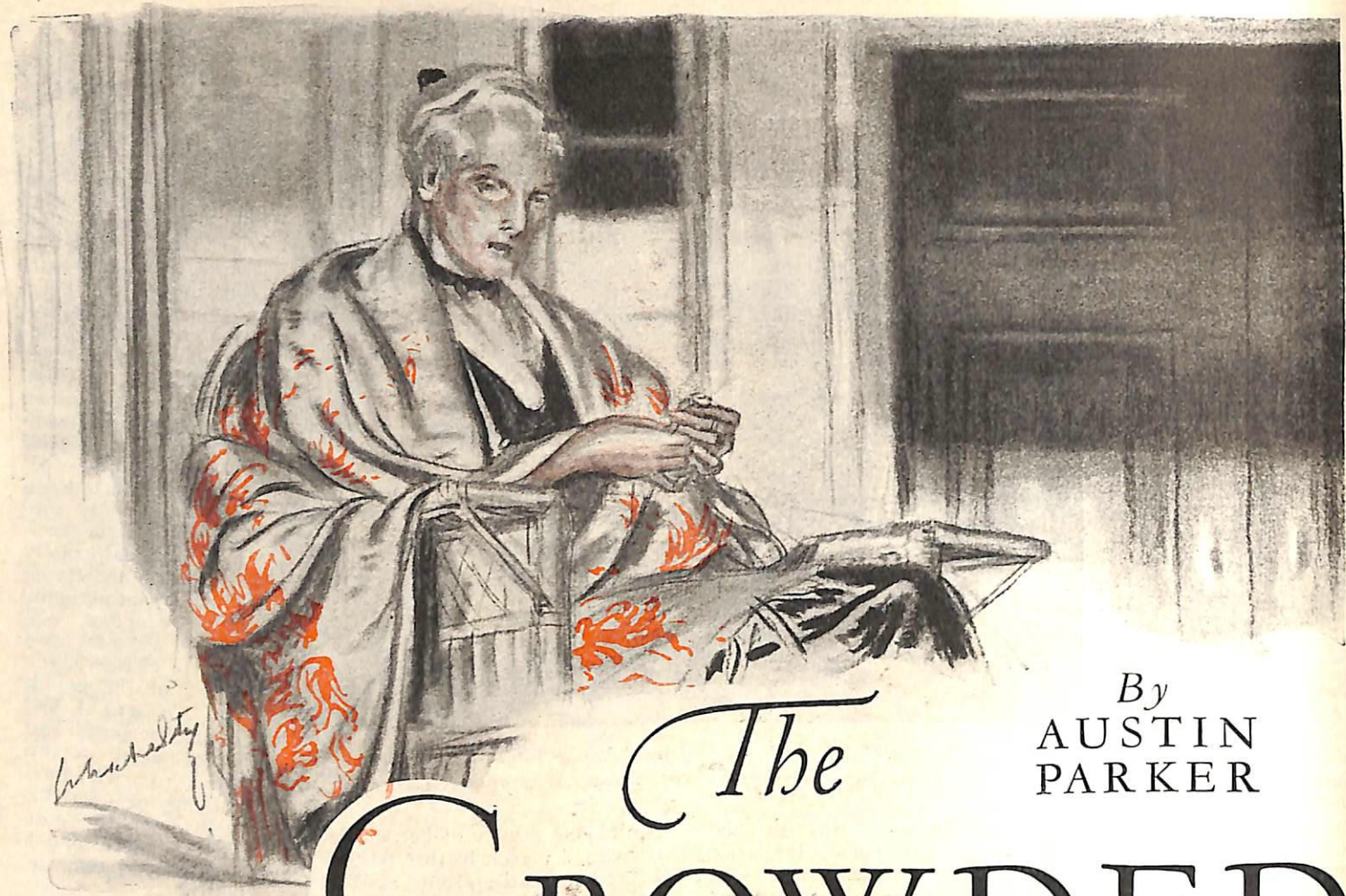
remarkable display of horsemanship. Actually I was the most frightened person in that portion of the civilized world and I wanted to snarl and bite at Walter Morosco when he came to me and "congratulated me" on my showing!

During my seventeenth year I was recognized as second in command at the theater. I was Walter Morosco's right hand man and in a majority of matters my word was law. Until that time I had had no time for girls, a sentiment Morosco fostered with all of his will. But he made one mistake. Jane Ashford Cockrell, widow and a niece of Senator Cockrell of Missouri whose activities in the Senate at Washington had made his name a household by-word, came to the ranch bringing with her Annie Tompson Cockrell, her vividly beautiful brunette daughter, then just seventeen.

We fell madly in love almost on [Continued on page 75]



©Laurette Taylor (left) in "Peg o' My Heart," the play that netted Oliver Morosco over a million dollars, and sent Miss Taylor soaring to real stardom.



The CROWDED

By
AUSTIN
PARKER

AUNT JULIA HOWLAND, laden with years, parched by time, sat in her gaily cushioned chair upon the porch, head erect, old fingers toying with the long black fringe of a Spanish shawl. Her eyes drifted to the back of Caroline Hoyt's blonde head, rested there for a moment, then turned to gaze out over the flagrant colorfulness of Green Harbor.

Nearly a minute passed in silence.

"You'd better marry him," she said at last, as though she had just reached that decision.

The girl, sitting upon the steps at her feet, stirred slightly, reached the verge of speaking and changed her mind. There was another period of silence, broken only by the spaniel, Topsy, who put her nose into the bland wind of early September and whined softly at thoughts all her own. Caroline was motionless, except that her slim fingers slowly caressed the green velour of the hat she held crumpled in her hand. Her chin was cupped in the other hand and she stared thoughtfully across the lawn. She was dressed for riding, booted and spurred. A crop and a pair of fresh suede gloves lay beside her. The spaniel, forever ingratiating herself by performing unnecessary services, got to her feet, took the gloves in her mouth and dropped them in Caroline's lap. The girl's hand left the inanimate velour and found the soft warmth of the dog's ear.

"I suppose so," she said finally, but with no conviction.

"And will you?"

The blonde head shook slowly. "I wish you wouldn't worry, Aunt Julia. Very soon I'll decide just what I am going to do, but"—she drew a deep breath—"it isn't going to be to get married right away."

"Larry might get tired waiting," said the old woman impassively. "I shouldn't blame him. There are other girls in the world."

Caroline's head turned and she flashed a sidelong smile. "Other men, for that matter."

"I'd like to know what in heaven's name you expect. Larry has everything I should think you'd want. He's young and

(Caroline wanted to be
he's rich. And it isn't as though you didn't like him. You're always together."

This was going over old ground, ground that they had covered time and time again; and, like the circuitous path of a wanderer in the forest, led nowhere at all. Caroline heedlessly rolled the spaniel over on her back and tickled her stomach. Paws beat the air frantically. Topsy, dignity outraged, got to her feet and shook herself, ears flapping.

The girl, too, got up, pulled down her jacket and squirmed in her riding breeches. "Oh, I suppose," she began negligently, "that some girls would jump at it, just because it means money, but I want to be terribly much in love with the man I marry. I like Larry—of course. Better than any man I know. But that isn't to . . . to love someone." Her hands made a quick, tense gesture.

She frowned and turned away, commenced pulling on her gloves. It seemed strange that Aunt Julia who had seen so much of life, who had lived so completely and with so much enthusiasm, could not understand a thing so elemental. Not just to be loved—and she knew that Larry Tyler loved her after his own careless fashion—but to love with your whole heart.

"You're dreaming, my dear," said Aunt Julia a little acidly, "of some knight in shining armor who will come riding over the hill and take you away to his castle. Just a little girl's dream, with no more reality than her fairy stories. Pooh!"

She drew the shawl more tightly about her. It was a gorgeous shawl: a raging bull in each corner tossed scarlet flowers into a swirling central pattern. From the profusion of its design Aunt Julia's face peered out, more tan than usual, more whimsically sardonic in expression. Her scanty white hair was drawn straight back. The sensitive aquiline nose seemed sharper than ever, and her grey eyes gleamed with ages-old amusement.



Day

rushed—but HOW!

Caroline was scowling and tugging at her gloves. She was a slender girl, trim and straight and supple-bodied, with a good deal of that nervous, headstrong activity of the thoroughbreds she liked to ride, an indomitable quality of spirit that required tact and understanding to handle.

Still scowling, she moved impatiently down the porch and stood there, flicking the railing with her crop and waiting for the first glimpse of Larry's car. He always drove over for her when they were going riding because the horses lost some of their freshness in being brought from his stables, nearly a mile away. Over the tips of the elms she could see the grey roof of the big Tyler house—her house, if she chose. Presently she sauntered back, the dog trotting indolently beside her. Aunt Julia's sharp eyes rose.

"The trouble with you is that you're romantic," she said. "No, I'm not waiting for an Apollo wearing a suit of hand-me-down armor. But I happen to have my own ideas about marriage."

"I'd like to know what they are."

"For one thing," said Caroline negligently, "I'd like to have the man I marry a little bit in love with me. I don't think that Larry gives a rap whether we're married or not."

"Fiddlesticks! He's proposed, hasn't he? In my day that used to be considered an indication, at least. You'd better get over your silly notions and begin to think about your future. There's always the question of money. I can't live forever—praise be!—and then what?"

Caroline turned away almost angrily. She detested that ever-present question of money. For years she had been dependent, except for a microscopic income of her own, upon an annuity which would cease with Aunt Julia's death. In their savings account there wasn't a thousand dollars. And then what? She knew only that she resented the idea of solving the problem by placidly, inertly accepting marriage.

"Some girls would jump at it," she said, "but I want to be in love when I marry."

(Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz)

"One thing is sure," she replied quietly, "I'm not going to be married just to be supported." Her head shook. "Never! Larry's a dear person and I like him enormously, but that's all."

"It seems to me like quite a good deal," retorted Aunt Julia. "You'll find that liking a man goes a long way towards making a happy marriage." Caroline did not answer and she went on. "He'll be expecting an answer. You can't ask him to wait forever."

"He had the answer last night. It was No."

"Oh, Caroline!" Her voice was heavy with distress and disappointment.

For a moment the girl was sorry that she had said it. She knew how genuinely, how deeply, Aunt Julia wanted to see her happily settled in the world before she departed.

Caroline took one of the dry old hands in hers, patted it. "Don't worry, Aunt Julia. There isn't a thing in the world to worry about. By the way, I've been talking with Duff Ramsey about selling bonds. He'll give me a job whenever I want it."

"Selling bonds!"

"Why not? There's money in it, and women are going into that sort of work because so many other women are investing. Duff wants me to try it."

"Selling bonds!" Her voice was heavy with reproach.

"But girls are working these days, Aunt Julia, instead of auctioning themselves off. It isn't anything disgraceful. When I get married it's going to be because I love someone, and not just because—oh, because I haven't sense enough and courage enough to take care of myself. Let's not even talk about marriage."

A blue roadster had emerged from the screen of bushes and was soaring, full-throttle, up the driveway.

"THERE'S Larry now," remarked Caroline. She gave the hand a final pat. "Don't worry about me any more."

"You can tell Miss Peabody that I'll have my glass of champagne," said Aunt Julia.

The girl paused to give Larry Tyler a wave of her hand and entered the house. He popped out of the car and his long legs took the steps three at a time.

"Hello, Aunt Julia. How well you look!" He put out his hand, a large, muscular hand and gently enveloped both of hers in it. "Lo there, Topsy. How's the tooth?"

Larry Tyler was tall and dark, an Indian-faced young man whose gravity of expression when his face was composed made him look older than his twenty-nine years. Black hair, already showing threads of stark white, grew closely over his temples and made a geometrically straight line across his forehead; his eyes were deeply set and intensely alert; his nose was large and his mouth was as straight as that surprising line of his hair. It was a face that appeared to have been hewn out by muscular effort, rather than moulded; not handsome in any conventional way and yet extraordinarily agreeable to see, especially when he smiled. When Larry smiled his eyes became luminous, with little lines etched beside them, and his lips became electrically mobile, exposing white even teeth. He sat down upon the top step, called Topsy to him and made her open her mouth while he looked at a tooth that had been troubling her. Topsy submitted meekly. Larry, whenever he was at home and not wandering over the earth, was informally the "vet" for all the animals in Green Harbor. It was nothing unusual for him to return to his house and find the local junkman waiting with a sick horse, or a small boy with an ailing mongrel.

"Larry," said Aunt Julia, "Caroline has just told me that . . . Oh, Larry, I'm so sorry!"

He glanced up, still with a forefinger in the dog's mouth. "That she handed me the birdie? Yep."

He prodded Topsy's red gums gently and shook his head. "It's no better," he said thoughtfully. "I'll bring some stuff over this afternoon and paint it. Reduce the inflammation. It's probably nothing but a little bone splinter in there."

"But, Larry, I'm so disappointed! And worried! You know Caroline's position."

He gave Topsy's hindquarters a substantial pat with his big hand, and looked up again. "Don't worry," he said. "Caroline'll always land on her feet." A quick smile lighted his face. "If she won't marry me, Aunt Julia, I'll adopt her."

Larry got to his feet, gave a quick glance toward the door and came close to her. "Keep a secret?" he asked. Her eyes brightened and she crossed her heart. "I don't want Caroline to know," he went on. "She might resent it. But I've fixed my Will so that she'll get quite a bit in case I happen to bump off. Did it last year. Whatever happens I'm not going to change it."

"Caroline's a little idiot not to marry you!" said Aunt Julia wrathfully.

Larry uttered an "Um-m" which expressed some doubt as to Caroline's feeble mindedness. "Don't ever breathe a word about what I've told you," he cautioned. "She wouldn't like it."

"I won't. But Caroline doesn't deserve that much generosity from you. In my day—"

"Don't get it balled up with generosity," interrupted Larry

inelegantly. "Haven't got any relatives to leave it to except a couple o' cousins I wouldn't wipe my feet on. Leave it to my friends. Let 'em have a good time."

"Larry Tyler," said Aunt Julia vehemently, "I wish you'd take Caroline by the scruff of her neck and shake her until she says she'll marry you. Either that or recite poetry to her. The trouble with her is that she's romantic."

He grinned broadly. "Hm-m—never was a caveman, and I'd make an awful fool of myself if I tried to be a Romeo. Don't worry, Aunt Julia. Nothing to worry about."

They heard Caroline approaching. Larry turned toward the door as she came out.

"Hello, Larry. Shall we shove along? Miss Peabody's coming, dear." She bent over the old woman and whispered, "No more worrying. Understand?"

"Ts-s-s!" hissed Aunt Julia and shot a distinct "Idiot!" after her.

As the car rolled down the slope, Caroline asked, "What were you and Aunt Julia talking about?"

"You. She was condoling with me. By the way, when we come back remind me to bring some stuff for Topsy's tooth. Reduce the inflammation and—"

"Oh, bother Topsy's tooth!" she said irritably. "I'm terribly upset today!"

"What about?" He shied the roadster around the end of the brick wall, into the main road.

"Oh, Aunt Julia . . . It doesn't help much to have her fretting and worrying. There are lots of things that people have to decide for themselves. Let's not talk about it. How fast will this car travel, Larry?"

"Eighty-five."

"Let's get over on Byrne Road and try it."

"Right." He swung off into the intersecting highway that led to the clean sweep of Byrne Road.

"Will you let me drive?"

Larry nodded and stopped the car, changed seats with her. Caroline's mouth, he noticed, was grimly set and there was that tell-tale greenish glint in her eyes. That meant a dangerous mood. She made a velvety shift of gears, turned into Byrne Road and "stepped on it." The needle of the speedometer crept up and up: sixty-five, seventy . . . eighty. The grey roadway flooded under them. The needle hung a fraction below eighty-five for a moment, then she let their speed slacken.

"I'll have Quinby get on the job," he said. Quinby was the mechanic who took care of the engines of his cars, his power boats and his hydroplane. "Grind the valves, adjust the carburetor and load her up with high test gas next week. We ought to be able to get over ninety with it. Oh, I forgot—I may be going away in a couple of days."

SHE gave him a quick sidelong glance. "Where?"

"Afghanistan. Corson and I."

"What are you going to do there?"

"That's what I'm going to find out."

"But why?"

"Never been there," he answered. "The British have put up a sign at Khyber Pass forbidding everyone except natives to go through."

"And that's why you have to go—just because it's forbidden."

"Hm-m . . . well, it's an interesting country. I suppose I'm homesick for some place I've never been."

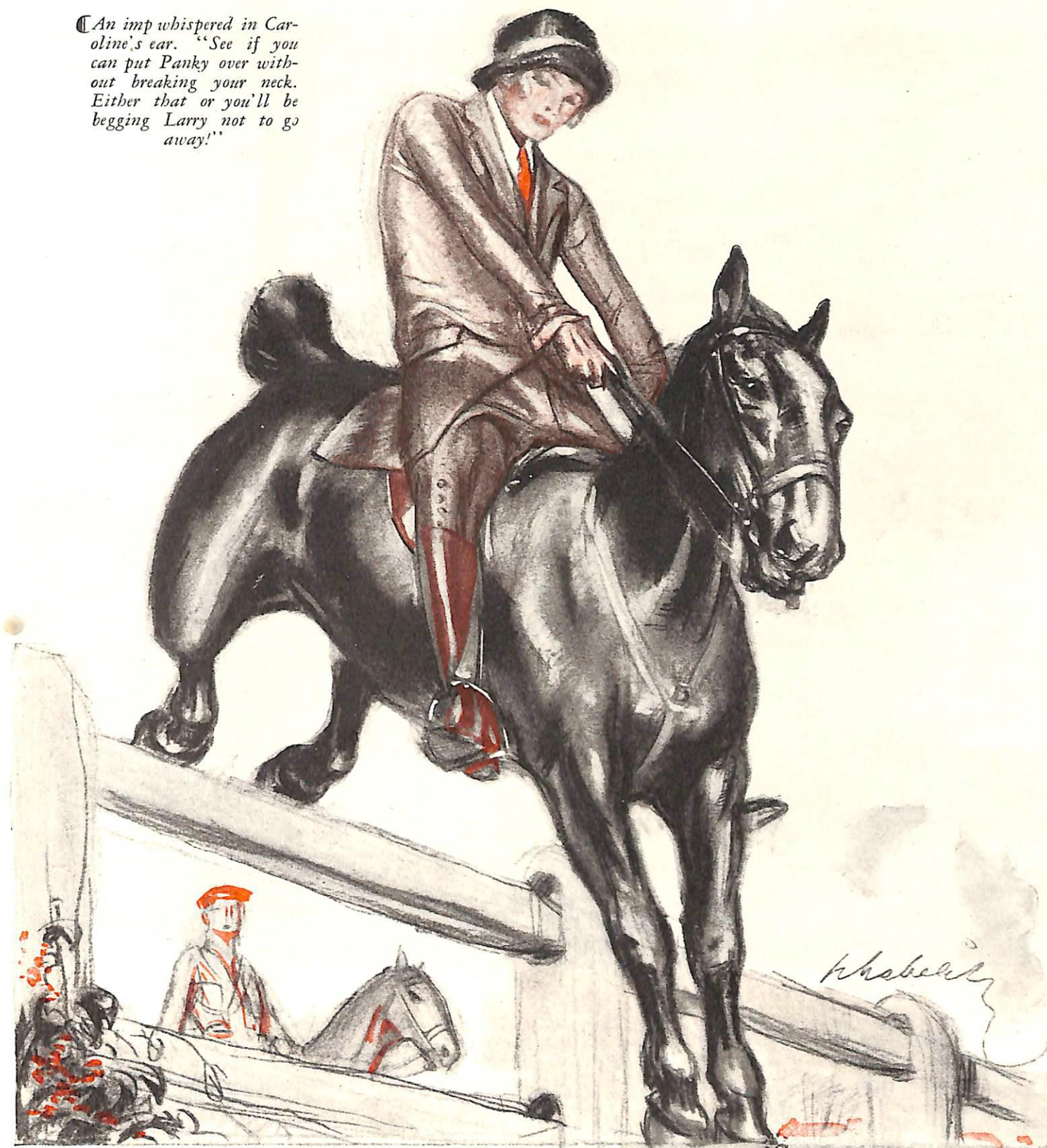
Caroline silently headed the car toward Larry's house, drew up before the stable where two grooms were waiting with horses. Her eyes lighted. "Can I take Jupiter today?" she asked. Jupiter was Larry's best hunter, his favorite horse. She had a little twinge of conscience: it wasn't fair to take Larry's favorite, the horse he had raised and trained, as he put it, "from a pup."

"Of course you can. I'd like to have you see how much he's improved lately."

"But he'll work better with you," she said hurriedly. "No, I'll ride Panky. Really, I'd rather." Panky was a big, four-year-old bay. She went directly to him and mounted, flashed a little smile to Larry. He looked at her regretfully, as though he were asking her to change her mind. She was ashamed of herself. Larry had a way of making selfishness seem such a miserable thing.

She watched him swing his long body up on Jupiter and

(An imp whispered in Caroline's ear. "See if you can put Panky over without breaking your neck. Either that or you'll be begging Larry not to go away!")



settle himself in the saddle. "You're a dear!" she said to herself. "You are a dear—even if I don't love you." No, that wasn't right: she loved him, mightily, but she just wasn't in love with him. Strange that. She couldn't imagine being held in Larry's arms, tenderly, passionately: a hug, a "bear hug," when he returned from his wanderings; an intense delight at seeing him again, hearing his clipped sentences and his amusing accounts of the things he had seen and done; an ecstatic satisfaction in having him home. But that was all. Sometimes she wondered just how jealous she would be if he married some other girl, who might, probably would, break up that comfortable easy intimacy, and she tried to tell herself that she wouldn't be jealous at all. She would take it philosophically. But a sharp pain, a sort of neuralgic pain, always shot through her at the thought, made her wince and scowl.

The horses were wheeling, shaking their heads, anxious to be off, and they turned toward the open field.

Their eyes met and smiled again. She had an impulse which she checked to put her hand on his arm and tell him she was sorry he was going away, perhaps even to beg him not to go. But that, too, was "no fair": it wasn't right to cling to him with one hand, as it were, and push him from her with the other. Afghanistan? Khyber Pass? She wanted him here. She wanted him to stay in Green Harbor. Some little imp kept whispering to her, "Selfish little beast! Selfish little beast!"

They cantered away together, let the horses out in a breathless run across the meadow, took a low jump and pulled to a walk.

"Hope you'll ride Panky when I'm gone," said Larry. "Jup,



too, of course, whenever you want to, but I'd like Panky to get some schooling. You get along well together."

"I don't expect to be here much longer," she announced after a pause.

"Leaving Green Harbor?" There was incredulity in his voice and he turned to stare at her.

She nodded. "I'll have to, I'm afraid. You see, Larry, there's always the question of Aunt Julia's annuity. As she says, she can't live forever, and I have to make some sort of plans for the future. It makes her so unhappy not to have me settled. Duff Ramsey's offered me a job selling bonds. He says there's quite a chance for a girl in that now." She didn't risk glancing at him, but she could feel his eyes solemnly upon her.

"You won't be happy in the city," he said finally, looking more Sioux-like than ever. "No sort of life for you. No dogs, no horses, no boats."

They rode along silently for a time. He added: "I'll be able to help you quite a lot if you go into that. Friends of mine. Might just as well buy bonds from you as from anybody else. I'll talk to 'em if you'd like."

She let Panky into a canter and the conversation lapsed. It was a lovely day. The first thrilling breath of fall was in the warm air and the leaves were faintly beginning to change. In another few weeks the woods would be flaming with color. As they emerged, Caroline looked up into the blue sky.

Larry's gaze followed hers and he laughed. "I was thinking the same thing," he said. "It's a beautiful day for flying. Should we? We could go over to Potterstown for tea and see what Rummy and the bunch are doing."

Her eyes brightened. "Let's." They skirted the woods at a canter and headed for home. "Are you really going to Afghanistan, Larry?" she asked presently.

"Guess so. Might just as well."

Ahead of them was a post-and-rails fence—a good four-foot-six jump. "I'll open the gate for you," said Larry, "and then I'll put Jupiter over. Want you to see him. Form's much better."

Caroline looked at the fence, studied it, frowning. The imp whispered in her ear, "See if you can put Panky over without breaking your neck. That, or you'll be begging Larry not to go away."

She gave Panky the spurs and the horse leaped forward. She knew it was too high for him. His schooling wasn't that far advanced. But, also, she knew that he would make it. He had to! There was, somehow, a question of honor and dignity involved. She could feel his muscles, quivering, intensely alive, gather their strength for the leap; they left the earth in a soaring, heart-straining effort and cleared the top rail without so much as a click of a hoof.

She gulped for breath. Then the soft thunder of Jupiter's



hoofs. She wheeled and watched him float over the fence.

Larry came up. There was a shadow of worry, displeasure perhaps, across his eyes, but it disappeared immediately. "Good girl!" he said. "Didn't think you'd make it. Looks like Panky's your horse. You're just his weight. He couldn't have done it with me up."

Caroline gave him a fleeting, grateful smile and turned toward the stables, wondering a little at the impulse that had made her take the risk. Even though she had urged Panky desperately to make a clean jump of it, she realized that she had half-hoped for a spill. That, at least, would have been something definite in a world that was maddeningly confused.

They got into the car again and started off toward the strip of waterfront where Larry's boats and hydroplane were kept. He let the car drift idly down the slope, reached over and patted her hand.

"Don't let 'em get your goat, old dear," he said, sensing the pressure of her mood even though he didn't understand it clearly. And she thought resentfully that that was about as near as Larry had ever come to making love to her. "You're all upset today. Nothing to be upset about. Each of us has to live his own life. You do as you think you ought to do and you'll come out all right. If you ever need me all you have to do is say so."

"Larry, I should think you'd hate me."

"Why?" he asked in amazement.

"Pretty tight squeeze, Larry," said Caroline, trying to smile. "Tight enough," he agreed. And then strong arms were reaching for them and dragging them aboard the "Argent."

She laughed softly. "Well, if you haven't thought of the reasons I'm certainly not going to think of them for you. Why do you want to marry me, Larry?" she demanded of him suddenly.

Larry looked startled. "Because I love you a lot. Only girl I've ever liked very much. Get along with you splendidly. Good scout . . . like the things I like . . . all sorts of reasons. But let's not talk about it. Maybe sometime later you'll decide you want to marry me, and then I'll be waiting for you."

"But it really doesn't make such a lot of difference to you, does it, Larry?"

He stared straight ahead, put on his most Indian mask and nodded glumly. "Like to have a home and a flock of youngsters," he said presently. "Teach 'em to ride. Lots of fun, kids."

"But . . . well, romantically it doesn't make much difference," insisted Caroline.

His voice rose in quick protest. "Oh, hell, Car'line, I'm not romantic! Looks as though the [Continued on page 55]



Get education quick—that is the slogan of the modern wage-earner—from the bank messenger to the janitor who wants to specialize in his own work.

A FOREWORD ON EDUCATION

By Frederick B. Robinson Acting President of the College of the City of New York

AT BIRTH each human being with physical and intelligent potentialities established by inheritance is thrust into a highly organized world. From the outset life plays upon his personality, and the action and reaction constitute a process of education that continues till death. All living is learning and all life is a school; its ceaseless lessons go on, whether there be professional teachers or not. But the educator is an essential part of our complicated world; he makes it his peculiar business to study the accumulated experiences of the past and the developments of contemporary times, and by carefully systematized exercises, undertakes to impart to his generation a broad and accurate knowledge of the culture of the present with its historical background, together with some capacity to live well for a time and to prepare for a still more glorious humanity of the future.

Broadly speaking, formal education has two aspects. It seeks to impart by means of curricula in the liberal arts and sciences, a general comprehension of nature and man and, through exercises in the applied sciences, to impart knowledge and skill that will enable the individual to make some responsible contribution to practical life. The two cannot be separated and they together enable the individual to sustain a worthy rôle in the progressing drama of civilization.

Obviously, the great bulk of formal education for most people is imparted in early youth. It is often referred to as a "preparation for life," but it is not wholly a preparation for life which is to begin later because it is embedded in life itself and each age has its adventures which, together with the formal exercises of the school, mould body, mind and spirit. As time goes on, the student devotes less time to the school and more time to the activities of industry and social relations; but in an ideal program, some contact should be kept with schools for many years after industrial pursuits

have been begun. In centers of concentrated population it is very easy to have evening schools of grammar, high school, collegiate and university grades giving excellent instruction of general and progressional nature to persons who devote most of their time to the work of the world. Such instruction makes them see their immediate tasks in a broader and more understanding way, and their very occupations make them more intelligent students of the arts and sciences.

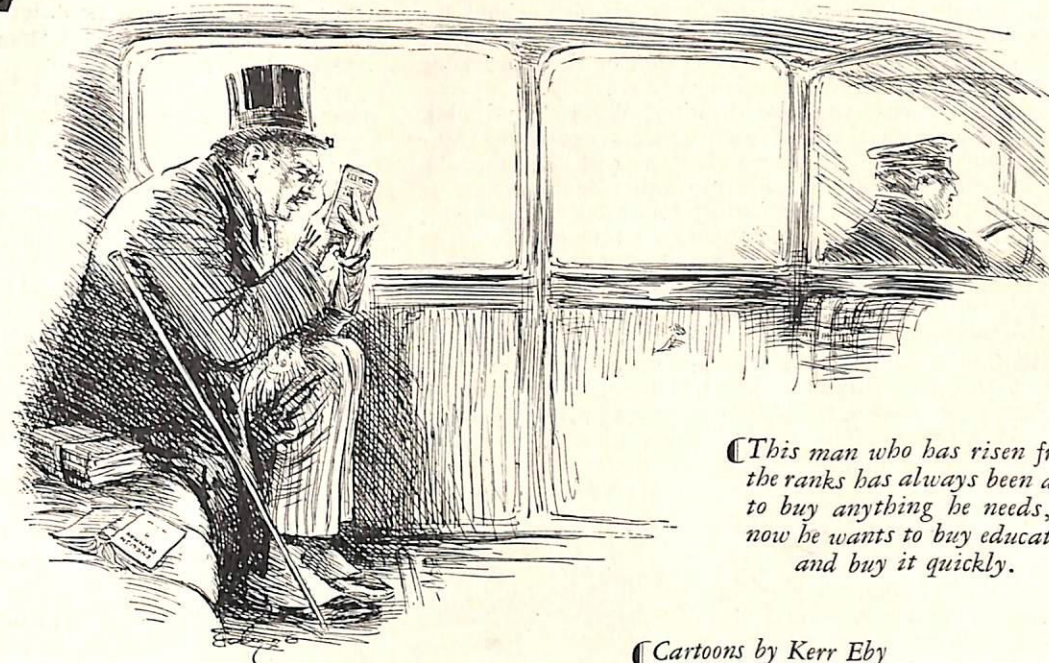
Of course, in all schools, whether they be conducted by day or by night, sound methods of pedagogy must be adopted. The educator must give to the student trustworthy facts and a knowledge of principles. He must impart tools of intellectual workmanship and, above all, he must strive to develop a mind that will be capable of intelligent judgment and decision, and instil a spirit of intellectual honesty which will prompt the individual to further and further independent self-education. But the point to be stressed is this—that if the services of formal educators are justifiable for children, they are justifiable and necessary for people of all ages. Indeed, I doubt if there is any competent educator alive who would contend that no formal education should be given to anyone after the days of childhood and youth.

Modern industrial conditions have evolved continuation schools, evening schools and various devices for adult education, all of which assume, among other things, that the human mind and spirit never cease to be capable of improvement. Finally, the methods and modes of education must be adjusted to the program of life as it actually exists and not according to some tradition or custom that was worked out under ancient conditions which no longer exist. The fruits of education are not mere pedantic ornaments; they are wholesome bodies, clear and honest minds, and lofty spirits of people who are carrying on the details of human life.

SLOT MACHINE EDUCATION

By
Montrose
J. Moses

How our
Institutions
of Learning
are adjusting
themselves
to Modern
Conditions



This man who has risen from the ranks has always been able to buy anything he needs, so now he wants to buy education and buy it quickly.

Cartoons by Kerr Eby

ONCE upon a time it was thought that the proper period for education was during the years of childhood and youth. We were put through a rigorous drill of the three R's and through the tortures of seemingly useless courses in Latin and Greek and higher mathematics. Then we were sent forth to face the world with the universal commencement admonition from the leading citizens of our town that for us education was just about to begin. But so far as any further systematic instruction was concerned—unless we were headed for the professional schools—that was ended, that was for the younger generation immediately behind us.

Within recent years educational ideas have had a startling upheaval; the complications of living have put conventional education to a severe test, and scientific advance has been so rapid as to make certain phases of education much like an encyclopedia; out of date within a very few years. The college and university have become conscious that they have an obligation to keep education up-to-date, after years of adolescence have passed. There is such a widespread demand for learning in all walks of life as probably the world has never known since the Revival of Letters. Surely there is no place in the scheme of things for the uneducated man, and those in the past who have not had the advantages of a thorough schooling are clamoring at the gates of the high schools and colleges to be taken in before they are submerged in the gulf of inadequacy.

One large city institution has 3,661 day students as against 11,013 who attend night sessions. Those taking commerce courses are 2,181 in number, while afternoon extension work affects 3,386 teachers who most likely are filling requirements for advancement. In another city university, the statistics are equally as significant of the urgent demand to supplement occupation with education. The School of Retailing far exceeds in evening students those attending classes in the day, the proportion being 475 to 48, a course in elements of retail buying being carried directly to the store. The extramural work of the university affected twelve centers in New York and New Jersey, another New York university stretching its courses as far as West Hartford, Connecticut. It will be seen from this that where, in a neighboring state, there is a dominant educational center that does not believe in adult educa-

tion, as here outlined, the people, indomitable in their demand, look outside the state for it. In this extramural activity, one college report shows the greatest enrolment in courses on accounting, art, economics, education, engineering, household arts and the law. The new education has even gone to sea, and universities offer traveling courses where daily lectures are given on shipboard and demonstrated during the tour. One university registered last year 213 for this course. So this is education!

The stand-pat teachers believe that education has gone off on a tangent; that the old principle of training the mind to think in adolescence, training the eye to see, liberalizing the sympathies for broader and richer living are the prime goals of education. They witness the phenomena of mothers and fathers and clerks and managers and mechanics returning to the classroom. And somehow these conservatives take the attitude that in giving to the adult the additional training which will make of him a better worker and a more farseeing citizen, we are taking from the child adult interest in his own intensive education. Why should Harvard have a School of Business, why should New York University worry itself with aviation, why should Columbia think it necessary to develop a School of Journalism? Is it not enough to aim to teach correct English without having to take a course in Business English? Is there not too much stress being laid on the problems of earning a living and too little upon just living?

To all of these doubts a simple answer is to be found. The very evident position of the upholders of adult education is that in no way have they changed toward the liberal education of the past; they still believe that the vital period of school life is that of childhood and adolescence; they still uphold the conservative belief that a trained mind, through prescribed studies, must be assured during the early period of life. But they take the stand that whether education likes it or not, teachers are confronted by a problem which *must* be met; that high schools, colleges and universities *must* stand ready to satisfy the increasing demand of the wage earner, of the specialist in business, of the busy scientific assistant for continuance of study during hours when they are not working for a living. Adult education merely takes recognition of the fact that we are living in a changing world—where new factors of vital importance to industry, to the body politic, to the in-

dividual, are constantly developing. And clear understanding of their import demands a systematic examination of them, not as isolated phenomena but in their practical bearing and in their broad relationships with other subjects.

The advocate of adult education holds that the student with experience, which his contact with life gives him, is an alert student, who is more vitally interested in his education than the adolescent who is more prone to see in education a task rather than a commentary on actual conditions affecting him personally. This view holds so strongly as to have created in the minds of some educators the conviction that it might be wise for an interim of time to elapse between high school and college, when the student could have a year in business, so as to bring back to his studies a clearer notion of their necessity. An Oxford don expressed this opinion very recently.

While the camps therefore are definitely divided, and while there are arguments in favor of each, there is really no cause for division since we are all agreed that the real time for education is adolescence. But there are youth who cannot go to school in the daytime and these must be cared for at night; there are graduates who are so busy as to find it difficult to keep up with the latest improvements in their work; and in every department of thought there seems at the present moment to be revelations of momentous character demanding trained attention.

The situation cannot be ignored. There is an ominous knocking at the gates of educational institutions by a horde outside clamoring to be carried along in the swift current of increasing knowledge. The public insists that it be taken care of, that it be kept alive and up to the minute in home economics or international economics, in professional changes, in shifting of philosophic thought in the creation of new art ideals. They will study at night, they will study in the afternoon, they will take correspondence courses, they will attend lectures daily, weekly, fortnightly, they will swelter in the summer schools, but they must be doing something in the way of education.

Journalism has been vastly affected by the rush and strain of modern life. He who runs reads, and the scare line is for him; so is the tabloid newspaper which catches the eye with a word and a picture. Education is facing a utilitarian need, since there is great demand for quick service: knowledge in concentrated packages for the mechanic who wishes to "get along," for the school teacher who looks for advancement. This suggests a sort of cafeteria college, a slot machine arrangement whereby every demand is quickly served. Of course the college cannot be quite so "ready" with its fare; it must aim for more permanence than casual hunger. Yet it feels that it cannot amble as it used to. It must meet a tense age with intensive work. There is an ominous knocking at the door.

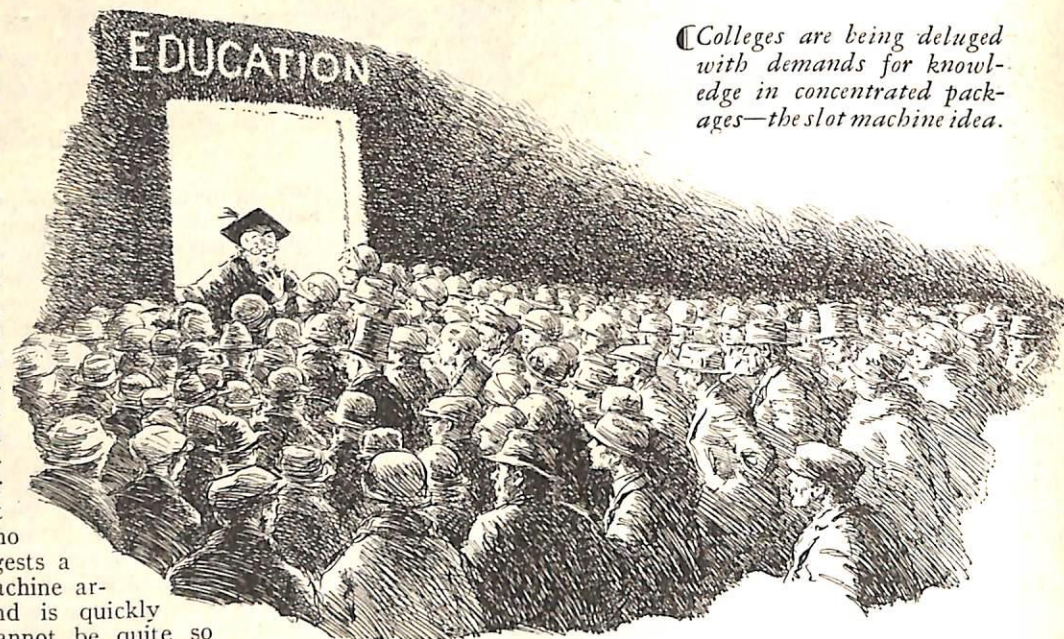
The college cannot and should not ignore this pressing demand: here is a rich field of voluntary desire which can be made further to enrich the community. The adult returns to college for the sake of refreshing his trade or occupation or profession; the humanizing contact of the world enables him to see the interrelation of the arts and sciences, and he realizes that educational subjects do not flock alone, like Dundreary's "birds of a feather." The adult sees more deeply than the youth because he knows, through experience, how many facets there are to the simplest of life's operations.

Citizenship is a college course in itself, involving the highly specialized subjects of politics, economics and sociology. With the shifting of governments since the world war, if one would understand official action, detailed in the newspapers, one must know more of history. Our papers discuss banking and taxation; they have scarelines on conservation of natural resources. The subject matter of our dailies and weeklies alone suggests a college catalogue. Suddenly by an act of legislation, women are sent to the polls, and they find that when they went to school or college, they were educated on the principle of

their political slavery: they must know quickly something of what they are expected to do with their new obligations. Women entering business to a greater extent than they ever have before, thrown more and more upon their own resources, desire new light upon their economic independence. Within short periods of a decade or more staggering industries arise: like the automobile, wireless, radio, the moving picture, and the father at home finds himself hard pushed by his young son who is an expert in these before he discards short trousers. Father wants to know.

The situation is not a speculative one; it is pressing and insistent. Many have doubtless heard doctors say that they did not have time to read their medical journals, much less time to read lengthy treatises on the latest advances in medicine and surgery. For them it would be easier to take a systematized course in laboratories, which they could regard as a definite engagement in their day's work. Not so very long ago, a certain college received a number of letters from middle aged dentists confessing that in their student days there was no such thing known as bacteriology; but now, they felt themselves handicapped in their work by not having had systematic study in the subject. Would the college give a night course they might attend? The faculty decided to prepare the way for a course to satisfy a class of one hundred and fifty. Two thousand dentists clamored to matriculate! Can such an obligation be ignored by the modern college? Is there not evident in this demand a new collegiate service to the community?

It might be argued that the college graduate has heretofore gone into various businesses and has learned them without the necessity of attending special schools. In the past, commercial



Colleges are being deluged with demands for knowledge in concentrated packages—the slot machine idea.

high schools and rudimentary business colleges were sufficient to take care of the students who might think a liberal education was a waste of time, and who were satisfied with a smattering of business technique. Before the over-specialization of education, business had to instruct the young man, who rose in proportion to the wit he might have possessed to grasp what was shown him to do. There are still journalists who laugh at schools of journalism; though, if they would stop to consider, they would see that what they had to go through in their cub reporting days is exactly what the school is now putting the student through. And, though a graduate of one of the schools of journalism may have to start as a cub reporter, he will remain a cub reporter a much shorter time, because he starts with the technique of a reporter in his possession, and can go to the heart of his job quicker.

The bank runner will have to run a much longer time and a much longer distance than the boy who has taken a course in banking and modern methods of accounting. A sales-clerk will reach efficiency much more quickly if he knows something of salesmanship, without having to learn the trade from the lowest post of cashboy. Even the janitor who shovels coal into the furnace will save his building much more than the college course would cost him, if he knows something of the



Wide World

Under the old system of education the colleges were for this younger generation of day students. But now the night classes, which include pupils of all ages, more than twice outnumber the day attendance.

principles of conservation. During one of our numerous coal shortages a college in New York announced that it had established an intensive course in conservation to meet the emergency. Notices were sent to property owners, superintendents of buildings and janitors. With the result that the classroom was packed to overflowing, and the course had to be taken in sections. What was the actual saving in dollars and cents to the community by this course was not calculated; but it was large.

So the college faces this situation of an ever-widening dissemination of knowledge. The older hard-crusted business man held that it was a waste of time spending so much energy in school over subjects which would never be of use to the student. This conception grew no doubt through the fact that the college in the past was far removed from life. The faculty consisted largely of theorists, men of book learning who were uncomfortable outside of academic walls. In years gone by there did not seem to be any way of having life flow through the college as it flows now. The student today—the adolescent student, I mean—may study from textbooks, but he has the opportunity of hearing in lectures men who are at the head of scientific laboratories, of corporations. Even his own professors may have to leave the classroom to give expert testimony before Senate committees, or may have to resign to go abroad and set struggling governments on a sound economic basis. We had ample demonstration of the vital usefulness of the college during the war. There is no longer the aloof academic study of a monastic order. If trade follows the flag, the college must follow trade. If the army fights to preserve democratic ideals, the college—as in the world war—must not only follow the army, but prepare the soil for an enlightened acceptance of those ideals. There is no telling how many tentacles the college of modern times will of necessity have to send forth into the community.

Take any large class assembled for evening study and note

the diversified number of occupations represented. Each person is prompted by his own individual need. But they soon realize that there are common factors underlying their various occupations. I take from a New England School of Commerce the record of such a variegated class:

Clerk	Proprietor	Barber
Bookkeeper	Foreman	Valuation assistant
Cashier	Manager	Repair man
Treasurer	Statistician	Telegrapher
Supply officer	Bank teller	Jewel maker
Efficiency worker	Assistant buyer	Chemist
Messenger	Assistant credit man	Contractor
Inspector	Salesman	Sole sorter
Underwriter	Examiner	Cigar packer
Meter gauger	Commissioner	Wagon loader
Superintendent	Page in Senate	Laboratory assistant
Office assistant	Letter carrier	Machinist
Accountant	Janitor	Electrician
Stenographer	Toolmaker	Printer
Purchasing agent	Utility man	Draughtsman
Stock keeper	Watch maker	Yeoman
Real estate broker	Tinsmith	Floor man
Merchant	Timekeeper	Sign writer
Estimator	Shipper	Stock assistant
Supervisor	Grocer	Student

This list is significant only insofar as it shows how all-inclusive the demands for adult education are. Such demands and the consequent manner in which they are met by educational institutions have a psychological effect upon the community. Men fly to the university as a first aid to the intellectually injured. Their slogan is: Get-educated-quick! The curious thing is that in our industrial democracy there are so many opportunities whereby men of slight education but of bouncless wit rise to positions of power and of great earning capacity. But always these men find that there come moments when their mental inadequacy gives them [Continued on page 81]

PENSIONED

(A Circus that Refused to Grow Old)

JERRY MASON was lot superintendent of the Grand Amalgamated Circus. A keen-eyed man, he stood at the edge of the circus lot, sinewy hands in his hip pockets, head thrust forward, watching the hurrying groups of men which moved in orderly confusion about the tremendous space, where in a few hours, a circus performance would bluster in the events of the matinée. One by one, the poles had risen. Now the big-top canvas was being unfolded, with rush of heavy-shouldered men and the shouting of straw-bosses; Jerry Mason had taken but little part in the giving of orders this morning.

There was a gaunt appearance about his features. Now and then he dragged a hand from his pocket that he might run it under the visor of his cap and ruffle the iron-grey hair beneath; hair which had been coal black when Jerry Mason first had joined the Grand Amalgamated. That had been thirty years ago; today was Jerry Mason's fifty-fifth birthday.

Slowly the giant sections of canvas were laced and hooked to the bale rings. Hurrying, broad-shouldered negroes pushed their way under the flattened spread of cloth, adjusting the ridge-poles in their ring-sockets; at one side, dappled draft stock was hooked to the pull-up ropes; from the bull-line, the work elephants were moving slowly forward; the seat and plank wagons were shunted into advantageous positions, the "stringer" and "jack" gangs assembled beside the giant vehicles which held the structural foundations of the seating paraphernalia, in readiness for the commotions of the seating paraphernalia. Jerry Mason reached for his vest pocket and fingered a metal whistle, shiny from years of use. Then he held it before his lips, as though loath to give the signal, his gaze roving the circus lot; a familiar, beloved scene he had known for thirty years. At last, a bit grimly, his lips closed upon the shiny instrument, and his throat filled. A shrill blast sounded. Men leaped to position. Straw bosses raised their arms.

"Take her up!" echoed from a hundred feet beyond, to be repeated and re-repeated around the tremendous expanse. Horses strained at their singletrees. Tackles creaked, ropes whined through pulleys, guy lines squirmed upon the ground as they slowly tightened. Jerry Mason beckoned to his assistant.

"Here's the whistle," he said and handed over the shining instrument. Then slowly he moved away, his hands again in his hip pockets, his shoulders bent. But finally he straightened, and pulled hard at his breath. He was at the steps of the treasury wagon; a moment later, he was within, waiting silently until the man who sat at the little desk should finish writing. At last:

"Well, here's the old warhorse,

(Jerry was reading the telegram anew—the words had blurred when first he glanced at it. "The show's gone!" he gasped.)

Mr. Billy." Jerry jerked his lips into a smile as he said it. At the desk Billy Thorpe, owner of the Grand Amalgamated, flourished his pen and affixed his signature to a slip of paper. He was young, was Billy Thorpe; young yet maturely serious; the management of a complete traveling city was on his shoulders.

"Well, Jerry," he asked at last, "how does it feel to be fifty-five?"

"Oh, not much different, Mr. Billy. Except, of course—"

"Yes, I know." The younger man cut in suddenly. Almost boyishly, he jabbed the paper toward his superintendent. It was a check for a thousand dollars. "Congratulations, Jerry."

Mason squinted, and shuffled. He looked at the check for a long moment, a glance of mingled emotions. Then slowly he folded it with shaking hands, creased it tightly and stuffed it into his vest pocket.

"Thanks, Mr. Billy." Then suddenly Jerry Mason shook his head, but the glittering substance in the corners of his eyes would not depart. Billy Thorpe rose hastily.

"Here, Jerry!" he said quickly, placing a hand on the other man's shoulders, "that isn't any way to receive a birthday check!"

By
Courtney
Ryley
Cooper

Illustrations by
William
Meade
Prince



too—to step out and let a younger man have your job. That's the secret of the Grand Amalgamated, Jerry. Dad figured it out when he was still a young man—that a circus belongs to youth. He believed that

as long as the show could keep young in its personnel, it was bound to keep young in energy and appeal. So, when he reached fifty-five, he stepped out and went back to winter quarters, leaving me behind to run things. Of course, I could break the rule if I cared to; he isn't alive to enforce it. But I know it's the sensible thing—it's the thing that's made the Grand Amalgamated the biggest, the greatest show in the whole world."

Jerry Mason suddenly straightened up.

"Well, we don't get nowhere moping around about it, do we?" he asked. "I hate to go. Still, Mr. Billy, if it wasn't for the young ones coming on to take our places, we old 'ns couldn't go back to winter quarters and waste money like a bunch of drunken sailors, now, could we?"

Mr. Billy chuckled. It was common talk in the circus world that the Grand Amalgamated was the most wasteful of all outdoor amusement enterprises. To the uninitiated, its tremendous quarters differed but little from the ordinary retreats where circuses are wont to replenish the paraphernalia which twenty thousand miles of incessant summer travel has placed in urgent need of repair ere a circus can take to the road again. For in the midst of winter confusion the other features were not noticed: the animals which remained in their cages while others went to the

He spoke commandingly, but there was a trace of huskiness in his voice also. Jerry Mason cleared his throat determinedly.

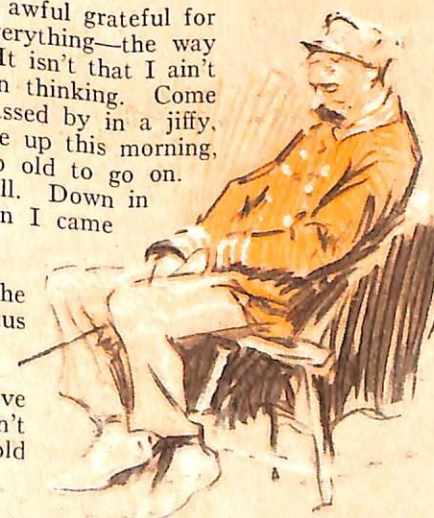
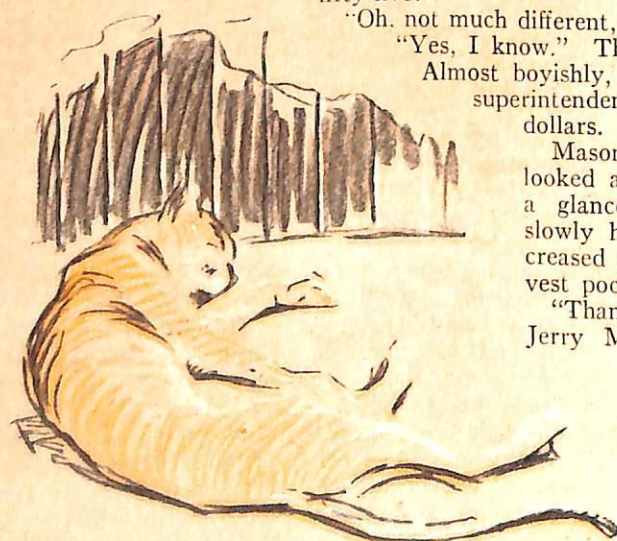
"You know, Mr. Billy," he said, "I'm awful grateful for that check. I'm awful grateful for everything—the way I've been treated on the show and all. It isn't that I ain't grateful, Mr. Billy. But I've just been thinking. Come to look back on it, everything's just passed by in a jiffy. I've been that happy. And then I wake up this morning, and I'm at the deadline. I'm old—too old to go on. That's the devil of it! I ain't old at all. Down in my heart, I'm still the kid I was when I came here!"

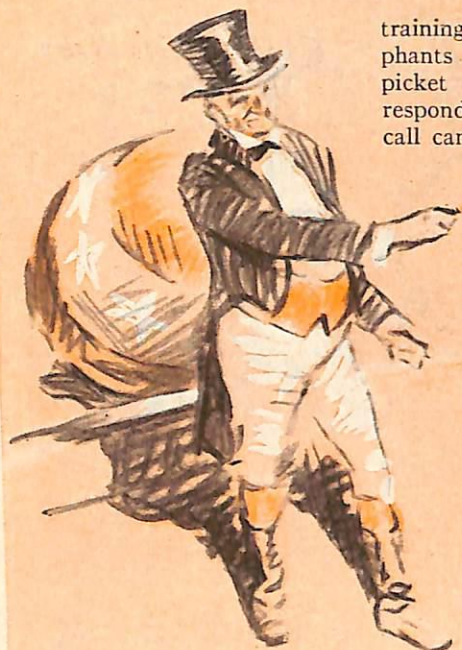
Mr. Billy nodded.

"I've never seen one who didn't feel the same way. I guess it's a habit with circus folks. But, Jerry—" he brightened with a sudden inspiration, "you've done your part for this show for thirty years. You've given the best you had. You wouldn't have done it if you hadn't loved the old trick, now would you?"

"No, sir," said Jerry Mason huskily.

"You were glad it was your duty, weren't you? Well, this is a part of your duty





training dens, the lazy elephants at the end of the picket line which failed to respond when the trainer's call came for work about the winter quarters yard; the men and women who loafed while others labored, the wagons and cages and dens, standing unpainted while others, apparently no more in need of repair than they, went to the shops.

But in summer, when the confusion was gone, these things stood forth in sharp relief, and circus men gossiped about them, and about the foolish notions of old Ben

Thorpe, his coldness and his generosity. Inexorable was that rule of the deadline which he had inaugurated; machine-like, bloodless, as far as the progress of the circus was concerned. Once a faithful employe reached fifty-five that employe left the circus lot in obedience to an unalterable decree; there was no changing of it, no exception.

So was it also with the animals of the menagerie, with paraphernalia, with the horses. Age meant departure, and youth to fill their places. The blow fell mercilessly, but, once the wound was made, it was assuaged by the salve of indulgence and of protection; there was no cutting of pay when an old-timer left the showlot of the Grand Amalgamated. Instead, there was the inevitable bonus check, depending, of course, upon the years of service.

It was to this that Jerry Mason had been condemned. He had reached the deadline that morning; his every arrangement was made for departure to the place which even Old Ben Thorpe had gone when the time came, and to which Mr. Billy would some day go, leaving his son to take up the reins which had slipped from his fingers.

"Yes, it sounds foolish to a lot of people, Jerry," he said. "But it works out. A dollar is never wasted when it brings two to the till. But," he laughed, "you know that as well as I do. Going to stay for the night show?" "Guess so," answered the retired lot superintendent. "My train doesn't leave until eleven-ten. Besides, the bunch kind of acts like they've arranged something."

That night, Jerry Mason stood at the back door of the big top, grinning, and rolling his hat in nervous hands. The tournament was finished, and Jerry had just clamored down from the houdah of Rajah, the leader of the elephant herd, in which he had ridden around the hippodrome track; a ceremony unknown to the thousands who packed the seats; the presence of the ex-superintendent in the grand entrée was an affair of sentiment for the circus people alone.

Now, Jerry was saying good-by, a nod here, a grin there as hurrying performers passed him, a chipper salute to the ticket sellers and reserved seat ushers as they signaled their farewells. Then Mr. Billy came beside him for a moment, talking volubly of everything in the world save departure; at last, however, he veered:

"See if you can think up a good feature for me, will you, Jerry? You know, something out of the usual lines? We haven't had a real knockout for two years."

"I sure will," said Jerry, then suddenly straightened. The band-leader had tapped his baton in signal. Now the band, its cornets shrilling on the high notes, the bass thundering, the compressed air calliope throbbing forth the main melo-

dy, had veered into the bars of a refrain which had caused closepacked tiers of the immense circus tent to stare with something of surprise. Jerry clenched his teeth. The great tent grew suddenly misty, blurred. Figures were dancing before Jerry Mason's distorted gaze, voices seemed far away. He gasped. Then he swung his hat, and his quivering lips uttered a jumbled sentence. He whirled, and stumbled across the circus lot, moved for the faint lights of town. And the music followed, from that giant mushroom which cast its faint glow against the moonlit night, the music of a circus band, echoing the sentiment of circus hearts:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot—"

At last it ended, and Jerry Mason paused, looking back in farewell. The whole great ex-

pense of the Grand Amalgamated stood in illumined outline now. For thirty years, Jerry had looked upon this scene each night; now he was seeing it for the last time. A long farewell he spoke to it, a silent farewell, which finally could remain silent no longer.

"They can't send my heart away from it anyway!" he blurted, then awkwardly, stumbly,



he plunged onward, to town and to the train that would bear him to the land of the pensioned.

The next morning, the drama had faded. There was little of it in the winter quarters of the Grand Amalgamated Circus; merely the greetings of welcome, the laughter and joking, forced for the most part, Jerry thought, as those who had gone before him, came to his little desk in the office building, to extend their welcome. Only the quiet after the bluster and blare of a tremendously active existence, only a strange form of enforced contentment which belied its appearance as, one after another, they veered to the subject strongest in their thoughts—questions of the show, of its happiness, of its progress, of the throngs which packed its tents, of its animals and horses and men.

Nothing to do! The thought remained with him as he strolled through the big wagon yard, with its collection of band wagons, its animal dens, its cages and carry-alls, staid in even lines beneath the sheds, the paint dropping from their sides in long strips, the brightness gone from the sunbursts of their wheels.

From one department to another he went, talking to the various men and women who passed their time there, an ex-boss hostler sitting in his big chair at the door of the harness room, smoking his pipe and dreaming; the lassitude of the costume rooms where women who had worn the spangles of other days pattered about aimlessly.

Into the menagerie houses he went,



"Can She Bake a Cherry-Pie, Billy Boy?"

The circus of the past blared forth the old song. They were back in the sawdust ring, pensioners no longer.

to observe trainers of other days loafing before the dens, talking to their charges or scolding them for their laziness, when there existed as much lassitude outside the bars as within. Then at last, Jerry Mason returned to the office.

"How many people we got around this winter quarters?" he asked of the treasurer. Slow fingers moved the pages of the salary ledger; time was when these fingers had handled thousands upon thousands of dollars with the speed of an electric calculator.

"Oh, about two hundred," came at last.

"Performers and ex-bosses mostly?"

"Yep."

Jerry Mason reached for his pipe and thoughtfully jammed it full of tobacco.

"I never thought I'd end up in a place like this!" he said half to himself. The treasurer smiled.

"Oh, you'll be like the rest in a couple of months," he said. "They all do. Come here off the show, thinking that they're still youngsters; they've kept going just because they had to. But you know," he yawned, "the reaction sets in after awhile. A fellow sort of relaxes."

Jerry Mason's keen eyes narrowed.

"Say, Pete," he asked, in contradiction to the other man's statement, "how would you like to be sitting up in the treasury wagon, with both fists full of hard tickets and a turnaway crowd jamming the windows outside? Huh? You know, the line stretching clean out to the street, the police yelling their heads off to keep the mob from rushing the ticket wagon all at once. And you inside—"

"Separating the money as fast as it came to me; shoving out change from both sides, snapping the currency back into the wire baskets on the floor and never making a miscue!" said Pete, a flush suddenly mounting to his cheeks. "I handled 'em at the rate of a hundred a minute, believe it or not, and what's more," said Pete, with a belligerent glare in his eyes, "I could do it again!"

Jerry Mason chuckled.

"You're not so dead," he said and moved forth anew to the quiet space of the wagon yard, where he stood for a half hour, merely staring at the discarded paraphernalia—without knowing why he did it. Something struggled in his mind for recognition, an idea blurred by the feeling which he fought constantly—that of being like the rest, a man relegated by his own resignation to the lassitude of age. Inactively he was rebelling.

Then, one morning, he halted at the main gate, at the shouted query from a tattered youngster:

"Mister, when does the show start?"

Jerry grinned.

"There's no show here, kid."

"Ain't there? Ain't this a circus?"

Jerry Mason bobbed his head, as a thought struck him. "Blamed if it ain't!" he said to himself. "A pensioned circus."

Then, without explanation to the inquirer, he turned suddenly and walked past the faded wagons to the paint shop where, in the midst of his gold leaf and myriad cans, a former boss of equipment merely sat away the days.

"Mike!" said Jerry Mason. "I've been thinking. Those wagons out there—the running gears are all good, ain't they?"

"Sure. Sound as a die. They're just old style, that's all."

"Well," and Jerry Mason rubbed his chin, "pick up five or six of the boys around here that aren't doing anything and start paintin' 'em up. Not a very good advertisement for this winter quarters, standing around like they are."

Mike, the equipment boss, left his chair with something of alacrity.

"You mean circus colors?"

"Just what I mean. Regulation—sunbursts, gold leaf, renewed carvings and all."

He moved out of the shop and to the wardrobe department, pausing for a moment beside a plump little woman who sat turning the pages of a pattern book.

"Just heard a dirty crack about you, Mrs. Milligan," said Jerry Mason, a twinkle in his eye.

"And what was that?"

"I was talking to a man downtown about what a rider you used to be. I said that if you had to, you could ride just as well today as you ever did."

"And what did he say?" asked Mrs. Milligan, rising militantly.

"Oh nothing," answered Jerry, "except that he suggested that you try it on the Fourth of July, so people wouldn't know it was your joints that was popping."

Mrs. Milligan, she who once had been Petite Marie of the Sawdust Ring, bobbed her head, until a curl escaped, and wobbled over her forehead. Her Irish eyes snapped.

"Who said that, I want to know!" she asked angrily and plumped her hands to her hips: "I'm tellin' you, Mr. Jerry, and I'm tellin' anybody else as cares to hear it that I can get my old horse Major into this winter quarters tomorrow morning and ride him, and you can hear a pin drop, I'll change feet so swift-like and so easy. I'll—"

"I'll send out for Major," said Jerry as he moved toward the door, "and bring in a few more to boot. There might be somebody else in this department," he glanced about him in amused fashion, "that thinks they're as good as they used to be?"

After that, Jerry paused for only a moment; principally because his gift of repartee had departed. But at the barns, he charged the hostler with the influx of a dozen horses. After which he moved to the lion house, where he stood in survey of the lolling beasts.

"Seems to me," he said to the grizzled Cap Reardon in charge, "that these cats are getting pretty fat and lazy. Wonder if you couldn't stir 'em up for some exercise? Like getting 'em out in an arena and putting 'em through a few tricks? Unless," he added apologetically, "you've been outside the steel so long you'd be afraid to trust yourself with 'em?"

A gray head shook in urgent denial. Cap Reardon bulged his chest.

"I worked thirty-five lions and tigers and pumas in a mixed group at Coney Island in 1898 when there wasn't another man who would go into the cage!" he snapped. "If I wasn't yellow then, I'm not yellow now. Besides, them cats a-en't the kind you find nowadays—going through their act like a bunch of numbskulls. Them cats have got sense. They're educated. I trained every one of 'em myself! I know them and they know me."

Jerry Mason made no rejoinder. He merely walked around, looking into the dens while he thought of a suf-

ficiently harassing statement to make to Frank Kane, the keeper of the five ancient elephants which loafed at their picket pins in the bull-house. And when that inspiration came, he thought of another—for use at the next department. Nor was that the end—Jerry saw many of his companions that day. Jerry said many things. And Jerry was happy.

It was a different winter quarters upon which he gazed a month later. Under the sheds stood a glowing line of wagons, resplendent in paint and varnish and gold leaf. In the training dens, Cap Reardon shouted to his lion charges and cracked his whip—but without watchers, other than his assistants. Too many other things were going on—the training of the polar bears for instance, and the mixed puma and leopard act which Old Man Jennier was rounding into shape, just to show Cap Reardon what a thoroughly educated animal act really resembled.

In the ring barns, long lashes were cracking, and rocking horses making their way around the curbs—M. S. Milligan was there, her Petite Marie costume of other days bulging slightly in the spaces between the hooks and eyes, but meeting nevertheless, while roosting at one side, a gallery of other women gave their unvarnished opinions, while they awaited their turn to show Petite Marie that she never had and never could hope to reach the equestrian heights which they had scaled with scarcely an effort. In a corner of the sailroom, where rested the retired canvases of other years, carefully mended and packed in readiness for the need of replacement should the vagaries of weather injure that which housed the Grand Amalgamated, a wrinkled man waved his arms in a gesticulating burst of temperament, as he repeated his instructions to a group about him.

"No! You don't join in until I finish the question. Don't you know there never was a clown song that wasn't carried through by the principal clown before it's taken up? Now, try it again:

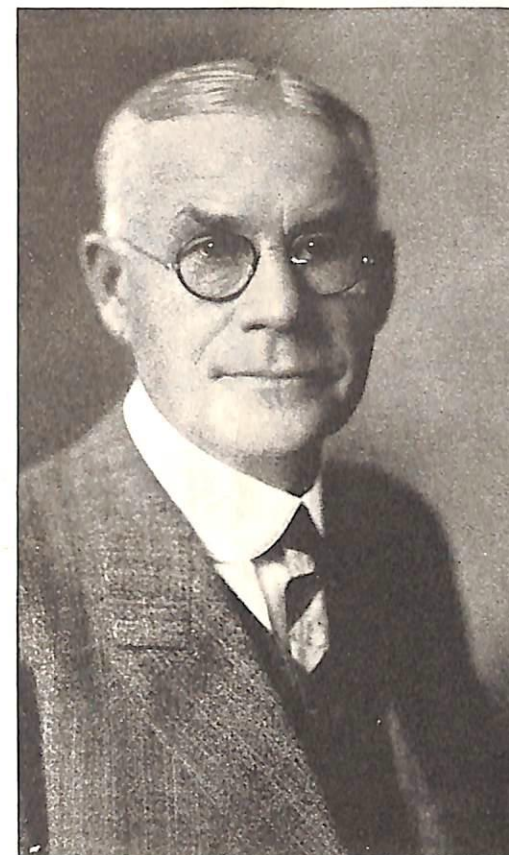
"Can she bake a cherry-pie, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Can she bake a cherry-pie, charming Billy—?"

Jerry Mason rocked his head. Then as the booming of male voices sounded from the corner, he joined them, under his breath, carrying the refrain with him as he made the rounds. His plan had worked. No longer was there the lassitude, no longer the waiting for an approaching end, without ever a break in the dull routine of being old. A week more, and a band would play in the winter quarters yard of the Grand Amalgamated—even now, it was tooting from the loft of the elephant house, where windjammers of other days puffed and blew and squawked in harmonious discords, while a leader banged his baton, then gave it up to still another leader that he might take his turn with the lead cornet. And when that band played, there would be a parade, of costumed men and women, and what cared they that the costumes were of other days, discarded long ago by the Grand Amalgamated?

There would be acts too, the clown songs which long had been forgotten, the old gags, the walk-arounds, the equestrienne acts of a time when grace counted for more than the spectacular; there would be the aerial acts, slowed, it is true, from the more dangerous stunts, but still functioning in the main tricks, the Whoa January mule act, the trained horses, and performing seals, the lions and tigers and leopards and pumas—a pensioned circus, reassembled for its own happiness, and that of friends who might care to watch.

After that first show, there would be others, perhaps for admission; Jerry was dreaming of many things these days; and principally of the man of all men who he hoped would sit high in the pensioned reserved seats, a beloved king before his subjects—Mr. Billy.

A day passed, and three followed, while lights glowed in training barns at night, and Jerry passed around the letter he had received from the show. Mr. Billy was coming, and Bart [Continued on page 73]



SALARY was NO Object

*(To reach the Highest this
man started at the Lowest*

The Savior of the Home Town Band

*(How Fame searched out and
found an Idealist*

By
EARL CHAPIN MAY

A NORWEGIAN lad of twenty was throwing up his job as department foreman in a Vermont organ factory where he was getting \$18 a week.

"I'll give you a raise if you'll stay with me," his boss suggested.

"Thank you, but I'm going back to Illinois where I'll get less than I'm getting here," the surprising youth replied.

In relating this incident after a lapse of more than forty years, A. G. Gulbrandsen adds with a grin, "If I'd bothered about my pay during the first half of my life I wouldn't be manufacturing a tenth of the pianos made in the United States today."

Inheriting from his father a love for tools and the smell of maple, poplar, black walnut and varnish, young Gulbrandsen played at cabinet work in a Mendota, Illinois, organ factory when he should have been playing after school hours with other boys.

"You can't get ahead in life without education," his father had warned. "In your native Norway someone would have to pay to apprentice you to a trade. Here, in free America, your employer will pay you to learn to make your living."

Inspired by this suggestion young Gulbrandsen became an organ factory inspector in his nineteenth year. Forty odd years ago his \$1,000 salary was considered wonderful, for a boy. But when he had mastered his inspector's job he quit it, to learn piano tuning at \$4.00 a week. That job conquered, he quit once more, to learn bookkeeping and office methods in a Chicago business college. When his educational fund had petered out he went back to bench work, this time in a Chicago organ factory, at \$15.00 a week.

In a few months his department foreman left, and the boss asked young Gulbrandsen if he would take the job. As he had certain ideas of how that department [Continued on page 84]

THE home town band has stepped out of the joke book into the realities of rural American life. It has ceased to be a mendicant and has become an established municipal institution. Incidentally it has standardized and glorified the American musician. There are thousands of high grade rural bands spreading the gospel of good music among the plain people of the nation today where there were hundreds of such organizations ten years ago. The net result is a great national uplift. Largely responsible for this forward movement is Major George W. Landers of Clarinda, Iowa.

Major Landers has done his big bit by popularizing the Iowa Band Tax Law after thirty-three years of earnest work. The Iowa Band Tax Law, under which each municipality of less than 40,000 may tax itself for its band's support, is being copied by half the states of the union.

"I was a nut on this state band tax law," he cheerfully explains, "until it became a practical reality." Major Landers might have added that with this general realization he, a previously unknown, arrived. During the past three years this resident of a little Iowa town has often been a judge at the Iowa State band contest.

The father of the band tax law has directed massed bands during the national convention of the American Legion at Omaha, and the feature of that thrilling affair was Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" which invariably warms the hearts of all patriots. He has addressed the Minnesota Bandmasters' Association on the value of a state band tax law, and held his audience easily for an hour and a half.

But Landers has been a long time in reaching his present eminence. Starting sixty-five years ago at Oswego, N. Y., he became, at thirteen, an effective landscape painter and then a choir boy. A year or so later he was clarinetist in the Forty-eighth Regiment Band of Oswego. [Continued on page 61]

*It Is No Business of the
Right Hand—*

What Hand



Illustrations by
Frank B. Hoffman

JEAN BAPTISTE:

"In your capacity as Factor I will tell you nothing. But if, as my father, you wish to ask, that is different."

I HAD no idea of binding myself to countenance a deception you understand or I would never have said the thing I did to Jean Baptiste. A man would not seek out new anxieties for himself at the very end of his active years and here I should already have been retired from my duties as factor at the time.

'Twas a visit I had from Farquhar started the thing. I was sitting alone in my quarters one evening when the door opened and in came that disturber himself, unannounced and wholly unexpected. And before I could greet him he had held up a warning hand and whispered: "Ssshhh!" in a very mysterious manner.

"Put blankets on the windows, Mac," he ordered, "and mind you do not speak loudly. I will explain it to you then."

Well I humored him by covering the windows though I saw no meaning to it at all unless Farquhar was in trouble and avoiding someone.

"Now, Mac," he rumbled, trying to speak low, "try and bear this in mind: I am not here tonight. No one must know of this visit."

"Must they not?" I retorted. "What of your driver? He will be known."

"I had him camp a mile outside the village. More than that he is a Lake St. Anne Indian, and a man that I can trust. I am done with the underhand work that has gone on through my drivers in times past."

"Suppose you tell," I said, "what the devil you are up to now."

Of course the necessity of keeping his voice down put Farquhar to a great disadvantage. When he cannot bellow and roar he is practically helpless.

"You will know what I am up to in good time, MacDougall,"

he fairly hissed at me. "You would do better to be examining your own conscience than making impudent suggestions. There is treachery going on in this section, treachery against the Company, and I am here to stamp it out."

"Is there now," I asked, "tell me about it."

"There is small need for telling you," Farquhar answered. "You are already aware that the Company's business is being poached upon in the upriver country and by rascally independents too."

"Aye, there is Turnbull's place at the mouth of Little Smoky. It has been running two years. Are you just now discovering it?"

"It is not Turnbull I mean; he will be taken care of in time. I mean this little whelp Martine that goes raiding about with his cash buying, getting the best furs in the country and preaching discontent among the Indians. What do you know of his activities?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I am not in Martine's confidence, and I know nothing of his business."

"Someone is directing this little scamp Martine; furnishing him money and sending him always to Indians who are free to sell for cash. It is someone very familiar with the Company's business. I suspect it is a Company man somewhere behind him. Who is it?"

"How in God's name should I know?" I demanded. "And as usual you are jumping to foolish conclusions. 'Tis from Turnbull's trade, I understand, that the little man gets most of his business. You should count it in his favor, seeing he has done more to discourage the upstart Turnbull than you could ever do these two years. I do not wish to criticize you, Andrew; I realize you are holding a position that is beyond your powers. And 'tis like you to be straining at a gnat such

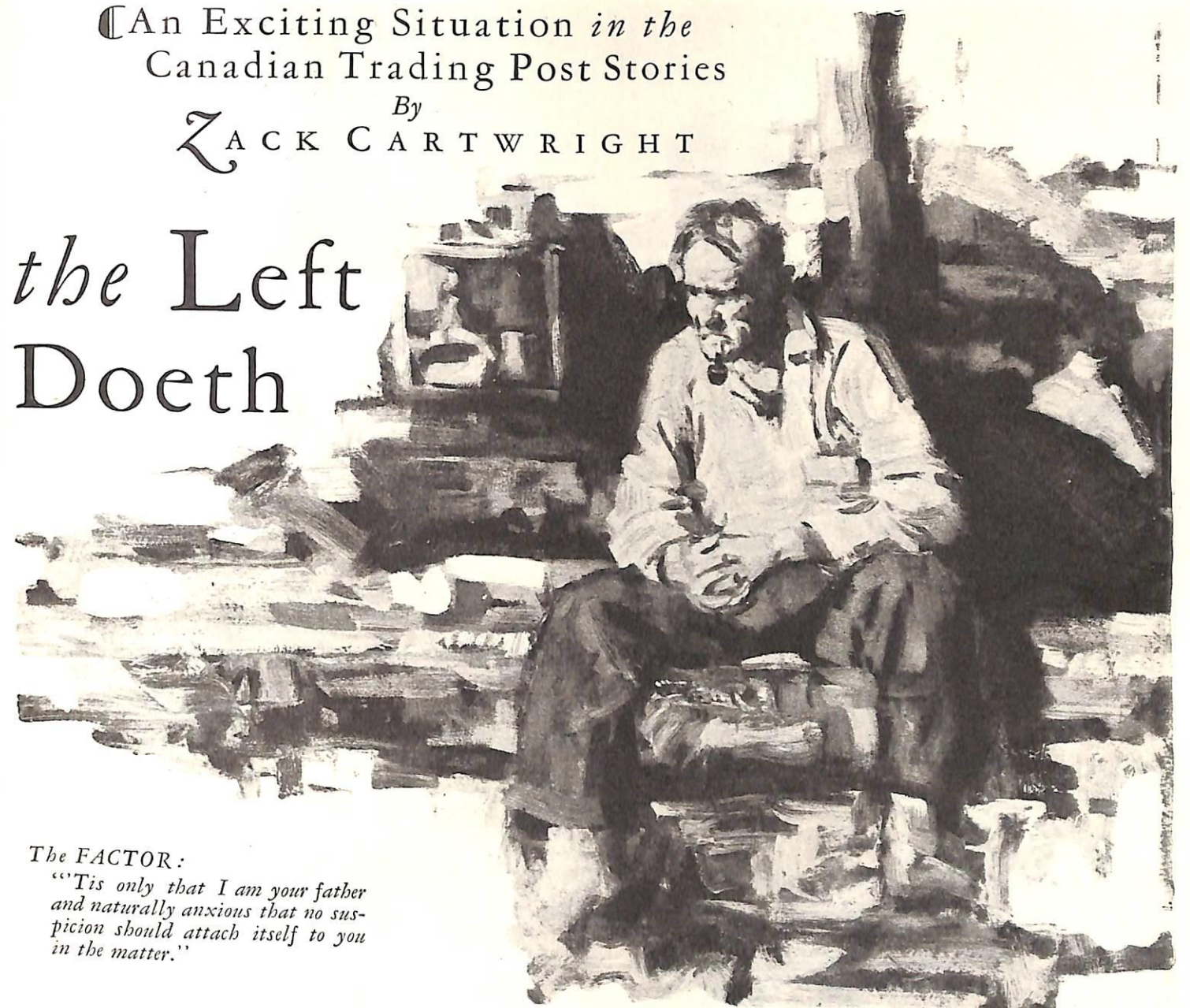
*An Exciting Situation in the
Canadian Trading Post Stories*

By
ZACK CARTWRIGHT

the Left Doeth

The FACTOR:

"'Tis only that I am your father and naturally anxious that no suspicion should attach itself to you in the matter."



as Martine and blindly swallowing a camel that Turnbull is."

I said these things deliberately to goad Farquhar for I felt that his attitude toward Turnbull was weak. There is some fault in the Company man who has less than honest curses for all competition.

"Keep talking," he jeered. "Every word confirms my suspicions. Let me make some things clear to you, MacDougall. Turnbull is really a protection since he trades honestly as the Company does; three pounds to the dollar for goods against fur at half the wholesale price. But this bow-legged Martine pays cash! Can you understand that? And he is uttering the God knows what kind of sedition against the Company's interest. If I find some Company man is behind this I will make a fearful example of him. Martine is to be stopped; bear that in mind, MacDougall."

I saw the poor old man was obsessed by it and I did not answer him.

"Tell me," he demanded, "who does Martine stop with when he is here?"

From the question it was apparent which way Farquhar's ideas were pointing. It was Jean Baptiste he was suspecting and from some things I recalled just then I had the fear that Farquhar might be fumbling with the truth. I wanted a little time to devise a proper answer.

"You must excuse me just now, Farquhar. The mail goes out in the morning and Jean Baptiste was sick today. I must find out if he will be able to go." I had told Farquhar no lie for only that morning had Jean Baptiste declared that he was sick of driving the mail and would not do it another winter.

"Very well," grumbled Farquhar, "attend to your duties then, but not a word mind you, about my being here."

I put the matter straight to Jean Baptiste the moment we were alone at his house.

"My son," I said, "there is something I must speak to you about and I wish you to be frank in answering my questions."

"I will use my discretion," said Jean Baptiste. "What is it you wish to know?"

"It is about your friend, the little Martine," I said. "I have reason to believe that the Superintendent of Posts is meaning to make an end of his activities. In fact I have been asked, that is to say, I am afraid suspicion may be directed toward you in the matter. What am I to say?"

"What do you know?"

"I know that Martine stops always to see you when he is coming out from one of his foraging trips, and shows you every skin in his loads. Why is that?"

Jean Baptiste sat regarding me steadily for a moment before he answered. "Is it the Company's man asks these things and wants honesty in the answer?"

"Certainly. What else would I be?" I answered.

"Then I tell you in honesty; it is none of your or the Company's business that Martine stops at my house or shows me his furs. I am friends with Martine and such matters are no concern of the Company."

I was surprised at the change that had come over him while he was speaking.

"Come now," I placated him. "'Tis only that I am your father and naturally anxious that no suspicion should attach itself to you. If I know the truth of things, I will be the better able to select an answer to questions I may be asked."

"But there is your conscience," objected Jean Baptiste. "You might easily learn more than is comfortable to you as factor."



"Not at all," I assured him. "I have lived some little while. Tell me all about it and have no fear of my conscience. 'There is always a time,' I quoted, 'when the right hand may not know what the left hand doeth.'"

"I will not encourage you in treachery against the Company," he told me. "In your capacity as factor I will tell you nothing. If my father chooses to ask, that is different."

You will say of course that I was warned and should have governed myself accordingly. But could I let pass this opportunity of gaining the fuller confidence of my son? He had been returned most miraculously to me from out the past that was a tragic barren memory; his Indian mother's gift from beyond the grave.

"There is nothing of any account to tell," he said. "Martine is buying fur as you know in the upper country. And he is doing very well at it; the winter not half gone and already the profits are over two thousand apiece."

"Apiece?" I asked.

"For Martine and his partner," Jean Baptiste explained.

"And who might his partner be?"

"Gavin O'Neill. He attends the selling of the fur."

"And you?" I asked. "Are you not a partner too?"

"I am not!" declared Jean Baptiste. "How could I be a partner in an independent venture and I in the employ of the Company. 'Twould be dishonesty."

"I am glad to hear it my son though the business seems very profitable."

"I would hardly seek to bring the Company disfavor on me and I your son, would I?"

I was touched by the consideration he showed for my position even though it was unknown, outside of we two and his young wife, that I was his father.

"Why is it, do you imagine that Martine comes out so often with his furs?"

"Tis that Martine is a strange little man and very humble in the heart of him. In spite of all we can do or say, he fears that Gavin and I but took him in for friendship and not for his skill in the business. He comes this way to show me—"

"You took him in?" I cried. "Did you not just say you were no partner in the villainous scheme?"

"And I am not!" declared Jean Baptiste hotly. "Does it make me a partner that I lend money to those two to do as they like? No! Or that Martine comes to show me his purchases each time and seek my approval of his judgment. I am his friend. 'Twas agreed I should be no partner, and if I send a message to some trapper from time to time it shows no more than friendship for Martine and is very different from being in the business myself."

"But your money is in it?" I questioned him.

"Yes. Loaned at interest and no more."



(There was the great Farquhar looking haggard and disreputable, his bluster all gone, being helped out of the sled by the Indian, Jim Tanuk.

"I hope your money is properly secured," I said, "and it should bear a good rate of interest considering the natural risks of the business. How much does it yield?"

"I have left that to Martine and Gavin," was his astonishing reply. "Calculate it yourself: I put in two thousand as did the others and so far they have paid me just over two thousand interest. What rate would you reckon that to be?"

"You have chosen to deceive me," I said, "with your talk of being no partner! A third of the profit you take, and still not in it!"

"It is so understood between the three of us," he insisted.

"Tis a fine distinction you make," I told him, "but the Company will not be deceived by it."

"But the Company will know nothing of it," said Jean Baptiste. "Unless the left hand should start bearing tales to the right."

After that of course I was bound to silence. A great responsibility was upon me. Was I not bearing Farquhar's secrets on the one side and Jean Baptiste's on the other? I was wondering just how I should answer Farquhar when somebody rapped lightly on the door. Jean Baptiste went to open it and stood there talking Cree with someone. But presently Jean Baptiste invited his visitor into the room and busied himself before the lamp with the contents of a long envelope the other man had handed him.

The squat, moon-faced young Indian who had brought the letter was unknown to me so I gave no more than a glance at him. I noted that there was another paper along with the letter, in Jean Baptiste's hand, a formal-looking document of some kind. When he finished his letter he drew the young Indian aside and spoke rapidly with him for several minutes. The man left then and Jean Baptiste stood looking at me.

"Did Farquhar not warn you to keep silent about his being at the post tonight?"

"Yes, but—"

"You have done so and 'twas splendid self-restraint. I would have known nothing except for this letter."

"What is the meaning of all these mysterious goings on?" I asked.

"It means," said Jean Baptiste with a commanding gesture, "that you need worry no further. That Martine is to be stopped."

I should have been satisfied with that no doubt but I made certain there was something in the wind when Jean Baptiste should be supporting Farquhar's wishes in anything.

Farquhar made ready to leave next morning when 'twas still quite dark.

(Continued on page 69)



(Florrie (RUTH HAMMOND))—Naturally you don't go on being in love forever if you're married. Bobby (RUTH GORDON)—Then I won't be married! I want to be madly in love!

SOUTH AMERICA beckons to Rims O'Neil. But a girl blocks the way. It all happens like this:

Rims (ROGER PRYOR) is a forty-dollar-a-week clerk in a New York music house, the same concern in which Miss "Bobby" Halevy (RUTH GORDON) is employed as stenographer to Mr. Mengle. And it is Mengle who may send the boy to Argentina, for the opening of a new branch.

The proposed dash southward strikes directly at the heart of Bobby, for a beautiful spring has just passed from which these two obscure young toilers of the Metropolis have emerged with their fancies very poignantly turned toward love.

Bobby is strong in ideals. She turns away, at first, from her married sister's advice about "landing" Rims before his departure.

"If you want a man to be interested in you, let him see you going out of the door with another man. If you want a man to come running, just let him imagine you at a dance with someone else."

Bobby—You're pretty tiresome tonight, Florrie. If I cared enough about anyone to want to keep him—I'd care too much to want to keep him that way.

Florrie (RUTH HAMMOND)—My God, can anybody be as young as that and live!

Finally winning her point, Florrie urges Bobby into a "party dress," and further outlines the plot destined to make Rims—when he comes—believe that little Bobby has an engagement with another adorer.

Florrie (to her mother)—Use just the right touch and you can get her to do anything. You see, mother, she's just a child. There's a psychologist writing for the *American* that says people don't begin to think until they're nearly thirty. They walk around and talk and they seem alive, but they are really practically unconscious. That's the reason why it's easy for a girl to get married young and not so easy afterward. The idea is to catch your man while he's still unconscious.

Well, Florrie should know! At any rate, Rims' departure must be prevented.

Bobby—If he wants to go why shouldn't he?

(A STORY FROM

Saturday's

(By Maxwell ANDERSON



Florrie—Because you're in love with each other, and you'd be much happier if he stayed, wouldn't you?

Bobby—Yes.

Florrie—Darling, if you knew just half a dozen sentences to say that would make him propose, would you say them?

Bobby wouldn't like to cheat her man that way, but Florrie, ignoring these unspeakably childish prejudices, invents "Fred"—the rival who has asked Bobby to a dance, and dashes off a few notes to be left nonchalantly on the table and referred to by Bobby in an emergency. Bobby is to agree, if urged, to put "Fred" off for the evening. A few tears must flow. She is advised to be delicately depressed. She is to say that it is going to be awfully hard—her marrying someone else, but "Oh, Rims, a girl has to get married sometime, you know." And he'll say, "Well, if you're getting married this season why not marry me?"

Bobby—No, because he wouldn't say it—

Florrie—Why not?

Bobby—Because he isn't such a sap for one thing and for another I don't think it's fair and I won't do it.

Florrie—Darling, how do you think people get married? How indeed! And, though hating the depths to which she is lowering her shining standard, Bobby descends to her sister's deadly tricks—and wins.

So they are married and attempt to preserve life and love on forty dollars a week. Rims' salary is all that they possess. A budget is experimented with, but Rims flares up over the suggestion that he account for every cent he spends.

Rims—... I do appreciate it—your taking the trouble to figure it all out—only it's kind of a blow, too. I didn't know it was so close. Gosh, I never used to have any money troubles to speak of—I just ran along.

Bobby—Well, so did I. I wish I hadn't quit my job.

Rims—We couldn't work in the same office after we got married... It makes it look as if I weren't man enough

THE STAGE

Children

(Bobby's marriage is not the affair of her dreams. Her husband even insinuates that she "found" his card game I. O. U. in his pocket.



(Young Fingers Grasping the Wings of Romance, Young Hearts Crashing against the Crude Realities of Life

to be married. Because I want to be madly in love. And that, in fact, is the whole thing in a nutshell. Bobby refuses to relinquish romance with marriage.

Bobby—I know it can't go on the way it is. He'll leave me or I'll leave him—or something will happen.

Then, steeped in woman's elemental wiles, Florrie says: "I think it's about time for you to begin having a baby."

Bobby—But if we don't get along now...

Florrie—It makes everything different.

Men take so much credit to themselves in such matters, and feel so responsible. And babies tie a man down. They cease to be rebellious.

Bobby—But that's terrible... To keep a man that way.

Florrie—It's been going on a long time, my dear. I wasn't the first to think of it.

In despair, the girl [Continued on page 84]

to—to support my wife...

Bobby—Wife! I won't be a wife! It sounds so fat and stupid—I wish we hadn't got married! I wish you'd gone to South America!

Rims—Well, you haven't got anything on me.

Just in time, they save this perilous moment from going completely over the precipice. But such moments have a way of dashing to the edge of destruction with increasing frequency. The worldly-wise Florrie does some probing when she discovers the rift; and Bobby, dismayed at her sister's observation that all married people quarrel—even those in love with each other—cries out: "It can't be true."

Florrie—Naturally you don't go on being madly in love forever. Not if you're married to the person.

Bobby—Then I don't want

(Bobby (RUTH GORDON))—Sometimes I can't bear to be with anybody else, Rims. Rims (ROGER PRYOR)—Gee, Kid!





*But their Souls
are Not Crippled*
(MEDINAH'S Tribute to the Shrine
The Chicago Unit

By Genevieve Forbes Herrick

DID you ever see a four-year-old colored boy, his legs all bound up in bandages and splints, trying, valiantly, to do the Charleston on a hospital floor?

Did you ever glimpse two tiny girls—one, with her right leg dangling, inert and helpless, the other with her left leg rigid in an armour of plaster, pedaling away, with a pathetic fifty-fifty sort of cooperation, at a player piano?

Did you ever stand over the cot of a handsome twelve-year-old youth, desperately crippled, and watch him twist his body about in curious angles until he maneuvered his left hand over to a crayon so that he might, painfully and carefully, draw a picture of his ideal—a tall, strong, athletic man?

No?

Well, neither did I, until that morning when Will H. Wade, Chairman of the local Board of Governors of the Chicago Unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, took me out to his beloved institution at Oak Park and Belden avenues, on the western outskirts of Chicago. Only everybody in Chicago, from the City Hall, where they all know him, to Musical Manufacturers' Row, where he occupies an important place; from the lounges of the clubs to the halls of the Shriners.

MEMBERS of the BOARD of GOVERNORS



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James Todd



Past Potentate
Edward L. Johnson

everybody calls this big, friendly, energetic man, "Bill."

And everybody knows that scarcely a day goes by, that "Bill" Wade, often accompanied by his wife, doesn't run out to the big, low building to see that Tom has a new painting set; or that the plumber has done his job right, or that the latest bit of operating equipment has been installed.

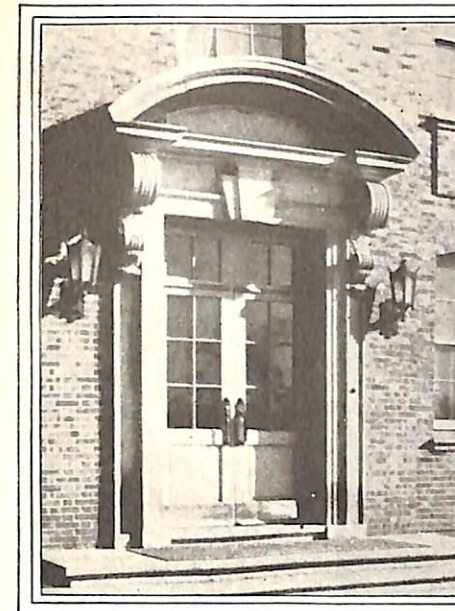
So Mr. Wade took me through the building, up and down, forward and back, inside and out. We went over the ground not only physically but emotionally.

And now I shall never get out of my mind those pictures I told you about in the beginning; those and scores of others equally appealing, and real.

For the hospital is bigger than statistics. Though they are interesting and valuable and I want you to know about them.

It's bigger than race or religion or color. For none of these characteristics is a determining factor in deciding who shall come in. The prospective patient must be under fourteen years, he must be without means to pay, he must be mentally competent, and he must not be incurable. Upon this quadruplet of specifications, and upon these four only, stands an applicant's opportunity of being admitted.

It's bigger, even, than the latest discovery in science; the most skilful bit of technique; the most approved laboratory



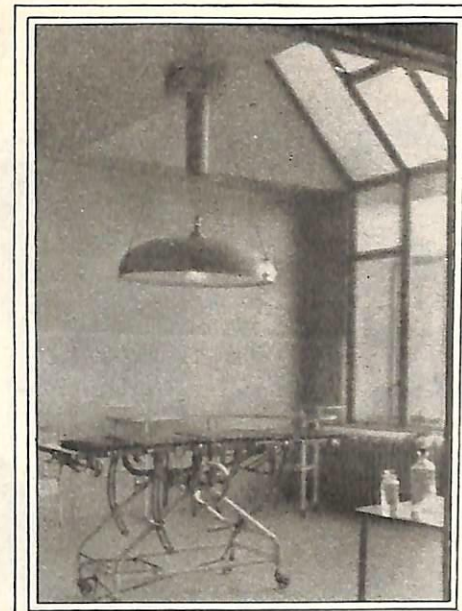
Past Potentate
W. H. Wade, Chairman



Potentate
Richard E. Kroppf

(Left)—The entrance to the Chicago Hospital Unit is cheerfully inviting in its homelike simplicity.

(Right)—A corner of the operating room of the Chicago Unit of the Shriners Hospitals.



facilities; although all of these items have a conspicuous place in the day's routine.

The hospital is more than all this. It is a daily experiment in human giving and human living. And it pays tremendous dividends, to those who give and to those who receive.

Let us start at the beginning and go through that hospital just as I went through it.

First of all, architecturally, it proves once and for all that a hospital, to be efficient, doesn't have to look like a cross between a jail and an institution. For this building, erected upon a seventeen and one-half acre site donated by Medinah Temple A. A. O. N. M. S., and opened for patients March 20, 1926, is a long, low, superlatively lighted structure, with graceful lines, artistic ornamentation and a friendly air of a club rather than a hospital. All this, remember, is combined with the very latest and best developments in construction of homes for crippled children, where every grade must be considered, every step changed into a ramp, every floor level accurately measured.

Up the driveway a goodly piece, until we felt that we were really far from Chicago's clang and turmoil; in and about some excellent landscaping, and presently we were in the reception lobby, and were being greeted by Dr. Beveridge H. Moore, the Chief Surgeon, and Miss Grace Dunning, Superintendent. Capable, efficient, qualified: these two are more than that. They are friends to each

and every boy and girl in the building. It required no magic to find that out, for the boys would wink at Dr. Moore as they hobbled down the corridor on crutches; the little girl in the small wheel chair jockeyed it about until it rubbed up against Miss Dunning's crisp white dress, and then the little girl ran her thin hand up Miss Dunning's hand, and you knew they were real friends.

If you turned to the right, you went into the boys' quarters; to the left brought you into the girls' section. We elected to have it "Ladies First." So we turned to the left, past committee rooms, and general offices, packed with the statistical data of the organization.

As we entered the first large room in the girls' division we came upon those two little girls I mentioned earlier. Each had

a crippled foot. Happily, one had a good right one; the other a perfect left one. So they doubled, and of the four little legs they got two good ones with which to pedal out rag-time on the player-piano. It was a sad sight, that first little tableau. But after a bit it changed into a happy symbol of the spirit of the entire place. Cooperation. The little girl whose legs were crippled carried the books for the little girl whose arms were in splints; and the girl with the bad arms pushed the other child's wheelchair.

In their games, in the schoolroom, in their day's schedule, this rule, almost unconsciously, was carried out.

But in spite of the gay music, it brought a lump to my throat to pass along the line and see just a mite of a girl, in a blue dress, trudge along, unsteadily, on the smallest pair of crutches you ever saw. Slowly she swayed her little body from side to side and made her way up to Dr. Moore.

Now Dr. Moore is a good psychologist, as well as an excellent orthopedic surgeon. So he met the youngster's caress with a laugh and a joke, and tickled her ribs just enough to make her giggle a happy little giggle. And she went her way, more slowly than a well child, but no less cheerful.

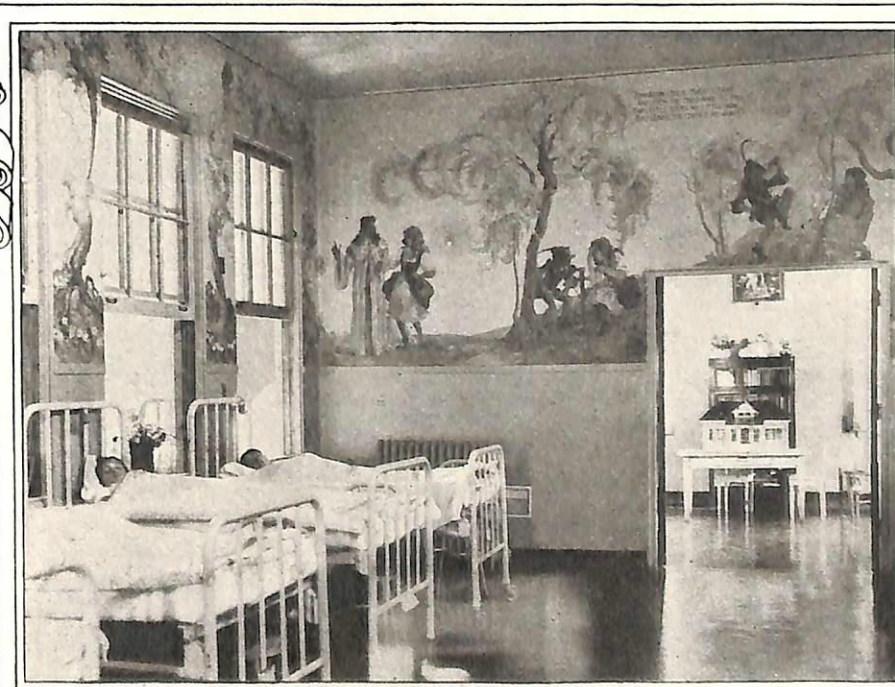
Then we saw Mary Ruth Davis. Mary Ruth has curvature of the spine and she's been at the hospital a long time. In a thin voice she whispers up at you that she knows she's going to be well.

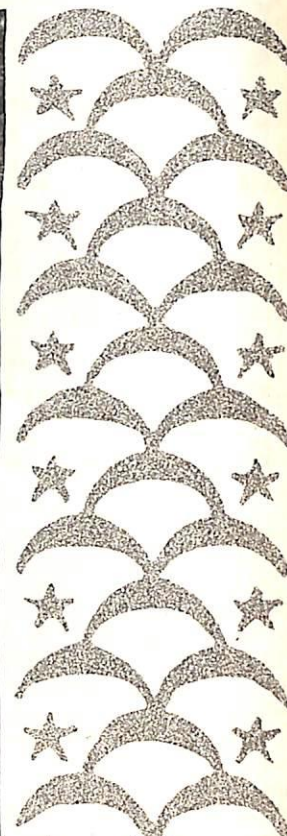
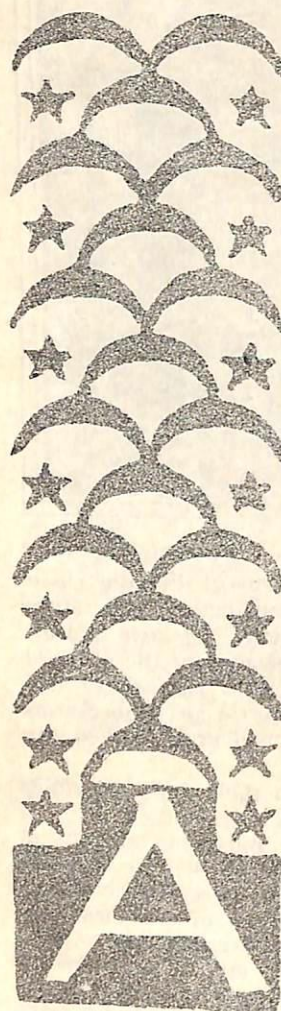
There was Betty, with a congenital hip. Her small crutch was balanced [Continued on page 58]



Past Potentate
E. Edwin Mills
Member of Board.

(The walls of the wards are decorated with nursery rhymes.)





round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

IF I HAVE as much future as I have had past, I shall live to be a hundred and twelve years old. In my years I have loaned a lot of people money. Those who paid me back love me. The ones who never did, hate me.

Age has its compensations as well as youth. I can now flirt with flappers with impunity, for I thoroughly understand that they laugh at me instead of smile at me. That's a whale of a lot of difference.

I am past the age of temptation. I can do things now I couldn't do when I was a boy. What in youth is indiscretion to me is but amusement. I can read books now which would have affected me differently when I was very young.

Take old Rabelais for example. When I was a boy I would have read him because he is a wicked old cuss. Now I read him and chuckle realizing he is a product of an age of frankness in which rotund men had no selvaige edges to keep them from raveling out in word and deed.

If Rabelais lived now he would be a round Potentate like George Eisenbrown of Rajah. George doesn't talk in the least like Rabelais but he looks like Rabelais ought to look. And no living man ever looked as much like a Potentate as George!

Browsing over one of the dog-eared volumes of Rabelais' writings I read the story of the Lamain witches. They were lynx-eyed when abroad in the land but always took out their eyes and deposited them in a wooden shoe which hung behind the door when they came home.

I was enough interested in these Lamain witches to look them up in the encyclopedia, in mythology, in every book of reference I have. But they seem to have been lost in the crowd around the punch bowl of life's traditional banquet table, for I cannot find hide nor hair of them in any book.

Those Lamain witches had a good idea. To be lynx-eyed

around home is a mistake. You and I and every other Shriner would be a lot happier if we put our eyes in the wooden shoes behind the door and did not see too many things around the house.

When we are abroad in the land chasing dollars, cajoling people to patronize our particular line, we have to be polite, mannerly gentlemen. We cannot afford to be too critical of other people.

When we go home we relax. A lot of us just relax all over the place. We relax our politeness, we relax our mannerliness, we relax our gentil—no, Shriners are always gentlemen, even at home. But at home we are critical, and as every one of us sees what he looks for, we often see a lot of things to be critical about. If that wooden shoe were behind the door to put our eyes in when we entered the house, we would see less.

The house in which a man lives, laughs, loves and criticizes his wife and children is not his only home. He has his home Temple too. If we took the average Shriner's Temple at his conversational value of it, we would never join the Shrine at all. He criticizes it from start to finish, using these criticisms as an excuse for his neglect of his duty to it.

I have never heard a Shrine orchestra which played as well as the Boston Symphony. But when I listen to a group of my Shrine brethren who have spent evenings playing tubas and saxophones while I played ten cent limit, my ears and eyes both should be in the wooden shoe behind the door.

I am so old that I once heard Booth, Barrett and Modjeska play The Merchant of Venice. When my Potentate renders the Inspired Charge it does not remind me in the least of any one of that trio of stars! But if my eyes and ears are in the wooden shoe behind the door I remember that my "Pote" is a general in an army in which they do not teach elocution.

I have laughed my spectacles wet at Eddie Foy, Nat Goodwin, De Wolf Hopper and Georgie Cohan. When I see the stunts my Temple puts on I ac- [Continued on page 63]

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

ATLANTIC CITY'S PREPARATION

AT THE risk of being accused of being too free with superlatives, it may be predicted that the Fifty-third Imperial Council Session is destined to be recorded as the most gigantic and the happiest in the Order's history.

One may feel safe in uttering the prediction as he examines the elaborate preparations under way to give complete welcome and entertainment to the host that will converge in Atlantic City for the gatherings of Sunday, June 12, to Friday, June 19, inclusive.

Certainly, Crescent Temple, of Trenton, N. J., has been quick to recognize the magnitude of the event and has been energetic and wholehearted in laying its plans of hospitality.

None can know what is under way in preparation for the welcome and fail to appreciate that Atlantic City, long famous as a host city, intends to establish an all-time record in this respect, when it entertains the Shriners in June.

Throughout the country and in Canada and in Mexico and even in far-off Canal Zone, Nobles are pointing to the days when they will meet on the Boardwalk. And the Boardwalk, with equal zest, is looking ahead to the opportunity to greet them.

To many of the visitors, the resort will be a new place. It will be a unique spectacle and an enthralling one, with its pioneer and world-noted Wooden Way, its wide strand, the broad beach on which 50,000 persons a day may be seen in summer, its comfortable and compelling rolling chairs, its mam-

(Below) Atlantic City, showing a great stretch of the eight-mile boardwalk, three of the mammoth beach-front hotels, and the glorious beach.



moth piers, its great beach front hotels and, chief factor of them all, its equable, health-building climate.

Those, however, are attractive incidents of the visit that best had been left to surprise the guests. At this moment, the larger interest is in the program of events. The program still is in process of construction. Some of its main incidents, however, have been decided.

The work of receiving and handling the visitors is being done from Central Pier by a general committee of which Earl E. Jeffries is Director General and on which the assistant director generals are Milton S. Lindsay, Wilmer J. Houpt, Carroll W. Brown, P. E. Howard and Walter S. Jeffries.

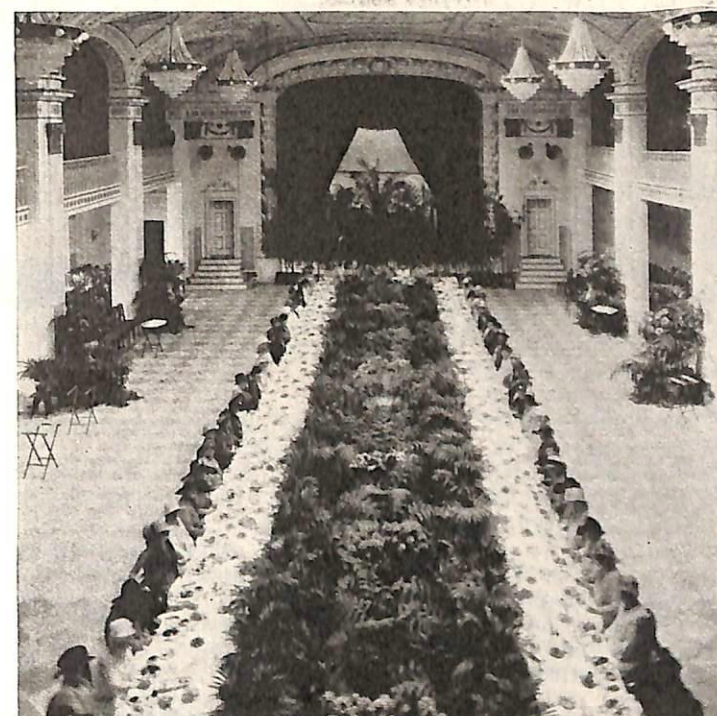
All railroads in the country are cooperating with the general committee. The necessity of early preparations in this respect is apparent when it is realized that many special trains will run in sections, Medinah, of Chicago, having seven sections.

Every facility is being arranged for visitors. Special information services, augmented telegraph forces, extraordinary

baggage assistance and many other details of the kind will be observed. The visitor will find the city in holiday attire. He will discover many "climb in" motor cars, bearing placards which invite him to step aboard and be transported wherever he desires as the driver's guest.

Each Noble and his family will register in Machinery Hall of the Million Dollar Pier. There he will receive a bond and coupons entitling him to the full courtesies of the Steel Million Dollar and Steeplechase Piers. He will have at his disposal ample golf [Continued on page 67]

(Left) Interior of Chelsea Auditorium, Chelsea Hotel, Atlantic City, where the Imperial Council will hold its Session, beginning June 14th.





WITHIN THE SHRINE



ALBERT WEISENDANGER
Al Kader Temple
Portland, Ore.

Noble Albert Weisendanger, of Al Kader, Portland, Oregon, is one man whose life work is also his recreation. He is forest ranger in charge at Eagle Creek, and that is, when you come to examine it, quite a job. He has 22 miles of forest range, and during the summer an average of 2000 people a week register at the Eagle Creek camp grounds. Noble Weisendanger takes care of them all—and of

his forest, which he loves, as well.

He sees to it that they don't get careless with their fires, and that the rules for the preservation of game are not broken. And he tracks down the angler who tries to violate the law, too. To the fisherman who is contented to abide by the law Noble Weisendanger is the best of friends. He knows every good fishing spot in his territory, and he is generous in giving advice and aid.

Noble Weisendanger is an apostle, very literally, of outdoor life. In winter, when he has to live in a town, he turns lecturer. He tells children—and others—of campcraft. He tells them how to avoid fires, and of all the joys and health-giving features of the life.



NOBLE EDWIN DENBY
Moslem Temple
Detroit, Mich.

Noble Edwin Denby, of Moslem Temple, Detroit, never was and never will be ruler of the Queen's Navee, but he did, for a spell, rule the navy of the United States. He differs from the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter in another respect, too. Sir Joseph was, you will remember, the man in H. M. S. Pinafore who "polished up the handle of the big front door, and never, never went to sea"—which

was how he came to be the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

But Noble Denby was a gunner's mate on the U. S. S. Yosemite in the Spanish War, and in 1917 he enlisted as a private in the Marines. President Harding made him Secretary of the Navy in 1921, and he served until he resigned in 1924, after Mr. Coolidge had become President.

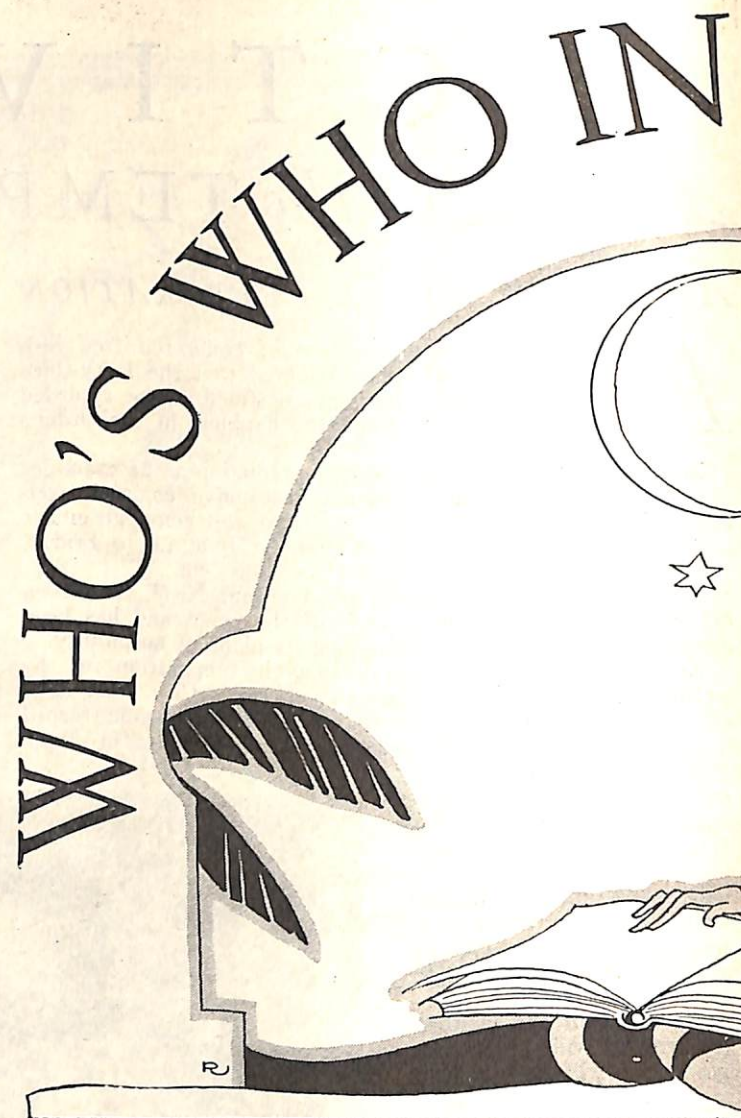
Noble Denby's father was Minister to China in 1885, and he, visiting Peking, became interested in the country and spent seven years in the Imperial Maritime Service. Coming home he studied law, and was a famous football player at Michigan. He served in the Michigan House of Representatives for a term, and went to Congress in 1905, serving until 1911. In business he now makes automobiles.



NOBLE HARRY B. HOYT
Morocco Temple
Jacksonville, Fla.

Past Potentate Harry B. Hoyt, of Morocco Temple, Jacksonville, likes to tell people he is a farmer. He is, too, in a manner of speaking, but he is the sort of farmer who has an ace in the hole before he starts out turning over the soil. In business he owns and operates the Union Terminal Company, and he is a capitalist whose interests extend to public utilities, oil and real estate. He breeds

prize-winning Berkshire hogs, and is an enthusiastic horseman,



who has won many a blue ribbon showing and riding his Kentucky saddle horses.

Noble Hoyt's father was Colonel Hoyt, a brigade surgeon in the Confederate Army during the Civil War—he being one of the West Virginians who followed the fortunes of the Old Dominion when the split came and two states grew where there had been only one before. Noble Hoyt was Potentate of Morocco in 1922, and has been four times a Representative to the Imperial Council. He is a brother-in-law of Vice-President Dawes.



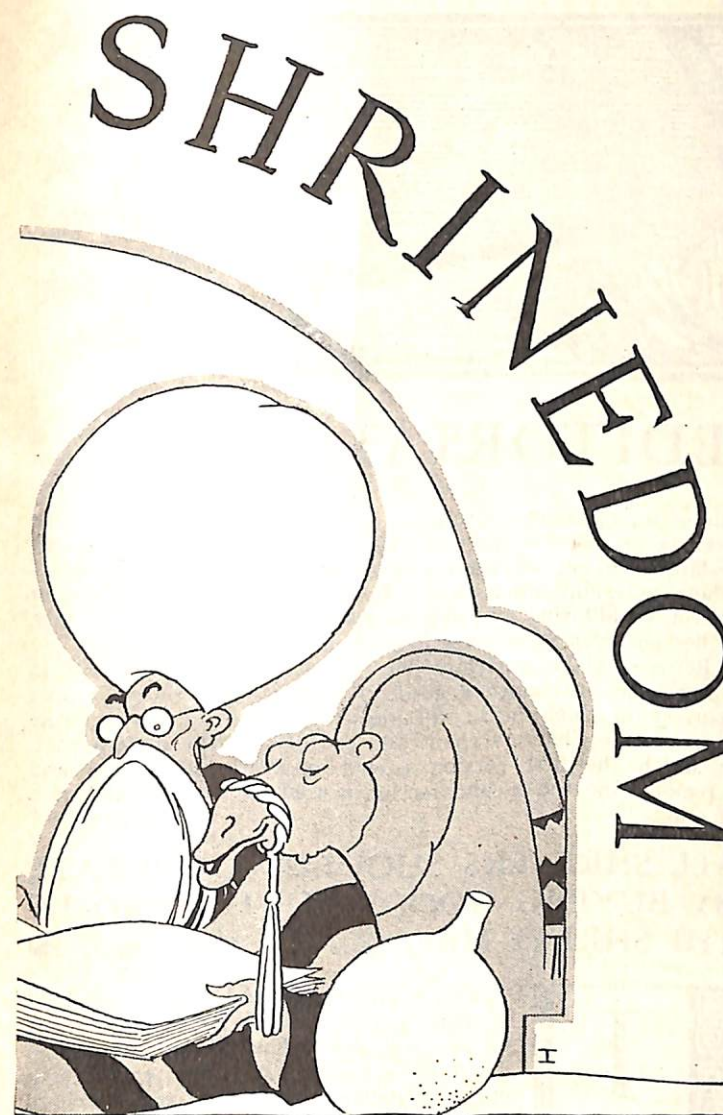
CAPTAIN A. M. SHUEY
Zuhrah Temple
Minneapolis, Minn.

Captain A. M. Shuey, of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, took the first uniformed patrol that ever appeared at an Imperial Council Session. That was in 1894. The next year Zuhrah again had the only patrol; in 1896 three patrols appeared in Cleveland, and now every Temple has its patrol.

Temples all over the country appeal to Captain Shuey for help and advice regarding drills and movements and he issued, in 1915, a drill manual that is the standard work on the subject.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS
Osiris Temple
Wheeling, W. Va.

Few men have more quietly and unobtrusively attained greatness than Noble John William Davis, of Osiris Temple. Look him up and you will find that he is a lawyer—the type of lawyer who seldom appears in court, and never in the headlines. But behind that is a career of solid achievement that made his nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic party in 1924 a triumph of common sense.

West Virginia stuck to him throughout that endless fight in the old Madison Square Garden, in New York, when the delegations pledged to Alfred Smith and William G. McAdoo wore each other down.

No other nomination that could have been made would have been so well received. There was, of course, no chance for victory at the polls; it wasn't on the scroll of the fates for any Democrat to beat President Coolidge that year. But Noble Davis was a great standard bearer for his party. A man of compelling charm, of infinite tact, he did more to soothe the passions unleashed in that long and wearing convention fight than any other leader could have done.

Behind Noble Davis, at the time of his nomination was a fine record of solid and worthwhile accomplishment. Beginning the practice of law in Clarksburg, West Virginia, he went to Con-

gress, and became Solicitor-General of the United States, by appointment of Woodrow Wilson, in 1915. He held this office until 1918, at a time when matters of the most vital importance were involved. It was he who argued both the great cases of that time before the Supreme Court—the cases involving the validity of Selective Service Law and the Adamson Eight Hour Law. He won brilliant victories in both cases. In 1918 he succeeded Walter Hines Page as Ambassador to Great Britain, representing the United States in London during the vital closing months of the war and the historic period of peace making and post war adjustment. A 32nd Degree Mason, Scottish Rite, he was highly honored, while American Ambassador at the Court of St. James by being made Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of England, an honor never before conferred upon one not of British birth.

Noble Davis is the holder of a long list of honorary degrees. He has been President of the American Bar Association, and of the English Speaking Union for the United States.

NOBLE JOHN H. HALL, JR.
Khedive Temple
Norfolk, Va.



Noble John Hopkins Hall, Jr., of Khedive Temple, Norfolk, Virginia, is one of the country's authorities on all matters pertaining to labor and labor legislation. He is Commissioner of Labor of Virginia at present, and has three times been president of the Virginia State Federation of Labor. He has served as president, also, of the Association of Government Labor Officials of the United States and Canada. He has an imposing record, also, in Masonry, and is a charter member of his temple.

NOBLE WILLIAM F. SEBER
Oriental Temple
Troy, N. Y.



Past Potentate William F. Seber, of Oriental Temple, Troy, N. Y., is one of the important financial figures of the upper Hudson Valley. Director and officer of banks in Troy and Watervliet, he is also an important industrial leader. His financial ability has made him a valuable man in civic, church and fraternal affairs, and he has had much to do with putting various fraternal bodies in a sound financial state. He recently received the 33rd degree as an acknowledgment of his activities in the Scottish Rite.

NOBLE A. B. ANDREWS
Sudan Temple
New Bern, N. C.



Past Potentate A. B. Andrews, of Sudan Temple, New Bern, is not only a leading Mason and Shriner but one of the recognized leaders of the North Carolina bar. He is one of the great authorities on Masonic law. Theoretically his office is in Raleigh, but for the last few years he has spent a well earned leisure in traveling all over the world. Originally a member and an office holder in Oasis Temple, Charlotte, he withdrew to aid in the organization of Sudan and was its Potentate under dispensation, and a representative for nine years.



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

MEN HAVE LEARNED AND THE SHRINE TEACHES THAT HAPPINESS COMES FROM WITHIN

THE Quest of the Golden Grail! Diogenese with his lantern hunting an honest man. Ponce de Leon sailing in search of the Fountain of Eternal Youth. All but variations of life's search for happiness.

The money hunt, the love hunt, the fame hunt, are all but different forms of the happiness hunt. Is it a really happy world? Yes! Men have learned and the Shrine persistently teaches, that happiness comes from within. It is not due to things without. Thus has it furthered man's search for happiness, the dominating force in every individual.

Matthew Arnold complained that the people of this continent lacked intellectual seriousness. Today we seem in danger of losing our ability to laugh. The dollar chase has been substituted for the happiness chase.

A Shrine meeting is a meeting of optimists, not pessimists. We are doing good and having a lot of fun doing it. We laugh, not groan; we boost, not knock; exude joy, not gobs of gloom! As we make merry over our hospital and other good works we heal mentally as well as physically.

Men learn when they laugh for we see but little when our eyes are full of tears.

Men are but boys half grown, most of them hardly that. No Noble who has seen a Supreme Court judge patiently fishing in a one quart globe for a single gold fish can doubt that he enjoyed doing it as much as the spectators enjoyed watching him. Every one of us is playing a rôle and likes the chance to step out of character. Give any one of us the opportunity and we will develop into a fun loving boy.

The search for happiness is the one pursuit common to us all; under the sheltered dome of a goodly Shrine temple, thousands of men have found the opportunity to laugh.

A SUCCESSFUL CEREMONIAL IS ONE IN WHICH THERE IS A PERFECT BLENDING OF SECTIONS AND UNITS

IT IS not in the shrill note of the piccolo or the deep boom of the tuba we hear the sweetest notes, but rather in the woodwind tones for which the extreme instruments form a background.

It is not in the violent reds and yellows or the jet blacks and pure whites that we see the most pleasing colors, but rather in the pinks and lavenders or the soft grays between the extremes.

Great wealth is productive of a wild and dissipated life just as great poverty is a breeder of crime and immorality. The mean between these two extremes is a maker of happiness.

Moderation in all things makes for success and happiness. What is true of life as a whole is also true of that small cross section we cut out of it for a Shrine ceremonial. The

successful ceremonial is not one with the great stress of the evening on the first part of the ritual. It lies not in having a large number of distinguished guests, the welcoming of whom takes up much time. It is not in featuring Band or Patrol, or allowing any unit to take up most of the meeting. It lies not even in an over long second section.

Between these extremes lies a well rounded meeting in which the distinguished guest is received and shown proper courtesy, in which the Band takes its part and the Patrol struts its stuff, the Chanters chant and the other units have a part, in which the first section is put on with due pomp and ceremony and the second section is a short snappy exhibition of stunts.

ALL SHRINERS SHOULD COOPERATE BY BUYING GOODS ADVERTISED IN THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

IT COSTS one dollar and sixty-four cents in real human money to produce your twelve issues of The Shrine Magazine. These same twelve copies cost each Noble only one dollar. The copy you now hold in your hand cost eight and one-third cents of the dollar you sent your recorder. But to produce it thirteen and two-thirds cents were spent by the committee. Is the magazine losing money? Oh, no! On the contrary, every issue of the magazine has had its record written in black ink, not in red, as the annual report will show.

What is the answer? Fan over the pages of this magazine and note the splendid response that advertisers have made to the appeal to place their wares before the six hundred thousand Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. When the magazine has been in existence another year the advanced cost will be more than one dollar and sixty-four cents. More advertisers will display their wares in these advertising pages to the discriminating buying Nobility; needing more pages, costing more money. But what they pay for the space will push the profits still further into the black ink side of the ledger.

No man can afford to buy advertising space for an article which has not quality of the highest. No cigarette, piece of furniture, toilet article, product of any description can make money unless they fully and absolutely live up to the promise of the advertising.

The merchandise and the services advertised in The Shrine Magazine are backed by a wonderful quality. The advertising is the backbone of your magazine, enabling it to be a bigger, better and brighter publication.

No advantage comes to any man without a corresponding responsibility. Yours is to observe carefully these advertisements and to buy regularly the goods advertised. This is just plain Shrine fairness and cooperation. It will help those deserving men who help us for you to buy the best products at the best prices. It will encourage the makers of those products to continue to help us.

It is an endless chain with alternating links of good will and good goods; an advantage to the Shriner, the advertiser and the magazine.

WITHIN THE SHRINE DIRECTORY of TEMPLES, OFFICERS and REPRESENTATIVES

ALAD, Duluth, John Q. Adams, Potentate; Jesse Norton, Recorder; Representatives: John Q. Adams, J. Ray Stack, Dr. Hugh J. MacKechnie, Thomas P. Bradley, Jesse Norton (Hon.).

AAHMES, Oakland, Cal., Herbert W. Whitworth, Potentate; George H. Smith, Recorder; Representatives: Louis J. Breuner, George S. Meredith (Perm.), Elliott Johnson, Herbert W. Whitworth.

ABBA, Mobile, S. B. Adams, Potentate; Walter E. DeVan, Recorder; Representatives: S. B. Adams, W. J. Parham, Jr., Alex Hancock, R. M. Kendrick.

ABDALLAH, Leavenworth, Kans., Arthur H. Strickland, Potentate; Charles K. Haw, Recorder; Representatives: John H. Atwood (ad vitam), John W. Farley, Arthur F. Miller, Arthur H. Strickland, Horace T. Phinney.

ABOU BEN ADHEM, Springfield, Mo., John C. McKee, Potentate; Lewis N. Cogley, Recorder; Representatives: Les E. Walton, George F. Olendorf (Perm.), John C. McKee, Martin A. Jetberg.

ABOU SAAD, Panama Canal Zone, Thomas McHenry Jordan, Potentate; Richard Granville Taylor, Recorder; Representatives: Richard G. Taylor, Thomas M. Jordan, Dr. Lewis B. Bates.

ABU BEKR, Sioux City, Howard H. Kellogg, Potentate; Linder E. Brostrom, Recorder; Representatives: Delbert C. Brown, Howard H. Kellogg, Fred A. Wood, Clyde G. Cummins.

ACCA, Richmond, James H. Price, Potentate; Edw. G. Schmidt, Recorder; Representatives: Preston Belvin (emeritus), Robert S. Crump, R. McC. Bullington, James H. Price, Harold C. Gibson.

AFIFI, Tacoma, Wash., W. B. Stephens, Potentate; Carl D. Sasher, Recorder; Representatives: E. B. King (Perm.), W. B. Stephens, Scott Z. Henderson, William D. Askren.

AHMED, Marquette, Mich., Robert M. Weidemann, Potentate; Fred J. Schultheis, Recorder; Representatives: Thor Orem, Wm. J. Richards, Wm. H. Van Iderstine, Frank G. Jenks.

AINAD, East St. Louis, Ill., Stephen P. Knowles, Potentate; George B. Moore, Recorder; Representatives: Mark L. Harris, S. P. Knowles, Louis Chackes, R. A. Robinson.

AKDAR, Tulsa, Okla., Clark Field, Potentate; Charles F. Robertson, Recorder; Representatives: Harry Hudson, Samuel R. Dye, Clark Field, D. D. Wertzberger.

ALADDIN, Columbus, O., William D. Murphy, Potentate; Wilden E. Joseph, Recorder; Representatives: Wilden E. Joseph (emeritus), James J. Thomas (Hon.), Milton A. Pixley (Perm.), Ferdinand P. Schoedinger, William D. Murphy.

AL AMIN, Little Rock, Howard A. Tune, Potentate; Fred J. Reuteluher, Recorder; Representatives: George G. Worthen, R. H. Kaufman, Howard A. Tune, Guy Fulk.

AL AZHAR, Calgary, Alberta, Walter S. Davidson, Potentate; T. F. English, Recorder; Representatives: Dr. W. V. Dixon, J. H. Reed, Herbert Baker.

AL BAHR, San Diego, Cal., Lane D. Webber, Potentate; V. F. Safranek, Recorder; Representatives: W. F. Ludington, V. Wankowski, John Stewart Ross, Lane D. Webber.

AL BEDOO, Billings, Mont., Alfred J. Rowland, Potentate; Earl V. Cline, Recorder; Representatives: Arthur H. Brown,

Alfred J. Rowland, James B. Convery, Albert E. Platz.

ALCAZAR, Montgomery, Henry C. Crenshaw, Potentate; Ollie C. Humphrey, Recorder; Representatives: David W. Crossland (at Large), Henry C. Crenshaw, George C. Douville, J. Lee Long, Frank M. Spangler.

AL CHYMIA, Memphis, W. B. Hill, Potentate; W. A. Woodmansee, Recorder; Representatives: Albert E. Cameron (Hon.), W. B. Hill, P. A. Fisher, G. A. Hagy, A. D. Patton.

ALEE, Savannah, John W. Blount, Potentate; Robert E. Banks, Recorder; Representatives: O. B. Foster, O. F. Fulmer, Davis Freeman, John W. Blount.

ALEPPO, Boston, Francis H. Appleton, Potentate; Benjamin W. Rowell, Recorder; Representatives: James S. Blake (emeritus), Benjamin Winslow Rowell (at large), Francis H. Appleton, Samuel C. L. Haskell, Walter W. Morrison (Perm.), Fred E. Bolton.

ALGERIA, Helena, Mont., James M. Burlingame, Potentate; Edgar M. Shoemaker, Recorder; Representatives: Dr. O. M. Lanstrum (Perm.), Dr. Edward W. Spottswood, James M. Burlingame, Carl A. Nyman.

ALHAMBRA, Chattanooga, W. W. Brooks, Jr., Potentate; Dick G. Crabtree, Recorder; Representatives: John S. Fouché, (Hon.), Jas. U. Jones, Dick G. Crabtree, A. C. Foust (Hon.), W. W. Brooks, Jr.

ALI GHAN, Cumberland, Md., Worthington P. Wachter, Potentate; William P. Rizer, Recorder; Representatives: Worthington P. Wachter, Harry A. Manley, G. Guy Shoemaker.

AL KADER, Portland, Ore., Joseph L. Hammersly, Potentate; Harvey Beckwith, Recorder; Representatives: A. W. Norblad, Joseph L. Hammersly, Dr. F. H. Dammasch, Gus C. Moser.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar
Imperial Potentate

CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate

FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabban

LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabban

ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet

BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder

WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer

THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide

EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master

CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master

JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Marshal

DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards

LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

AL KALY, Pueblo, Colo., E. T. Shepherd, Potentate; M. R. Schwer, Recorder; Representatives: M. R. Schwer, E. T. Shepherd, Alva B. Adams, Chas. E. Thomas.

AL KORAN, Cleveland, Guy W. Galbraith, Potentate; Neville S. Harris, Recorder; Representatives: Robert A. Bishop, J. Barker Smith, Neville S. Harris (Hon.), Guy W. Galbraith, Albert H. Fiebach.

AL MALAIKAH, Los Angeles, Sim W. Crabill, Potentate; George J. Ramsey, Recorder; Representatives: Motley H. Flint (emeritus), Sim W. Crabill, Dave F. Smith, Leo V. Youngworth (at Large), Louis M. Cole, Kenneth H. Gillette.

ALMAS, Washington, D. C., Amos A. Fries, Potentate; F. Lawrence Walker, Recorder; Representatives: Leonard P. Steuart (at Large), F. Lawrence Walker, Chas. D. Shackelford, James C. Hoyle, Amos A. Fries.

AL MENAH, Nashville, L. L. Gamble, Potentate; Lee Parrish, Recorder; Representatives: Dr. Robert C. Derivaux, Dr. Oren A. Oliver, L. L. Gamble, Maurice Weinberger.

ALOHA, Honolulu, Lewis H. Underwood, Potentate; Love M. Vetlesen, Recorder; Representatives: Guy H. Buttolph, James S. McCandless (ad vitam), Lewis H. Underwood, Chas. R. Welsh.

AL SIHAH, Macon, Ga., J. Lane Mulally, Potentate; Charles R. McCord, Recorder; Representatives: George E. Patterson, Bruce A. Renfro, Charles A. McAlister, Henry G. Hollingsworth.

ALZAFAR, San Antonio, S. X. Callahan, Potentate; P. D. Mathis, Recorder; Representatives: Don A. Warner, Hugh R. Robertson, C. A. Soule, S. X. Callahan.

ANAH, Bangor, Maine, Carus T. Spear, Potentate; George B. Freeland, Recorder; Representatives: Carus T. Spear, Carl C. Haynes, Charles A. Potter, Raymond S. Bird.

ANEZEH, Mexico City, Howard E. Hickman, Potentate; George F. Hirschfeld, Recorder; Representatives: William L. Vail (Perm.), J. N. Galbraith, Jr.

ANSAR, Springfield, Ill., Fred W. Pearson, Potentate; John M. Tipton, Recorder; Representatives: L. Jean Wylie, Albert C. Baxter, Richings J. Shand (Perm.), Fred W. Pearson.

ANTIOCH, Dayton, O., Earl L. Reeder, Potentate; Carl L. Tipton, Recorder; Representatives: Earl L. Reeder, Jos. A. Wortman, Clarence L. Stevens, G. C. Myers (Perm.).

ARABIA, Houston, Harry C. Webb, Potentate; G. E. Kepple, Recorder; Representatives: Frank C. Jones (at Large), D. W. Michaux, Geo. H. Pruter, Harry C. Webb, W. L. Childs.

ARARAT, Kansas City, Mo., O. H. Swearingen, Potentate; Arthur J. Kelly, Jr., Recorder; Representatives: James E. Chandler (ad vitam), Russell F. Greiner, Thad. B. Landon, Fred O. Wood, O. H. Swearingen.

BAGDAD, Butte, Mont., Sam T. Blair, Potentate; John F. Lindland, Recorder; Representatives: A. S. Christie, Ed. J. Hanner, W. C. Thrailkill, Sam T. Blair.

BALLUT ABYAD, Albuquerque, N. M., Judge Richard H. Hanna, Potentate; Van O. Oleson, Recorder; Representatives: Richard H. Hanna, Albert B. Betz, William F. Myer, John W. Hall.

BEDOUI, Muskogee, Okla., Jacob L. Haner, Potentate; N. F. Irish, Recorder; Representatives: [Continued on page 48]



WITHIN THE SHRINE



[Continued from page 47]

George M. Ransom, Walter G. Gibbons, William M. Eicholtz, Alexander E. Graham. **BEKTASH**, Concord, N. H., J. Howard Gile, Potentate; Harry M. Cheney, Recorder; Representatives: Arthur M. Dunstan, J. Howard Gile, John M. Stevens, Merrill G. Symonds.

BEN ALI, Sacramento, Fontaine Johnson, Potentate; Wm. Bowden, Recorder; Representatives: Frank F. Atkinson, Wm. Bowden, J. F. Pullen, Fontaine Johnson.

BEN HUR, Austin, Texas, A. C. Bull, Potentate; Joe H. Muenster, Recorder; Representatives: A. C. Bull, Sully B. Roberdeau, J. Bouldin Rector, Dan Moody.

BENI KEDEM, Charleston, W. Va., Pat. M. Wilson, Potentate; Joseph Ruffner, Recorder; Representatives: Pat. M. Wilson, Gory Hogg, Seth Cameron Savage, Fred M. Hawkins.

BOUMI, Baltimore, George Maxwell Armbror, Potentate; William Phillips Bigelow, Recorder; Representatives: George Maxwell Armbror, John Henry Kraft, Joseph Purdon Wright, William George Speed (Perm.).

CAIRO, Rutland, Vt., John E. Traill, Potentate; Edward S. Curtis, Recorder; Representatives: John E. Traill, Ernest H. O'Brien, Thomas J. Adams.

CALAM, Lewiston, Idaho, W. E. Gragg, Potentate; Thomas B. Parker, Recorder; Representatives: J. H. Lewis, G. H. Sanders, C. A. Matthews.

CRESCENT, Trenton, Earl E. Jeffries, Potentate; Linford D. Closson, Recorder; Representatives: William T. Read, Frederick P. Rees, Newton A. K. Bugbee, Walter S. Jeffries.

CYPRUS, Albany, N. Y., Frederick A. Nicholson, Potentate; George R. Hodgkins, Recorder; Representatives: Frederick A. Nicholson, James R. Watt, Arthur P. Finkell, Henry C. Lovely.

DAMASCUS, Rochester, N. Y., William C. Kohlmetz, Potentate; Luther H. Miller, Recorder; Representatives: Esten A. Fletcher (at Large), Willis K. Gillette, William C. Kohlmetz, Hobart H. Todd, George H. Davis.

EGYPT, Tampa, James McCants, Potentate; C. M. Davis, Recorder; Representatives: James McCants, E. C. Harris, B. Marion Reed, Harry B. Roberts (Perm.).

ELF KHURAFEH, Saginaw, Mich., Herbert L. Rutherford, Potentate; William H. McBratnie, Recorder; Representatives: Edwin C. Forrest, Herbert L. Rutherford, William F. Steinkohl, J. Alfred Connery, Jr.

EL HASA, Ashland, Ky., C. R. Callihan, Potentate; S. I. Yon, Recorder; Representatives: A. N. Richardson, J. Tom Field, J. W. Alexander, C. R. Callihan.

EL JEBEL, Denver, William T. Mayfield, Potentate; Schuyler C. Peck, Recorder; Representatives: James C. Burger (ad vitam), Robert A. Kincaid (Perm.), Frank I. Ewing, Edwin H. Park, Albert B. McGaffney (ad vitam), William T. Mayfield.

EL KAHIR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Charles C. Kuning, Potentate; T. Will Runkle, Recorder; Representatives: Willis G. Haskell (Hon.), James E. Blake, M. M. Thompson, Edward N. Helm, James L. Boling.

EL KALAH, Salt Lake City, J. Walter Ellingson, Potentate; Jos. M. Marriott, Recorder; Representatives: Christian H. Fischer, Milton E. Lipman, J. Walter Ellingson, Fred C. Schramm (Perm.).

EL KARUBAH, Shreveport, Hollace H. Bain, Potentate; James H. Rowland, Recorder; Representatives: James H. Rowland, H. S. Weston, L. E. Thomas, Hollace H. Bain.

EL KATIF, Spokane, Harold C. Whitehouse, Potentate; Jackson A. Phillips, Recorder; Representatives: Harold C. White-

house, George W. Hoag, Simon Wertheimer, Charles C. Adams.

EL KORAH, Boise, Idaho, Charles B. Over, Potentate; Thos. W. Simmers, Recorder; Representatives: Charles B. Over, Ira H. Taylor, Albert A. Jessup (Perm.), J. Harry Hopfgarten.

EL MAIDA, El Paso, Allen Higgins Rodas, Potentate; Harry W. Connolly, Recorder; Representatives: John M. Wyatt (Perm.), Allen Higgins Rodas, John W. Peak, Charles H. Leavell.

EL MINA, Galveston, Preston B. Doty, Potentate; Clinton M. Wolston, Recorder; Representatives: William H. Calvert, Preston B. Doty, Munger T. Ball, Chas. H. Munnis, Joseph Seinsheimer (emeritus).

EL RIAD, Sioux Falls, S. D., George W. Talbott, Potentate; Edgar S. Knowles, Recorder; Representatives: George R. Lanning, George W. Talbott, Charles D. Symms (Hon.), William H. Olson.

EL ZAGAL, Fargo, N. D., Albert J. Stephens, Potentate; William T. Johnston, Recorder; Representatives: Alfred G. Arnold, Albert J. Stephens, Albert G. Johnson, Henry W. Wilson.

EL ZARIBAH, Phoenix, Peter E. Howell, Potentate; William Wallace, Recorder; Representatives: H. H. Hotchkiss, John J. Sweeney (Hon.), Vic Hanny, Shirley Christy, Peter E. Howell.

GIZEH, Victoria, B. C., James R. Agar, Potentate; Edward E. Leason, Recorder; Representatives: Charles A. Welsh (Perm.), James W. Hudson, L. D. McLean.

HADI, Evansville, Ind., Wm. H. Hassel, Potentate; Robt. H. Schmalmack, Recorder; Representatives: W. Wesley Bicking, Wm. H. Hassel, Robert W. Chambers, Chas. E. Biedenborn.

HAMASA, Meridian, Miss., Chas. M. Hart, Potentate; L. M. Cooper, Recorder; Representatives: Chas. M. Hart, Allan McCants, J. R. Rowzee, Joe B. Love.

HELLA, Dallas, John L. DeGrazier, Potentate; Asher Mintz, Recorder; Representatives: Sam P. Cochran (Perm.), Mike H. Thomas (Perm.), C. W. Hobson (Hon.), Z. E. Marvin, John L. DeGrazier.

HEJAZ, Greenville, S. C., M. L. Smith, Potentate; Geo. T. Bryan, Recorder; Representatives: Geo. T. Bryan, Thos. P. Johnson, M. L. Smith, John M. Holmes.

HILLAH, Ashland, Ore., Samuel H. Baker, Potentate; Wm. H. Day, Recorder; Representatives: Samuel H. Baker, Edson C. Jerome, Royal W. Lee.

INDIA, Oklahoma City, James I. Phelps, Potentate; Leslie H. Swan, Recorder; Representatives: Allen Street, Gus A. Paul, James I. Phelps, Charles V. Gowing, George W. Clark (Hon.).

IREM, Wilkes-Barre, Henry W. Merritt, Potentate; Mont. W. Waters, Recorder; Representatives: Robert R. Harvey, Jerome W. Leverich, E. Foster Heller, George E. Woodring.

ISIS, Salina, Kans., Ralph A. Hiller, Potentate; Metz Wright, Recorder; Representatives: Otis B. Landes, Louis G. Gottschick, Ralph A. Hiller, Dan B. Harrison.

ISLAM, San Francisco, Julian D. Harries, Potentate; Herman Wertsch, Recorder; Representatives: Ernest L. West, Hugh K. McKevitt, John D. McGilvray, George Filmer (Hon.), Julian D. Harries.

ISMAILIA, Buffalo, George H. Chase, Potentate; Edward Cumpson, Recorder; Representatives: Joseph D. Morrell, George H. Chase, George H. Rowe, Harry J. Gould.

JAFFA, Altoona, Pa., Malcolm MacDougall, Potentate; Wilson A. Turner, Recorder; Representatives: John J. McMurray, S. Edward Gearhart, Malcolm MacDougall, J. Richard Duncan.

JERUSALEM, New Orleans, Charles F.

Buck, Jr., Potentate; Frank J. Herman, Recorder; Representatives: Frank J. Herman, Allan R. Beary, Charles F. Buck, Jr., Samuel H. McAfee.

KAABA, Davenport, Iowa, D. Fred Scribner, Potentate; William R. Johnson, Recorder; Representatives: Alexander C. Forrest, D. Fred Scribner, Arthur G. Bush, Harry E. Virden.

KALIF, Sheridan, Wyo., J. J. Early, Potentate; O. F. Svanberg, Recorder; Representatives: Peter Kooi, J. J. Early, John A. Osborne.

KALURAH, Binghamton, N. Y., Cecil D. Mastin, Potentate; Frank C. Goodnough, Recorder; Representatives: Samuel J. Bailey, James T. Rogers (Hon.), Cecil D. Mastin, Ray G. Pratt.

KAREM, Waco, Texas, G. H. Zimmerman, Potentate; W. F. Quebe, Recorder; Representatives: Frank Holt, L. C. Puckett, G. H. Zimmerman, C. Galloway Calhoun.

KARNAK, Montreal, D. Fred Morgan, Potentate; Wm. Macklaier, Recorder; Representatives: G. S. L. Retallaer, T. S. Currie, D. Fred Morgan, Wm. Macklaier.

KAZIM, Roanoke, Va., S. K. Snedegar, Potentate; John T. Cullen, Recorder; Representatives: John T. Cullen, J. O. D. Copenhagen, S. K. Snedegar, H. M. Fox.

KEM, Grand Forks, N. D., J. H. McNicol, Potentate; C. N. Barnes, Recorder; Representatives: C. A. Hale (Perm.), J. H. McNicol, F. A. Bennett, G. D. Colcord.

KERAK, Reno, V. M. Henderson, Potentate; Frank D. King, Recorder; Representatives: Frederick Lippman, William J. Hackett, A. Duane Bush.

KERBELA, Knoxville, Tenn., M. F. Flenniken, Potentate; W. M. Cooley, Recorder; Representatives: Judge Hugh M. Tate, Geo. T. Wofford, M. F. Flenniken, W. Y. Duyck.

KHARTUM, Winnipeg, Can., C. R. MacLean, Potentate; Wm. Shenton, Recorder; Representatives: A. W. Chapman (Perm.), W. F. Taylor, W. A. McKay.

KHEDIVE, Norfolk, J. Binford Sadler, Potentate; Willis R. Whichard, Recorder; Representatives: John N. Sebrell (at Large), Joseph H. Saunders, George Harding Lewis (Perm.), J. Binford Sadler, William Chapman.

KHIVA, Amarillo, Texas, James O. Guleke, Potentate; George Stapleton, Recorder; Representatives: George Stapleton, Oscar T. Nicholson, James O. Guleke, Dr. A. J. Caldwell.

KISMET, Brooklyn, Thomas A. Davis, Potentate; John A. Morison, Recorder; Representatives: Clifford H. Bradt, Thomas A. Davis, William Bamber (Perm.), Conrad V. Dykeman (ad vitam), John A. Morison (Perm.).

KORA, Lewiston, Maine, Dr. Adam P. Leighton, Potentate; Arthur J. S. Keene, Recorder; Representatives: Dana S. Williams (at Large), J. Putnam Stevens (ad vitam), Dr. Adam P. Leighton, Carroll B. Skillin, Dana C. York, Orny D. Bliss.

KOREIN, Rawlins, Wyo., Frank M. Johnston, Potentate; Chas. Miller, Recorder; Representatives: Charles Miller, Otto Gramm, Peter S. Cook (Perm.), Frank M. Johnston.

KOSAIR, Louisville, D. R. Lindsay, Potentate; A. R. Kimmerling, Recorder; Representatives: Lawrence B. Craig, Stephen S. Jones, Dennis R. Lindsay, Fred W. Hardwick.

LULU, Philadelphia, William J. Highfield, Potentate; Philip C. Shaffer, Recorder; Representatives: Edwin S. Mershon (Perm.), Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Wesley R. Roe, Edward B. Jordan (Hon.), Philip C. Shaffer (ad vitam), W. Freeland Kendrick (ad vitam), William J. Highfield. [Continued on page 81]

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The Imperial Potentate Crosses the Continent

LEAVING Shreveport after the meeting of the Shrine Directors Association, the Imperial Potentate and party proceeded to New Orleans under escort of Potentate Charles F. Buck, Jr. No official visitation had been planned but the travelers met with the cordial hospitality for which Jerusalem Temple is noted. Mrs. Buck took charge of the ladies. They were driven about the city and entertained at luncheon and dinner. Conferences were held on various matters pertaining to the hospital situation, following which the Imperial Potentate and party were shown the city.

Imperial Chief Rabban Frank C. Jones of Arabia, Houston, and Noble Oscar M. Longnecker, treasurer of the Southern Pacific Railway, joined the Imperial party on a private car which took them to Houston. They were met at Houston by Potentate Harry C. Webb and his Divan, Past Potentates and Representatives of the Temple.

The women went driving in the afternoon and the men were taken by Assistant Rabban Davis on his yacht to the Houston Ship channel. In the evening the party was entertained at dinner by Imperial Chief Rabban Frank C. Jones, after which there was a business meeting of the Temple followed by a social session.

The various hospitals where about twenty crippled children are maintained at the expense of Arabia Temple were visited the following morning. This work of the Temple is in addition to the assessment for the national hospital movement and is financed by a masquerade ball given each year. The proceeds of this year's affair at which the Imperial Potentate was a guest will exceed \$16,000. At a dinner preceding the ball a set of silver goblets was presented to Mr. Crosland.

Past Potentate Steve Cook escorted the party from Houston to Fort Worth, the home of Moslah, where they were met by Potentate Frank Shumway, the Divan, and uniformed bodies. After breakfast the Masonic Orphans' Home and School was visited and the Imperial Potentate talked to the children. The next visit was to the Home for Aged Masons, which is probably the only institution of its kind in the world. It is supported by the Royal Arch Masons of Texas. There was a dance at the hotel that night at which a set of silverware was presented to the Imperial Potentate.

One of the pleasant features of the reception at Fort Worth was the finding by each guest in his room of the daily paper from his home town. Delivery had been

made by airplane mail so that the very latest possible issue might be in his hands.

Potentate John DeGrazier and Past Potentate William R. Ellis of Hella Temple accompanied the party to Dallas in automobiles. They were greeted at the Adolphus Hotel by the Past Potentates of the Temple. It was found that a bell boy with a key to his room was awaiting each arriving guest. Noble Adolph Lehman amused the guests with stories at luncheon and in the afternoon while the ladies were being shown the city, the Imperial Potentate entertained the various committees. There was a banquet in the evening and later the party visited the Hockey Rink, which had been reserved by Hella Temple for an exhibition of hockey and a dance. The climax was reached when two negro teams came on the ice and contested with an odd mixture of clubs, brooms being part of the equipment.

Next morning the Dallas Hospital, maintained by the Scottish Rite Masons of Texas, was visited. The Imperial Potentate distributed a supply of toy balloons to his young pals in the hospital.

An appealing incident of the visit was supplied by three boys who had petitioned the surgeon to be operated on at the same time. All three were in the operating room when the guests arrived. One, not more than seven years old, sat on one operating table while one of his friends was being taken care of on another. Without a tremor in his voice he sang "The Long, Long Trail."

Luncheon for the men was served at the Country Club and the women were entertained at the Athletic Club. The home of Noble Fred Jones, a brother of Imperial Chief Rabban Frank C. Jones, was visited and in the evening a banquet was served at the hotel.

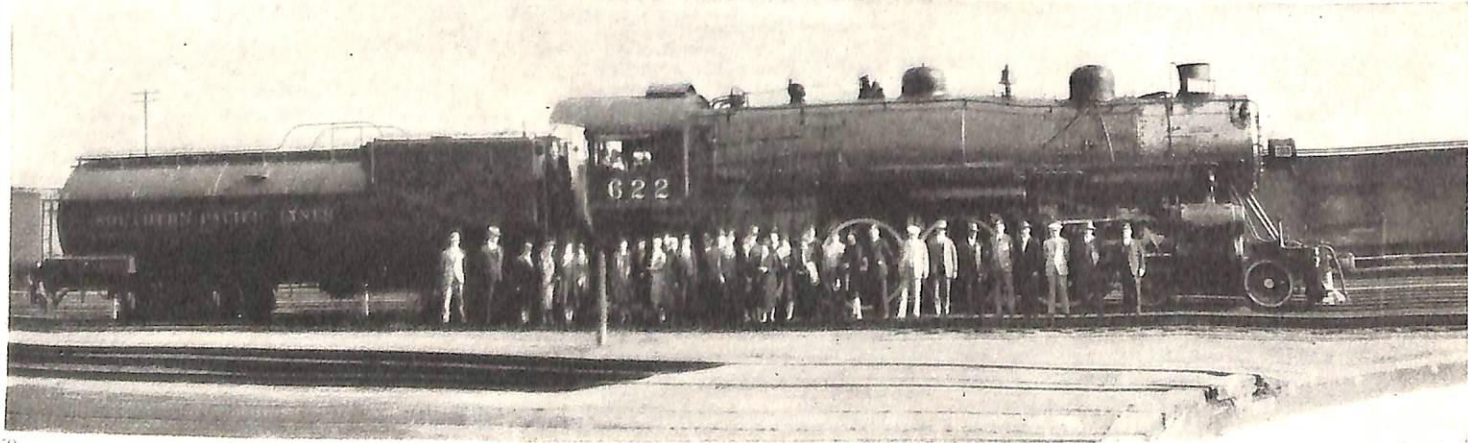
Potentate DeGrazier presented the Imperial Potentate [Continued on page 52]



(Islam Temple holds its midwinter carnival at Yosemite Valley. (Left to right)—Mrs. Don Elliot, Mrs. William Woodfield, Mrs. Julian D. Harries, Mr. Clem T. Reese, Mrs. William Coffman, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Wernse.

(Right)—The Imperial Potentate arriving at San Francisco. (Left to right)—Potentate J. D. Harries, Islam; Mayor Rolph; Mrs. J. D. Harries; Mrs. Crosland and the Imperial Potentate.

(Below)—The Imperial Potentate took charge of the engine cab at El Paso, Texas, on his official visit to El Maida Temple.



MAY, 1927

51



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Your Throat Protection



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th St.

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE CROSSES THE CONTINENT

[Continued from page 50]

with a handsome silver vase and candlesticks which the Imperial Potentate thought should be accepted by Mrs. Crosland. That lady's timidity, however, placed the responsibility upon the shoulders of the Imperial Potentate. Speeches were made by Noble Ernest Manifold of Rameses, Toronto; Past Potentate Hugh Robertson of San Antonio; Potentate S. X. Callahan, Past Potentate Henry Rabe, Past Potentate Bob Michael, all of Alzafar, San Antonio; Past Potentate Les Walton, Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Missouri; Noble Longnecker, Arabia, Houston; Past Potentate Walter D. Cline, Maskat, Wichita Falls; Past Potentate Shirley Christy, El Zaribah, Phoenix. The entertainment was closed with a bedtime story by Imperial Chief Rabbah Frank C. Jones.

The three candidates for Imperial Outer Guard—alphabetically noted here—Past Potentates Bradt, Caldwell and Webster, were asked to present their claims in unison. Potentate Callahan of Alzafar, San Antonio, and his committee then took charge of the party which was escorted to the train.

The Mayor was at the depot at San Antonio to present the keys of the city to the Imperial Potentate. Dr. J. B. Brady, Past Potentate El Maida, joined the party at breakfast as representative from El Paso. In the forenoon visits were made to Fort Sam Houston, the Alamo, and the Flying Fields, the party assembling for a Mexican dinner at El Central Café. In the evening a banquet was given at the St. Anthony Hotel at which a handsome picture of a desert scene was presented to Noble Crosland.

Ben Hur Temple put in an appearance on this occasion, the party consisting of Potentate A. C. Bull, Chief Rabbah Morris Burns, Assistant Rabbah R. B. Tyler, Past Potentate and Representative S. B. Roberdeau, Recorder Joe H. Munster, and Noble H. W. Griffiths. A pleasing program was rendered in the auditorium of the Scottish Rite, where the Imperial Potentate was presented with a beautiful piece of bronze depicting a chariot race. Addresses were made by Imperial Chief Rabbah Frank C. Jones and each of the aspiring candidates for Imperial Outer Guard, who were members of the party. As this was the last occasion on which the three candidates would appear jointly, it was made an event. Alphabetical introductions were made. Past Potentate Clifford Bradt was introduced, spoke and then was escorted to the wings of the stage and the report of a pistol was heard. Then Past Potentate Hugh M. Caldwell was introduced and went through a similar routine and the last fatality concluded the sketch, the victim being Past Potentate Clyde Webster. The candidates then got together and came out in force, seized the Imperial Chief Rabbah, escorted him to the rear of the stage and another pistol shot was heard.

The Band and Patrol were in line at the station to escort the visitors to the Paso del Norte for breakfast. There was a drive over the city and the guests met for lunch at the Central Café in Juarez. Afterwards a visit was made to the Southern Pacific shops where a demonstration was given of a crane lifting one of the giant Mogul engines from one track to another. A fire drill was the next feature. This was ended when the bursting of a hose gave some members of the party an unexpected shower bath. Those in charge of the demonstration expressed gratification that the accident occurred to a party of Shriners rather than to those more seriously minded and ever since there has been some doubt in the minds of the victims that the "accident" really was an accident.

Homan's Sanitarium, which is under consideration as the site for the National Tuberculosis Hospital to be maintained by

Masons, was next visited and then the party paid a call at the ranch of Past Potentate Sol I. Berg. The day's entertainment concluded with a banquet at the hotel and a dance at the Country Club. One feature of the visit was the gathering of private cars at El Paso, all of which were intended for the comfort of the Imperial party. They were in charge of Noble Oscar M. Longnecker, Treasurer of the Southern Pacific; Noble George McCormick, General Superintendent of motor-power for the Southern Pacific; Noble C. R. Morrell, Superintendent El Paso Division of the Southern Pacific; and Brother Garnet King, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific, who took charge of the party at San Antonio and continued to Oden.

The party journeyed to Phoenix under escort of Potentate Howell and Past Potentate Christy. There the visitors were met by the uniformed bodies and escorted to the hotel. Potentate Lane D. Webber and Past Potentate W. F. Ludington, representing Al Bahr of San Diego, joined the visitors at this point, the Texas delegation, with the exception of Dr. J. B. Brady, having returned home. At a largely attended business meeting an address was made by the Imperial Potentate and he was presented with a painting, the work of one of the local Nobles. Brief remarks were made by Potentate Lane D. Webber, Past Potentate Ludington, Past Potentate Caldwell and others, the introductions being made by Past Potentate Shirley Christy in his usual humorous manner. The following day was devoted to a drive to Horse Mesa dam with a boat ride on Canon Lake and dinner at a construction camp. After dinner the party proceeded to San Diego.

THE train was two hours late but this apparently did not discourage the Band and Patrol who struck up a greeting as the train pulled in. After the reception at the depot the guests were escorted to the Hotel del Coronado and left to their own devices with a view of giving them a needed rest.

In the evening there was a banquet at the Hotel Grant. Potentate Lane D. Webber announced that the Imperial Potentate would not be called upon at that time as he was to speak later, but introduced Mrs. Crosland and she responded most graciously. The Potentate then announced that there was a budding orator in the Imperial Potentate's family and called upon Edward Crosland who responded with a splendid talk which took his introducer aback and certainly amazed his mother.

The party then proceeded to Mission Beach where about six hundred of the Nobles and their families were in attendance. The illustrious Potentate, after his address, indulged in a little humorous side-play in his introduction of various visitors, some of whom were permitted to respond, others having gag law applied to them. A musical program followed and then dancing.

Following an established custom of Al Bahr, San Diego, no formal presentation was made the Imperial Potentate, but on reaching his quarters at the hotel a magnificent Chinese box with brass ornamentation and an incense burning set was found, with the card of the Temple enclosed.

On the following day Tiajuana was visited, each of the party having a system which proved fallacious when put into practice. Dinner was served in the Foreign Club, and the races were attended, the Imperial Potentate's party being invited to occupy the judge's stand.

One result of the visit of the Imperial Potentate was the organization by Past

Potentate Wankowski of the Crosland Sunshine Society, membership in which costs ten dollars annually, the proceeds to go to the general fund of the Hospital.

The party was joined here by the committee from Al Malaikah of Los Angeles, consisting of Potentate Sim W. Crabill, Chief Rabbah Kenneth Gillett, Oriental Guide Fred Wadley, Recorder George A. Ramsey, Past Potentates Louis M. Cole, and Robert Wankowski, Noble Rufus Goodrich, Imperial Assistant Rabbah Leo V. Youngworth and Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Owenshire, Zuhrah, Minneapolis.

The next stop was Los Angeles, where Past Potentate Louis M. Cole, Al Malaikah, chairman of the entertainment committee, proved himself able to furnish more different varieties of meals in a given time than any known competitor. Eating started at the home of Potentate Sim W. Crabill and continued at the Uplifters Club. Leaving there, the party visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Then to the Biltmore Hotel where there was more food, and next a real thrill for the visitors. Six motor-cycle policemen, all members of the Order, preceded the party, which was in motor-cars, to the Mosque. The trip was made in four and a half minutes. Twenty minutes is the usual time. At the auditorium, the Imperial Potentate was introduced to an audience of three thousand. He was the only speaker of the evening but all the visitors were introduced and the spotlight was turned on them when they arose. A vaudeville performance followed, one of the features being caricatures and drawings by Sid Smith, who has made the Gump family famous. At a banquet at the hotel in the evening the Imperial Potentate was told about a Frigidaire equipment which the Temple had ordered installed in his home. Next morning the party had breakfast at the country home of Imperial Assistant Rabbah Youngworth.

That night the private car of the Imperial Potentate and the special car of the San Francisco delegation were attached to the eight-thirty train and the party proceeded to the home of Islam in the Oasis of San Francisco. The escort from San Francisco included Potentate J. D. Harries, and Past Potentates W. H. Worden, Ernest W. West, H. McKevitt, George Filmer, Recorder George Ramsey, and quite a number of the Nobility. The party was greeted by Mayor Rolph, and practically all the Past Potentates of Islam Temple and many of the Nobility who formed an escort to the Fairmount Hotel, arriving just at luncheon time.

In the afternoon the Hospital for Crippled Children, which is under the supervision of Chairman John D. McGilvray, was visited and in the evening a banquet was spread at which the Imperial Potentate spoke, after having been welcomed by Potentate Harries and Mayor Rolph. Potentate Fontaine Johnson, Ben Ali, Sacramento; Potentate Sim W. Crabill, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, and Chief Rabbah Ezra W. DeCoto, of Aahmes, Oakland, and Imperial Assistant Rabbah Youngworth made addresses. Potentate Harries then presented Mrs. Crosland with a linen dinner spread. In the evening there was dancing and the Imperial Potentate broadcasted a ten minute speech on the hospital work of the Shriners.

Next morning the Imperial Potentate, Imperial Assistant Rabbah Leo V. Youngworth and National Trustee John D. McGilvray met Noble Allan H. Rattery for a conference concerning his plan to bring home to Shriners in localities where hospitals do not exist the splendid work being done at the different units. The result was the appointment of a Committee with Imperial Assistant Rabbah Leo V. Young-

worth as chairman and Past Potentate John D. McGilvray and Noble Allan H. Rattery to devise ways and means for the organization of a traveling unit which would show moving pictures demonstrating the work of the hospitals. Noble Rattery who has offered to deposit a revolving fund of ten thousand dollars to the credit of this committee, has expressed a willingness to spend from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars in developing his plan which would be entirely without cost to the Shrine and without profit to any individual.

Next day, in the absence of the Potentate who was ill, Chief Rabbah DeCoto, accompanied by Past Potentate L. J. Breuner, High Priest Elliott Johnson, Outer Guard Romaine Meyers, Assistant Rabbah Clare Horner and John Lloyd, Chairman of the Automobile Committee, escorted the Imperial party to Oakland. Luncheon was served at the Sequoyah Country Club, and in the afternoon the Imperial Potentate visited Potentate H. W. Whitworth at his home. There was a banquet and a dance in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Crosland being escorted to the ballroom by the Patrol in evening clothes. The Chanters sang a song of welcome and Chief Rabbah DeCoto introduced the Imperial Potentate. High Priest George Foy, entering the room costumed as Father Time, delivered an address in keeping with his costume, and concluded by presenting to Mr. Crosland a magnificent mahogany grandfather's clock.

Quite a pretentious escort accompanied the Imperial Potentate the next day from Oakland to Sacramento. In the party were Imperial Assistant Rabbah Leo V. Youngworth and wife; Potentate J. D. Harries and wife; Recorder Herman Wertsch; Noble S. M. Tate, Chairman Transportation Committee, and Noble W. W. Coffman, Chairman of the Publicity Committee, all of Islam Temple, San Francisco; Potentate Fontaine Johnson and wife; High Priest and Prophet Walter Everson and wife; Oriental Guide, Forrest Laugenour and wife; Mrs. Frank Atkinson and Assistant Rabbah Arthur Gluckman of Ben Ali, Sacramento.

Arriving at Sacramento, Mrs. Crosland was greeted by Mrs. Johnson, who presented her with a magnificent basket of roses. In the afternoon the Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Potentate Johnson, called on Governor Young at the Executive Mansion. The party was joined at dinner in the evening by Potentate Sam H. Baker of Grants Pass, Oregon, who presides over the destinies of Hillah; Recorder George H. Smith; Past Potentate George Meredith and wife; Past Potentate B. F. Forrester; Past Potentate Breuner; all of Aahmes, Oakland, who had driven to Sacramento; Past Potentate Louis M. Cole, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, and Past Potentate Joseph H. Stevens, H. D. Cameron and F. F. Atkinson, of Ben Ali, Sacramento and Past Potentate Hugh M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle.

At the Auditorium, a hall filled almost to its capacity of five thousand greeted the visitors. It was the largest gathering that had greeted the Imperial Potentate on any of his visitations. The grand entry was made by the Divan, after which the Band, Drum Corps and Patrol escorted the score of visitors to the platform and returned for escort duty to the Imperial Potentate. The Band played, the Drum Corps stirred the echoes, the Chanters won salvos of applause and the two Patrols—one from Sacramento and one from Stockton—competed for excellence in intricate drilling.

Potentate Fontaine Johnson presented the Imperial Potentate in a most eloquent address of welcome. Past Potentate F. F. Atkinson, familiarly known throughout the jurisdiction as the Sun-Kist Potentate, presented to Mr. Crosland a painting of "the poppy fields of California," by Noble W. F. Jackson. [Continued on page 65]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

Earl E. Jeffries of Atlantic City, the new potentate of Crescent, Trenton, N. J., on being installed was the recipient from his own brother, Walter S. Jeffries, of a handsome jeweled watch, the gift of Atlantic City Shrine Club. Earl is a former president of the club and Walter now holds that office. The Gloucester Shrine club gave the new potentate a magnificent fernery. The Jeffries family has resided in South Jersey for four generations. Earl is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and a paint manufacturer. He is a member of Atlantic commandery No. 20 and Excelsior consistory, the Grotto and the Jesters.

Nine airplanes, all painted in Shrine colors, gave an unexpected and unusual welcome to the Nobles who made a recent voyage to the Panama Canal Zone. The fliers, all Nobles of Abou Saad Temple, met the steamer Orca, on which were 110 Shriners and their ladies, 30 miles out of Cristobal. One of the planes was labeled "Osman," in honor of the St. Paul Temple under whose auspices the trip was taken, and another "Abou Saad." The Atlantic patrol followed on a tugboat and took the visitors ashore. Potentate Arthur Ovrom and Assistant Rabban Arthur A. Stewart of Osman, in charge of the excursionists, were greeted by Potentate Thomas Jordan of Abou Saad and his divan. There were parties and dances galore on the trip, at Havana, Panama City, and San Juan, Porto Rico. At the last named two places Abou Saad put on ceremonials. Nobles Ovrom and Stewart were elected to their respective offices while on the ocean and were installed, under special dispensation, at Panama City by Past Potentate Gerald Bliss of that city.

Aleppo, Boston, staged part of their big show "America" at the Home of the Good Samaritan. A special staging was set up on the lawn and a one-ring circus, from clown to ballet, was shown. Several bands also attended. About 100 of the children viewed the performance.

There was a gathering of the clan at Kismet Temple on April 8th to celebrate the eleventh anniversary as Recorder of Noble John A. Morison.

Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, LuLu, Philadelphia, will be the orator of the day at the 50th birthday Ceremonial of Oriental, Troy.

Pyramid, Bridgeport, is making preparations for a proper celebration of their fiftieth anniversary.

Abdallah, Leavenworth, has opened up two new bowling alleys and has a large crowd every evening. The Chanters arranged a charity benefit at the Abdallah theater and met deserved success.

Osman, St. Paul, put through 72 Novices at its latest Ceremonial, Governor Christianson being among the number.

Charles C. Boyd, illegally wearing a Shrine pin, was fined \$50 by Magistrate A. M. Brandon.

Recorder J. Jolly Jones, of Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, whose death was recorded in the April issue, was born September 13th, 1850 and early in life lived in Washington, D. C. As a boy, he was a page in the Senate and later Chief Clerk to the Secretary of the Interior. In 1910 he became Recorder of Za-Ga-Zig. For two years prior to his death the Temple had conferred upon him the title of Emeritus Recorder, with full pay, leaving it to his personal inclination as to when he should retire.

Wahabi, at Jackson, Miss., has a habit of referring to each Ceremonial as the "best ever," basing the claim on improvement of each over its predecessors. Which accounts for their pride over their winter effort. The ladies of the Eastern Star served the supper. The second section was almost entirely new and the climax was especially interesting. The ladies were entertained at a party while the Novices were being taken apart and the usual Shrine dance followed the festivities.

Humorously applying the craze of the season of football, El Jebel, Denver, announced its "big game" as "The Charity Ball." The announcement stated that the only way to win the big game was to get behind the ball, as team work is what counts. The proceeds, which were gratifying, were devoted to spreading Christmas cheer in homes where otherwise it would have been lacking.

GAIN IN MEMBERSHIP

Figures recently compiled show that the total membership of the Shrine in 1926 was 585,951. The total membership for 1927 is 587,442, showing a total gain of 1,491.

Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, N. Y., plans to be well represented at the next Imperial Council meeting, many of the Nobles having joined an "Atlantic City club" for that purpose. Each member contributes a small sum each week, and profits of entertainments and dances are added to the treasury of the club. Kalurah recently made a jaunt to Norwich, where a herd of mavericks had been corralled and furnished amusement.

An impostor has obtained pass card No. 1498 issued to Fulbright F. Mays, a member of Khiva Temple. This person is using the card to induce Recorders and members to cash worthless checks. He is six feet in height, weighs about two hundred pounds, has dark hair and eyes and a sloping forehead. If this card is presented please take it up and send it to George Stapleton, Recorder, Khiva, Box 316, Amarillo, Texas.



Rollin W. Meeker
Past Potentate,
Kalurah

The Editor apologizes for an error in the March issue of The Shrine Magazine. The name of Rollin W. Meeker, Past Potentate of Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, N. Y., appeared under a photograph of Amos M. Johnson, another Past Potentate of the same temple.

COMING EVENTS

May 2d—50th Anniversary, Oriental, Troy
May 2d—Stag night, Mohammed, Peoria
May 2d—Imperial Visitation and Ceremonial, Salaam, Newark, N. J.
May—Third Wednesday, Spring Ceremonial, Yaarab, Atlanta
May 4th—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
May 4th—Ceremonial, Hagerstown, by Ali Ghan, Cumberland
May 4th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh
May 6th—Ceremonial, Ararat, Kansas City
May 6th—Ceremonial, Zenobia, Toledo
May 6th—Ceremonial, Sesostri, Lincoln
May 7th—Ceremonial, Moslah, Ft. Worth
May 7th—Ceremonial, Hella, Dallas, Tex.
May 7th—Imperial Visitation and Ceremonial, Kismet, Brooklyn
May 8th—Mothers' Day Celebration, Islam, San Francisco
May 8th—Concert, El Zagal Orchestra, Fargo, North Dakota
May 12th—Ceremonial, Al Koran, Cleveland
May 11-12—Dedication of Mosque, Ceremonial, Zorah, Terre Haute
May 12th—Ceremonial, Alcazar, Montgomery, Ala.
May 12th—Ceremonial, Zamora, Birmingham, Ala.
May 13th—Official visit Imperial Potentate to Alcazar, Montgomery
May 13th—Ceremonial, Aad, Duluth
May 14th—Ceremonial, Arabia, Houston
May 15th—Opening Redwood Grove, Islam, San Francisco
May 16th—Ceremonial, Zamora, Birmingham
May 17th—Ceremonial, El Riad, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
May 18th—Ceremonial, Abba, Mobile
May 18th—Dance, Islam, San Francisco
May 18-19th—Minstrel show, El Jebel, Denver. Free to M. M. and their families.
May 19th—Dance, Mohammed, Peoria
May 19th—Dancing and entertainment, Crescent Band, Trenton, ladies and Nobles
May 19th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson
May 24th—Imperial Visitation and Ceremonial, Osman, St. Paul
May 26th—Pilgrimage to Danville, Va., of Acca, Richmond
May 27th—Moffat Tunnel Ceremonial, El Jebel, Denver
May 27th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
May 27th—Spring Ceremonial and Pageant, El Zagal, Fargo
May 27th—Ceremonial, Ahmed, Marquette, Mich.
May 28th—Ceremonial, Moolah, St. Louis
May 28th—Ceremonial, Hejaz, Greenville at Columbia
May 29th—Ceremonial, El Zagal, Fargo
June 1st—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
June 2d—Ceremonial, Moslem, Detroit
June 3d—Dance, Islam, San Francisco
June 3d—Ceremonial, Aleppo, Boston
June 3-10-17-24—Dance, Moslem, Detroit
June 4th—Ceremonial, Crescent, Trenton, at Camden
June 4th—Ceremonial, Tigris, Syracuse
June 4th—Ceremonial of Crescent, Trenton, at Camden, New Jersey
June 9th—Anniversary Ceremonial, Acca, Richmond
June 14-15-16th—Imperial Council Session, Atlantic City
July 2d—Opening Golf Course and 3-day Tournament, Al Amin Country Club, Little Rock
July 4th—Ceremonial Mahi, Miami, at Key West
July 14th—Outing and family party, Crescent, Trenton
[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

THE CROWDED DAY

[Continued from page 23]

people who are most romantic get married one year and divorced the next. That's a fool game!"

"Don't you think," she demanded angrily, "that people can really fall in love?"

His face broke into an unexpectedly boyish smile and his eyes shone. "How well I know it!"

"You know as much about women as a 'prep' school freshman!"

"And care about 'em a lot less," replied Larry. He added a hasty, "Except you!"

They drew up before the boathouse and entered. Quinby, his mechanic, and Mose, the negro man-of-all-work, were already wheeling out the two-seater hydroplane resting awkwardly upon its cradle.

Caroline always liked the preparations for flying: Larry's deft inspection of wings, hull and controls, the anxious moment of listening to the motor's first throb, then its last full-throttle blast before the plane lumbered down the runway and floated clear of its cradle. Watching him, she forgot completely the ill-humors of a few minutes before. Presently he beckoned to her and she climbed up to the seat beside him, adjusted helmet and goggles.

A wave of his hand to Quinby, who released the brake of the power winch and the hydroplane moved down the slope like a huge sea bird waddling clumsily to water. The cradle sank beneath them and a roaring thrust of the motor sent them gliding away; then a curtain of fine spray mounted at either side as the plane gained speed. Ripples hammered at the hull, the spray dropped and they took to the air.

Larry held the plane just above the water for a few seconds, let the hull touch; spray flashed out, and they soared like a skipping stone, only to touch once more and skip again. At last he pulled the plane into a climb, engine throbbing, and the blue sheet of water dropped as though it were hinged far behind them. Again he leveled off, now at a thousand feet, gained speed and zoomed skyward, plane straining.

Caroline's mouth was curved into an ecstatic smile and she leaned forward, hands upon the windshield, elated and thrilled. The plane heeled over a vertical bank, did one turn of a spiral with its lower wing dangerously close to the water and headed for the open sea, grazing the breakwater.

Larry cupped his hand at her ear. "Wish I could get a squint at the hull," he said. "Think I ripped some of the bottom off. We may get a ducking when we land."

Caroline laughed. "Won't be our first ducking," she answered and slouched down in her seat, gazing contentedly up into the sky.

THE motor's smooth roar was broken by a cough that made Larry jump. Instinctively he swung toward the coast, five miles away. The needle of the gas pressure indicator was sinking. He put his hand out to switch on the emergency tank in the upper wing, remembered that it had sprung a leak and had not been repaired, then grabbed the hand pump and got it into action. The needle continued to sink and the motor coughed again. Now he headed squarely for the coast, working furiously at the pump. With a final sputter the engine failed completely.

"Gas lead busted, I guess," said Larry calmly. "We're going to land about three miles out. If the hull rips off and we spill, try to get clear with the cushion. It'll float us for a while."

She heard him muttering anathema upon motors in general. "We do manage to get into jams, Larry," she observed calmly.

"Don't we just!" [Continued on page 57]



Listen, Men!

You shave, don't you? Don't like to, do you? The process always hurts, and the results are often not so good, eh?

You should try Barbasol!

Barbasol is The Modern Way of Shaving. It puts a smile in every razor stroke. Cuts minutes off your shaving time. And leaves your face looking and feeling like Happiness itself. Here's how:

1. Wash the face
(but leave it wet)
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(but don't rub in)
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That's all. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Great for chap and ingrowing hairs.

Mister, you're next! Try Barbasol 3 times, according to directions.

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Please send trial tube
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WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 54)

Tehama Temple, Hastings, dedicated its new Shrine flag with impressive ceremony at the auditorium in that city. Members of the Grand Island Shrine Club and other outside places helped swell the local attendance. Potentate Lembach presided and introduced Past Potentate L. B. Stiner, who spoke in appreciation of the old standard, now supplanted by the new uniform flag, the band played Annie Laurie and Rev. George E. Newell made the dedicatory address. The Shrine Band gave a forty minute concert and interspersed the proceedings with appropriate music.

Eighty-five hundred fez-bedecked members of Aleppo Temple, Boston, and visitors held a jubilee banquet and witnessed the initiation of nearly 100 neophytes recently. A parade took place from the Hotel Copley Plaza to Mechanics building, the scene of the mysteries. A guard of honor escorted Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar of Providence and consisted of 25 men in a mounted patrol and a foot patrol of 150, under the command of Major Fred Bolton. It was preceded by the Aleppo band of 160, led by Louis Harlow.

Zuhrah, Minneapolis, desires to build an apartment hotel and a club house, if the housing ordinance of that city is amended, as planned, to permit the height intended. The hotel is to be thirteen stories and the club house six stories, including an auditorium to seat 4,500.

A public installation of officers, a dance and buffet supper made an evening crowded with entertainment by Khedive, Norfolk, Va. Imperial Marshal John N. Sebrell did the honors for Potentate J. Binford Sadler and his divan.

Crescent, Trenton, N. J., expects to give 600 of them a fast trot at one time, June 4, as a means of increasing the temple's membership to 8,000.

The "unveiling" of a number of new hand-painted panels in the auditorium of El Korah's mosque, Boise, Idaho, helped to draw a big crowd at its seventeenth annual dance.

Syrian's indoor circus packed the Music Hall, Cincinnati, every night for a week and was pronounced a decided financial success.

Ninety-two guests attended a dinner-dance in honor of Noble O. H. Swearingen, Potentate of Ararat, at Kansas City, given by the divan and past potentates.

Murat, Indianapolis, is going in strong for athletics. A contest between two basketball teams of the temple enlivened a recent business meeting.

Nile has made a loan of \$50,000 for improvements at its club property at Lake Ballinger, near Seattle. New roads are to be laid out, children's playgrounds provided and a club house built.

One of the major construction projects for Pine Bluff, Arkansas, this year is the new Sahara mosque to be erected at a cost of about \$300,000. The plans for the structure have just been completed, and bids opened.

The new mosque will be one of the most modern structures of its kind in the Southwest, when completed. It will be 109 by 204 feet, four stories high, of reinforced concrete and stucco, of Egyptian style of architecture and will give forth an atmosphere of the Valley of the Kings. Masonic and Shrine emblems will feature the interior and exterior design.

The auditorium to seat between 2,300 and 2,500 people. Billiard rooms, smoking compartments and lounging rooms will be located in the basement, while a banquet hall will seat 1,000. A band practice room will be 48 by 65 feet in size. A kitchen has been planned, as well as ladies' parlor and rest room, together with an orchestra pit and stage effects for road shows. Modern lighting will feature the structure which will stand on the edge of the residential section of the city, yet will be centrally located.

Things looked pretty dark for Al Koran Temple at Cleveland, Ohio, not long ago, but it was only a minstrel show. Charles Hill, director of the Shrine chorus, and B. D. Gilliland, band director, saw to it that all present got their money's worth of entertainment.



The Late Past Imperial Potentate
ERNEST A. CUTTS

All Shrinedom mourns the passing of Past Imperial Potentate Ernest A. Cutts, whose death came March 2nd, while he was visiting relatives in Atlanta, Georgia. And not only Shrinedom and his own Temple, Alee, Savannah (of which he was Potentate for fourteen years), feel his loss; he was a great figure in Masonry, and a leader in the industrial and civic affairs of Savannah. A member of an old American family he was born March 21, 1858 in Americus, Georgia. His parents were Col. Allen S. and Fannie O. Brown Cutts. He was educated for the law, practised for awhile and then became a cotton broker. His wife was Miss Ida Walker. There were seven children of whom four survive.

Roy P. Chamberlin is Potentate, Tigris, Syracuse, which has the smallest jurisdiction in North America. Its ceremonial will be held June 4th in a tent seating 2,000.



Patriotic tableaux were a feature of Medinah's first 1927 ceremonial. The scene of Gettysburg battlefield was reproduced, Potentate Richard E. Kropf reading Lincoln's famous address.

More than 6,000 Nobles and their ladies enjoyed Moolah's recent formal dance at St. Louis.

A children's revue, with "powder puff babies" and bathing girls, added variety to Aladdin's final dance of the season at Columbus, Ohio.

El Jebel's divan in full dress and patrol in scarlet, green and gold helped to give the Denver horse show a good start.

Montreal has seen its first Shrine ball, under the auspices of Karnak Temple, with 600 present. It is intended to make it an annual affair.

Walter Morrison of Winthrop, Mass., had been Potentate of Aleppo twelve years when he was succeeded by Francis Hawks Appleton, Brookline, at the last election.

UNIFORMED BODIES

Company C, Medinah Patrol, Chicago, arranged a party with eighteen motor cars at Yorkville, the objective being the home of Captain O. E. Crossey. The boys presented Noble and Mrs. Crossey with a beautiful chime clock, on which was engraved the personnel of the company. LuLu of Philadelphia had presented Company C with a silver serving platter and this was presented at this time. The company is preparing for a series of dances in Chicago the coming season, alternating between the north, south and west sides of the city.

The uniformed bodies of Mizpah, Fort Wayne, were specially invited guests, in full regalia, at the fall circus of the Culver Military Academy. A musical play, "Patricia," was given, which was afterwards repeated at Huntington under the auspices of the Hapzim Shrine club. Later, the uniformed bodies showed their interest in education by giving a combined program at Montpelier, Ind., for the benefit of the public schools at that place.

Karem Temple Band, Patrol and many ladies formed a horseless caravan of forty automobiles from Waco, Texas, to the Hill county fair, to give a concert and a drill. Potentate Layton C. Puckett was in charge. The invitation to attend the fair came from W. M. Williams, president of the fair organization and also of the Hill County Shrine club.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]

THE CROWDED DAY

[Continued from page 55]

Wish I knew if that cursed hull is going to hold together." He added suddenly, "Take off those boots and your jacket! Make it quick, too!"

She squirmed out of the jacket and had one boot off when Larry's hand upon her shoulder drew her back in the seat. The plane heeled over in a sharp turn, headed seaward again and into the wind, leveled off over the water. He "stalled" it, to make the slowest possible landing and reduce the chances of ripping the hull; then they slapped down upon the surface. Mingled with the splash was the crunching noise of the thin wooden hull tearing away. A bubbling flood of green water rushed up about their legs. They were flung forward violently and the plane, checked in its course by the water which had flooded the hull, nosed downward in a final convulsion.

Caroline felt herself impelled from her seat by a sweep, nearly a blow, of Larry's hand and she came to the surface gasping, to find the engine just over her head. The tail of the plane was pointing skyward at a grotesque angle, the forward section entirely submerged. There was an instant of panic when she thought that Larry was trapped in the wreckage, then he came up beside her, took a single breath of air and clawed his way down again. He arose once more, dragging the cushion after him.

He sputtered and struggled for breath. "Better get clear," he managed to say after a moment. "Sink in a little bit."

Clinging to the oblong cushion they moved away from the wreck. Their eyes met in a mute gaze and they scanned the vacant water about them. Larry threw his left arm over the cushion, put his head down listlessly, as though he were faint.

"Are you hurt?" she asked. "Nothing much. That wheel gave me a slap on the shoulder." He moved his arm. "Nothing broken, but it's mighty near paralyzed." He nursed it ruefully.

The engine was already half-submerged and they silently marked the plane's sinking by watching the water creep higher and higher upon the cylinders. The quiet that enveloped them was intense, oppressive.

Larry broke the silence. "Looks as though our numbers were up, Caroline."

"Looks that way," she said. There was no trace of emotion in her voice; just calm acceptance. "Had to come some day, Larry." She made an effort to smile, but it was a wan, puzzled little smile. She had often wondered how it would feel to know that you are about to die. So this was it. Just a numb feeling of bewilderment.

They clung there silently for a while, eyes meeting now and then, glances trying to express things they could not put into words: loyalty, confidence in one another.

"Shoulder hurt?" she asked presently. He was still nursing it.

"Not very much. But I can't make my arm work. Caroline, it can't be much more than two and a half miles to shore. Maybe you can make it. I'll stay here and you can send someone out to look for me."

"Leave you here? No." Her voice was flat, impersonal. "Couldn't make it anyway. Tide's going out."

"You'd better try it. It's your only chance. I'd try it with you if that control hadn't winged me." He meant to try it, regardless of his arm, once she had left him. He was afraid that he, being crippled, might hamper her and ruin whatever pitifully small chance she had of reaching land if he went with her.

Her head shook obdurately. "I couldn't make it, Larry. I'd rather stay here with you. I—I don't want to die alone." Her eyes met his beseechingly. "You understand."

[Continued on page 58]

How much have

COLDS

cost
You
?



WHAT'S your share of the Nation's \$1,500,000,000 sickness bill?

A large part of that staggering amount is due to "common colds"—forerunners of such serious maladies as grip, flu, pneumonia, etc.

Fortunately there's a simple and popular way to prevent colds or to shake them off.

Millions of people are using Feen-a-mint, the chewing laxative, to maintain active intestinal functioning. The body kept free from waste easily defends itself against colds and other illnesses.

Mint flavored Feen-a-mint is as handy to carry as a package of gum and as pleasant to chew.

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Chew It
Like Gum

THE CROWDED DAY [Continued from page 57]

His hand pressed down over hers, and that same wan, puzzled smile flashed between them.

With a good deal of effort he managed to get out of his leather flying jacket and coat, but his soaked and swollen riding boots were as immovable as if they had been glued to his feet. He rested with his right arm flung over the cushion and his hurt left arm dangling.

Minutes passed. "Caroline," he said finally, "I've got a knife with me. Let's cut off these boots, chuck our clothes and swim for it. I don't suppose we'll ever get there, but it's better to die fighting. It's hell hanging on to this thing, just waiting. Will you?"

"Yes. That's the best thing to do—die trying."

He got out the knife. Half supported by his left arm and half by her arm thrown around him, he commenced to hack underwater at her own remaining boot. It was agonizing work: to feel with the blade until he got it into position, then take a little cut, insert the knife once more and cut again. Finally the boot came free and he passed the knife to her.

His eyes drifted idly across the water in the direction of Green Harbor. From a spot which he thought must be the break-water a long grey line penciled itself into the sky, broke into three puffs of white smoke. A rocket! It was as though his heart had swung all the way over. He said nothing. False hope was such a damnable thing and he didn't want her to share it. He hung there, one leg as high as he could get it while Caroline hacked away at his boot.

Several minutes went by, then another

thread of grey streaked across the blue of the sky. It seemed nearer, much nearer.

"Caroline," he said quietly, "they're sending some rockets up: Maybe they're coming for us."

She stopped hacking at the boot, and they hung there on the cushion, watching until the smoke was dissipated. "Better get something ready to wave," she suggested. "Hard to spot us."

"Shirt," he replied. "Help me." They managed to get the shirt off and to wring it fairly dry.

"See if you can sit on this cursed cushion. I'll hold it." She fell off twice and then finally got astride, balanced precariously.

"It's the Argent!" she exclaimed. The Argent was his speed boat. "Larry, I'm sure it is!"

She unfurled the shirt and began waving. A rocket, shot low over the water, answered her. A few minutes later the sharp prow of the Argent sliced toward them. Their eyes met and their cold, pinched mouths twisted into a semblance of a smile.

"Pretty tight squeeze, Larry," said Caroline. "Tight enough," he agreed.

The strong arms of Quinby and Mose reached for them, dragged them aboard. The Coast Guard at Beckett, Quinby explained, saw them land and telephoned to Green Harbor.

"Good work!" said Larry. "Got a cigarette? Find out what that Coast Guard's name is. Damn' fuel lead busted, then the hull washed out."

Wrapped in the coats of the two men they sat shivering behind the spray shield while the Argent thundered its way home. He took the girl's hands between his, chaffed

them. "Been through a lot of things together, haven't we, Caroline?" he said, voice rumbling. "Never has been anybody I'd rather go battling around with than you. Guess there never will be."

Then, regardless of Quinby and Mose, he did the most surprising thing that Larry Tyler had ever done; he pressed her hands to his lips and kissed them.

"Larry," she asked, voice strained, "do you love me so very much?"

"Love you?" he repeated. "Why, Caroline, I love you so much that . . . Oh, hell, Caroline! . . . I mean, let's always stick together. You're the only thing in the world I love!"

"Larry, I'm shivering so darn much I c-can't be very r-romantic, b-but please don't ever leave me ag-again. D-don't go to Afghanistan. D-don't go any place unless you t-take me. P-please don't!"

"D'you mean—" he began.

She nodded. "L-let's get married to-morrow morning."

His clasp upon her hands tightened so that it hurt, but it was an agreeable hurt.

"Will you come over to the h-house just as soon as you're d-dressed?" she chattered. "We'll t-tell Aunt Julia. M-make her happy."

"Be over right away," he assured her. For a moment he appeared to be searching his mind for some lost thought. "Oh, I remember! Knew there was something. Promised to take over some stuff for Topsy's tooth. Paint it and get that inflammation down."

He paused to wonder why it was that Caroline let such a radiant smile break through the shivers.

"Y-you're ad-dorable!" she announced.

arms and legs and hips into plaster casts. There is just the proper shade of color on the walls and ceilings; there is the powerful new light; there is the barber chair, donated by a Shriner, where each week, another loyal Shriner comes and clips away at locks grown long. There is another chair, a dental one, where also each week a Shriner gives of his services. There are clinical laboratory rooms, and surgical dressing incinerators; and washrooms for the medical men; and just about everything that the last word in hospital standardization can bring to an institution that wants the best.

In still another part of the building, down in the sub-level area this time, is the brace shop. Orthopedic work requires just the precise kind of brace and plaster for each individual case. Accordingly, a skilled workman and his assistants hold forth daily in this brace shop and there to make to exact measure the splints and braces and devices needed for the patients. Sometimes, too, a surgeon wants an instrument slightly different from the standard one sold in the shops. The medical blacksmith in charge of the shop beats out an instrument to exact dimensions.

Downstairs, too, are the kitchens, and the large pantries with the goodies spilling out. Women's auxiliaries of Shriners send in jams and jellies. The hospital does not permit the children to eat any and every kind of candy. But on the shelves are big cans of pure sugar candy, as an aid to the sweet tooth of every boy and girl in the place.

Upstairs once more we go, to the administrative office this time. There we meet Miss Leoni Jackson, Assistant Superintendent, a trained worker from the Walter Reed government hospital.

A glance at the record books shows us that during the first nine months after the opening of the hospital, March 20th, last year, there have been one hundred and twenty-four admissions, sixty-five discharges and three re-admissions.

As Dr. Moore and Miss Dunning and Mr. Wade stand at the window and review the work, they glance across the playground and on to a wooded space behind. Here they vision, some day soon they hope, a convalescent home for the children who have had their orthopedic surgical operations and are recuperating. They are too sick to go back to their homes and away from the reach of treatment. They are too well, really, to be occupying a hospital bed and keeping out of the zone of help another more acutely ill patient. The proposed convalescent home would, it is estimated, more than double the efficiency of the hospital. The site, a beautiful one on the present grounds, is there and waiting.

The funds must ultimately come. For this hospital is more than a record of statistics and geography and surgical treatment. It is a living, a dramatic tribute to the faith the Shriners have in little crippled children, and it is a tribute to the faith the little crippled children have in the Shriners.

It's time to go now. We stand at the door, regretful that we have to leave. And little Edmund Jones, you remember he was the plucky colored child who persisted in doing the Charleston, rickets or no; well, Edmund comes to the door and smiles a wide smile. Then he puts both hands to his lips and blows to us a series of kisses. It is our last glimpse, for that day at least, of the Chicago Unit, Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children.

But it tells us, more than anything else, how worth-while is the work. It proves to us that they may be lame and in plaster cast; they may be victims of infantile paralysis, club feet, congenital hips and other cruel twists and turns. But their hearts are not crippled.

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By T. A. BALLANTYNE

This may seem a strange question.

But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.


I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure warm water sterilized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the

fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are a generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—re-made. That is not my experience alone—but that of 1,000,000 men and women who faithfully practise this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 342, 152 West 65th Street, New York City.—Now.

Tear Off and Mail at Once

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

152 West 65th Street, Dept. 342
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

BUT THEIR SOULS ARE NOT CRIPPLED [Continued from page 41]

on the edge of a Kiddy-Car on which she moved about the hall.

In the girls' schoolroom where, as well as in the boys' classroom, an accredited teacher from the Chicago Board of Education holds regular classes, we found a bevy of wheelchairs, and a veritable pyramid of crutches. The children were hard at work at their lessons.

The teacher, by the way, is so genuinely dedicated to her work that last summer, in her vacation period, she voluntarily came to the hospital classroom and worked, without any financial return for her services.

Architecturally, this wing is admirably laid out. There are two dormitories, each with separate kitchens, bath facilities and entrances, providing complete isolation for either part of the section, should an epidemic break out.

The dormitories are made jaunty and fascinating with walls decorated with colorful portraits of beloved Mother Goose heroes and heroines. They are whimsical and delightful. In a glass-enclosed room, the newly arrived patients have their beds. They are kept here for a ten-day period, as a precaution lest they may have entered with some disease which would be communicable to the other patients.

This enforced rest period has many advantages. One of the most important ones, the officials point out, is that the new patient is familiarized with his surroundings, and he isn't the least bit afraid when the time comes for him to go on the operating table.

As we passed up and down the sun-porch, chatting with those too ill to be up and about, we saw many mute testimonials to the fact that we are pretty lucky to have

two good arms, and two good legs, and a straight back. But we saw, too, evidence of cure and progress and health and happiness.

For instance, let me tell you about Leedy. A mere whisp of a child, with jet black hair and eyes, Leedy had come up from Palatka, Florida. She had been living down there in a shack with her grandmother. Leedy was the victim of chronic arthritis. Improper food, a dirt floor in the shack and lack of any medical attention hadn't helped Leedy. When a Shriner found her and sent her up to Chicago, the poor child couldn't lift her hands six inches, so great was the pain, so acute the stiffness. That was the 27th of last July.

Now Leedy raises her arms (they are still pitifully thin arms but they are going to fatten up, the doctors predict) above her head. She can grasp a pencil and do sums. The pain in her knee joints is going away. And Leedy with the slow, southern lilt to her voice, is so happy that she keeps singing out, "See, I can raise my arms" and puts them in the air."

The first person we ran into, over on the boys' side, really ran into us. He was just a tiny tot, with a bad club foot. But he was steering a Kiddy-Car around at such a great rate that we had to jump to protect our ankles.

When we had dodged the Kiddy-Car we skirted a group of boys, some on stretchers, some in wheelchairs, some resting on crutches, who were circled about by Edmund Jones, a diminutive colored boy with a severe case of rickets in a progressive stage of cure. Though his legs were tightly bound in plaster casings Edmund was swinging about, jerkily, doing the Charleston. When he fin-

ished a step he would pause, balance, and blow kisses out at his audience. And the audience beat crutches on the floor to applaud.

Out in the sun-porch, there wasn't so much laughter, but there was more pluck to the square inch than almost any place I have ever seen.

Take the case of William. He was born with a malady known popularly as "brittle bones," though of course Dr. Moore has a more academic name for the condition. In the past year William has experienced no less than fifteen fractures.

Now William lies on his back; his arm, most recently broken, held up in a sling. A series of pulleys and weights play about him, holding the right foot up in the air, pressing down on the left one. He can barely move from side to side with his shoulders. His neck is rigid. He must look straight forward for he can't twist his head. He was playing with a big, red balloon, fingering it and letting it escape a short way on its string. Not too far, for he couldn't see it if it swung far to the left or to the right.

In the back of the two sections, forming a sort of plaza, reached by ramps from both sides, is the outdoor play area. Here, when the weather permits, the children make their way, in chairs, on crutches with bandaged legs, and romp around as best they may. Indoors is the gymnasium. This is more than a recreation room. Fitted with the newest devices in curative gymnastic work, it is also a scientific laboratory where experiments are carried through with technical skill.

Upstairs are the operating rooms. There is a marvelous new type of table, adjustable in every joint, to facilitate the putting of



Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!



Dear Shrine Readers:

ANOTHER month rolled around, and now for another Monthly Prize Recipe Contest! The response to our first Cake Contest was so overwhelming from every section, that it has not been possible to announce the winner by the time this issue goes to press. Such cakes, such icings and such fillings!

The subject of the contest for this month, May, is PIES! What pie does your husband like best? What pie is your family standby? Have you some specially interesting pies using seasonable fruits and berries as fillings? The recipe may be for an "open-face pie" or for a deep-dish pie or for one with single, double, triple if you like—crusts! Let's see what recipe will gain the blue-ribbon in this All-American dessert entry. Here are the exact rules:

PIE RECIPE CONTEST May Shrine Service

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of baking, size or number of servings and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
- 4—Address: PIE CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by June 15th.

Remember first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2, each for the following five best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

"A young cousin of mine is coming to visit me early in June and I wish to entertain her. What do you suggest as a color-scheme and menu for a luncheon?"

Mrs. B. M.—Wisc.

June is the month of roses as well as sweet girl graduates and I think that a pink or rose-tinted menu would be charming and appropriate. You may have a buffet or "stand-up" luncheon, using heavy paper

plates and fluted paper cups to hold the salad and ice. A few drops of red vegetable coloring will give a rosy glow to any food. Real roses or other pink petaled flowers may be used as garnish and favor. I suggest this menu:

Creamed chicken and mushrooms in patty shell, pimiento garnish
Shrimp or crab salad in rose-aspic, on lettuce
Radish roses
Cream cheese and deviled ham sandwiches
Raspberry Sherbet

White cake
Coffee, Loganberry or other fruit punch
Rose icing

"I am a business girl and would like your help on a budget. I earn \$35 weekly, how should it be spent? I want to save something because I expect to be married next fall."

Grace R.—Ohio.

If you are earning the sum of between \$35-\$40 weekly, here is a suggested division of your salary, though there may be slight differences due to the place you live, the kind of work and position you hold, etc.

Shelter or room 23%
Food or board 30%
Clothing 25%
Operating 7%
Savings 10%
Advancement 5%

Clothing, of course, means not only what you spend for new clothing, but the pressing, repair and upkeep of your wardrobe. Operating is the general term given to expenses which keep things running in general. In the case of a business woman they mean laundry, telephone, personal service like shampoo, beauty, etc. The Savings figure should always be put at 10% or even more if you can manage it. I think that an endowment insurance is one of the most excellent ways of saving for the unmarried woman. Advancement includes health and illness expenses, books or periodicals, travel and amusement.

"I have to settle the question of getting a new oil stove for summer cooking. Do you really advise one and what is the best?"

Mrs. L. P.—Nebraska.

I am sending you direct a list of several excellent oil ranges, with the names and addresses of the manufacturers. I certainly do think that an oil range means a great deal of summer comfort. If rightly cared for and kept clean, they do not smoke. Their advantages are that they will give a hot direct heat within a few moments of lighting and waste no fuel when not actually cooking. They can be bought in models with one burner or several and either with installed or separate portable oven. For canning and preserving they are especially helpful since they can be located wherever the work can be most conveniently done.

"I think that the only thing I can do well is cook! Everybody that visits us tells me that I am wonderful at it, and that I have a 'knack.' Now I am in straightened money needs, and I am wondering if you could tell me some way to use this ability of mine. I thought of starting a summer tea room but don't know how to go about it. Will you advise me?"

Mrs. J. K.—Conn.

Well, if you can cook well, don't worry! I am willing to wager that a woman who can make really delicious and tasty foods will always have a ready market! If you can rent or secure some old house and have it re-decorated at low expense, or if you can adapt your own home to this work, then by all means plan to do so. Motorists and others are always seeking the really "different" and home-cooked meal or dishes with individuality. Many notable successes in money and happiness both have come from running a summer inn, teahouse or refreshment stand. I am sending you direct a list of books and courses that I think will assist you. Or you might start and take orders for one of your specialties—your nutbread, cinnamon buns, or the special salad dressing you spoke of.

"My baby is only four months old and I do not seem to have got my strength back yet. I mind the cooking most, and the standing and watching or running from baby to kitchen. I wish you could help me."

Mrs. G. M.—Illinois.

Have you put Baby on a feeding schedule? That's the first and only step! That should take care of his regular feedings, his bath and his nap. And I suggest that you nap or lie down when he does, so as to help get your strength back. Now for the cooking. Why must you do so much? Have you ever used a waterless cooker in which to cook a whole meal over one burner. Or a steam or fireless cooker for the same purpose? Do you cook in the morning, or when the baby is good, so that you will only have a little re-heating to do at meal-serving? Try an oven-cooked dinner occasionally and see how that simplifies and removes need for "pot-watching." Try out some of the interesting one-piece meals which can be prepared in one casserole or utensil. I am sending you a helpful leaflet under separate post.

Mrs. Christine Frederick

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 62]

THE SAVIOR OF THE HOME TOWN BAND

[Continued from page 33]

In 1881 he heard from Horace Greeley and "Went West" to join the John Robinson Circus band at Cincinnati.

After three years of strenuous tramping Landers enlisted in the Cavalry branch of the United States army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, still playing clarinet. For twenty-seven years following his honorable discharge from the regular army he was bandmaster of the Second and then the Third Regiment, Iowa National Guard, at Centerville, Iowa.

When the Spanish-American war broke out the Third was one of four regiments of the Iowa National Guard ordered into camp at Des Moines. Rain, mud and other military camp inconveniences took their toll of the raw guardsmen musicians. When the hour arrived for enlistment in the Federal service only Chief Musician Landers and his Centerville band were on hand. They became the band of the Fifty-first Iowa Regiment which saw service and some actual firing-line fighting in the Philippines. Upon return to "the states" the band made two extended concert tours under Landers' direction.

Landers' persistent personality kept the band together and made it an Iowa institution. All his life, as bandmaster, Major Landers has been able to sell public and private citizens on the idea that a good band is worthy of support from good people. But always, in the back of his brain was the thought that our lack of any system for rural band maintenance was one of our national handicaps.

SO WHEN in 1909 the Commercial Club of Clarinda, Iowa, built a \$40,000 armory and brought Landers and most of his Centerville band to Clarinda, Landers began to start something. In 1921 he sold the Iowa State Legislature on his big idea of taxing the people for a people's band. With a few dissenting votes the Landers Iowa Band-tax law was enacted.

Clarinda voted for the tax nine days after the law was enacted. Since then more than one hundred Iowa towns have voted to tax themselves to support their own bands. Michigan, West Virginia, Maryland, Minnesota and divers other states have passed or are about to pass similar laws.

For thirty-five cents per year per capita the citizens of Clarinda enjoy a long season of open air concerts during spring, summer and autumn, and many winter-time concerts in their armory. This modest investment supports not only the Clarinda Municipal Band of thirty pieces, it also supports the Clarinda Junior Band, from which the Municipal draw its talent.

"Under the Iowa Band Tax Law," Landers says, "the band becomes part of the municipality, the same as the public library and the schools—and it is justly supported by all people who pay taxes. The band treasurer handles the band funds. He pays all bills, including my salary, in true business-like fashion, so the band cannot become a one-man affair with all the abuse of privilege that might then follow."

Landers is as peppy, happy and healthy as in his much younger days. Ten minutes talk with him will convince you that teaching and leading a country band is one of the finest games in the world.

He does want something more, however. For privately he confesses to a further ambition. "If," he says, "I can see each State in this nation secure a good municipal band law before the boys blow taps over my grave I will die happy, for I will leave something worth while behind."

Accidents Will Happen!

In the United States, 24,320 people were killed and hundreds of thousands injured during 1925 as the result of automobile accidents alone.

Thousands Have Purchased

A Travel Accident and Auto Policy for Masons Only

Sold by UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, Inc.

Home Office: 168 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Established 1908

for \$2 a Year

Payments in One Sum:

For Loss of Life \$2,500	For Loss of One Hand and Sight of One Eye . . . \$2,500
For Loss of Both Eyes . . . 2,500	For Loss of One Foot and Sight of One Eye . . . 2,500
For Loss of Both Hands . . . 2,500	For Loss of One Hand . . . 1,250
For Loss of Both Feet . . . 2,500	For Loss of One Foot . . . 1,250
For Loss of One Hand and One Foot 2,500	For Loss of One Eye . . . 1,250

For injuries sustained in the manner described in the policy (for a period of 15 weeks) . . \$10

MAIL YOUR REMITTANCE WITH COUPON

I do hereby apply for Travel Accident and Auto Policy, and for that purpose make the following statements:

Have you ever had fits or disorders of the brain? _____

Are you in whole and sound condition mentally and physically? _____

Are you now insured in this Company, except as herein stated? _____

Dated at _____ Town _____ State _____

this _____ day of _____ 1927

My occupation is _____ Age _____

Address _____ Street and Number _____ Town _____ State _____

My beneficiary is to be _____

My Masonic Lodge No. _____

Signature of applicant _____

Mail this coupon with remittance to UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE CO., Dept. S, 168 Bridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Important Notice!

When you move to a new home send your new address to the Recorder of your Temple. Don't send the change to us as your Recorder notifies our circulation department immediately.

When writing to your Recorder, be sure to include the old address as well as the new one.



Soap shaved on a small slicer and combined with safe alkalis makes a perfect soap solution.

SHRINE SERVICE

Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



Make Wash Day A Gay Day In May



A rack on rollers with many folding arms will air things as they are ironed.

POWER WASHER AGITATES WATER WITH CLEANSING THOROUGHNESS

The next requisite is equipment which will permit the soap-solution to permeate and be forced through the clothing and textiles with as much force and thoroughness as possible. This need is exactly met in the improved power washer, no matter which of the four main types it may be: (1) Dolly; (2) Cylinder; (3) Rocking; (4) Vacuum. Machines may differ in construction details; but if they are motor-operated, it is the wonderful power of the motor in every case which forces the washwater up, down, through and between the pores of the fabrics. In addition, there is a severe and effective pounding motion as the tub (and its clothes) moves from one position to another, and as the clothes "drop" from the top position to the bottom. If there is any woman who doubts that a "washer won't wash clothes clean," it is not the fault of the machine, but of the way it is used.

Common mistakes which may lessen the efficiency of even machine washing are overloading, using water of the wrong temperature, poor sorting of the wash into mixed



Removal of common stains in the home laundry-laboratory should precede any washing effort.

pieces, and failure to operate each load or tub sufficiently long. If the washer is overloaded there will not be sufficient space between the pieces for the water to penetrate and loosen the soil; if the washer is filled with very hot water, it may only "set" the dirt instead of loosen it; hard-finished pieces like table and bed linen require longer time than soft meshed goods like underwear, etc., and should not be washed together. If I were asked the exact steps or practice for most successful machine washing, I would set them down as follows:

TEN RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL EASY MACHINE WASHING

- 1—Be sure the machine is clean, well-oiled and working properly.
- 2—Sort clothing according to texture and color and make into corresponding loads.
- 3—Fill the machine with lukewarm water (110-120 degrees) up to its water-line, and add one cup of soap solution.
- 4—Close the lid, and operate the machine, empty of clothes for two minutes, or until a heavy suds results. This dissolves and whips the solution into the most effective form.
- 5—Open, and add clothing, piece by piece, being sure NOT TO OVERLOAD.
- 6—Operate each load ten to twenty minutes depending on the character of the contents.
- 7—Wash, wring and rinse as usual.
- 8—Scald-rinse in the machine, for three to five minutes, using very hot clear water with a little borax for whitening (especially for white and body pieces).
- 9—Wring, blue and finish as usual.
- 10—Drain, rinse and clean the washer and leave it open to the air until the next wash.

FLUFFY SNOWY BLANKETS MACHINE WASHED IN 15 MINUTES EACH

During the entire housecleaning period, the power washer is an almost daily aid in making spic and span and sweet smelling, the many curtains, linens and blankets which require special Maytime cleansing. If the right soap-solution is on hand, and the water of the proper temperature, it will take just 15 minutes to wash, rinse and wring a bed blanket to a soft fluffiness equal to new. Nothing is so satisfying as to see the blanket emerge from its machine bath with the woolly nap restored, each block or stripe of color refreshed, and the whole blanket wholesomely clean. Even the most delicate lace curtains, nets, or fllets may be machine-washed without any danger of tearing the fabric. Spreads, wools and many articles that are to be stored for summer can be moth-proofed by a tubbing in this easy, rapid machine manner.

MODERN IRONER HANDLES 60% OF ALL FAMILY WASH

The up-to-date ironing machine has kept pace with the marvelous improvements in the power washer. We must get over the former notion that [Continued on page 63]

an ironing machine will only do flat pieces. Not at all! A little manipulation and practice will enable any worker to use a power ironer for children's and house dresses, aprons, underwear, men's shirts, and indeed about 60% or even more of the total family wash. The use of this large, smooth, evenly heated ironing "shoe" will cut down the ironing time a third, or often a half. The new ironing machines are smaller and more compact, and there is indeed one model which conveniently folds up so that it can be rolled away when not in use.

WHERE THERE IS A LAUNDRY THERE MUST BE LIGHT!

No matter where located, the space in which laundering is done should be light, as sunny as possible, with plenty of air and freedom from dust. Like the kitchen, any laundry may be arranged for step-saving work. Its equipment should be placed in two groups, one devoted to the washing process, and the other distinctly assembled for the ironing process. This will make for rapid and "routed" work. An idea which I have developed in connection with my Efficiency Laundry is to utilize an ordinary kitchen cabinet as a compact storage and sorting table. Its shelves will hold soaps, starch and stain-removers, since removal of common stains is an important step which must precede washing.

If there's a plentiful supply of light and air indoors, if modern methods and equipment stand at hand, and the outdoors invites the spring sunshine, then washday is bound to be a gay day in May!

A leaflet on **TAKING THE BLUE OUT OF MONDAY** will tell you the best ways to wash blankets, remove stains, and launder the many delicate fabrics you cherish. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to **SHRINE SERVICE, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.**

[Shrine Service Continued on page 64]

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 42]

knowledge that the floor team is not as funny as any one of the laugh makers I have mentioned. But, by golly, they are my people and I am for 'em! My eyes in the wooden shoe do not see their faults.

In the home house, in the home Lodge, in the home Chapter, in the home Commandery, in the home bodies of the Rite, in the home Temple, we would all be a lot happier if we put our symbolic eyes in our metaphorical wooden shoes and saw less to be critical of and more to praise.

Gee, wouldn't it be great to belong to a Temple with wooden shoes behind the door in which to put the eyes of the membership when they attended a ceremonial? It would take a shoe as big as Jim Todd's to hold them, but what a whiz of a Temple that would be! Every Noble blind to the faults of the home Temple . . . every Noble boasting . . . every Noble working . . . every Noble giving praise instead of blame! Why, that Divan, Patrol, Band, Floor Team, Degree Team would work itself into an early and happy Shrine grave!

They all work cheaply enough! Their only reward is our appreciation. It's pretty rough to pay them off in criticism, isn't it?

MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man
who feels entitled
to life's
better
things



Greatest Value Ever Offered

\$1 MACOY'S 5 Window PASS CASE \$1

Genuine Gold Corners
Morocco Goatskin

Well made in every way. Edges turned and stitched; pocket for business cards; Shrine or Masonic Emblem FREE. Gold stamping, name and address, 35c. per line extra.

5 Window Pass Case.....\$1.00
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Write for Special Circular "M" on Leather Goods, Billfolds, Radiator Ornaments, Etc.

MACOY Pub. & Masonic Supply Co.
45-49 John St., New York
Headquarters for Everything Masonic



How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only nose-shaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Triletty, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist, Dept. 2872, Binghamton, N.Y.

FOLDING CHAIRS THAT WILL NOT TIP

Write For Sample

The Peabody School Furniture Company,
North Manchester, Ind.

ATLANTIC CITY THE BARTINE
1908 Pacific Ave.

A Comfortable Little Hotel European Plan Popular Prices

Rooms With Private Baths

Barton T. Fell
Proprietor

FOR EVERY ENGINE

There is a correctly designed dependable Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Your dealer will gladly explain to you which particular Champion you should use to secure the very best engine performance—maximum power, speed and acceleration plus greater fuel economy.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles to insure better and more economical car operation. This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

Champion X—exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors—packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each.
Set of \$2.40
Four



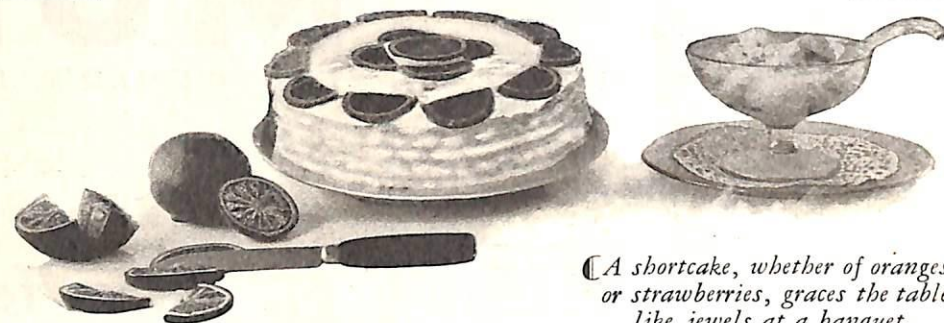
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Four
Set of \$4.50
Six

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO



SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



A shortcake, whether of oranges or strawberries, graces the table like jewels at a banquet.

The "Just-So" Story of Making Shortcake

WE MAY modernize the old saying and change it to: "In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—shortcake"! For this is certainly one dessert which is 100% American, a dish that every husband loves, and one that "looks like a million" even though it is just humble biscuit. A strawberry shortcake with its crown of ruby fruits does indeed grace the table like jewels worn at a state banquet. Yet it is so easy to make and so inexpensive that every homemaker will plan to have it frequently on her menu.

And while strawberries and shortcake seem inseparably associated, a shortcake with any other filling tastes just as delicious. At this season, too, pineapples are at their best and cheapest in our markets; and a filling of shredded fresh "pine" alone, or combined with cut strawberries, makes a most flavorful and "something different" filling. Take them right along as they ripen, we may use raspberries, black and huckleberries, cherries, even rhubarb. While a little later, peaches and the summer fruits make equally luscious fillings for the two buttery brown layers that compose every shortcake.

The real genuine shortcake dough is only a slight variation on the familiar baking powder biscuit. Doubtless some early American housewife who had been making biscuits for years, happened to be picking the first found berries of spring on the same day she planned to have biscuits for supper. Biscuits—Berries! A flash of inspiration, and the two were indissolubly joined in a dessert of luscious crispness which cannot be excelled by any concoction of the most renowned chef.

Success in making either biscuit or shortcake depends on two points: the cutting in of the shortening, and the least possible amount of handling. The dry ingredients of flour, baking powder and salt should be twice-sifted in order to make them light, porous, and evenly combined. If shortening is added in solid form, it must be chopped into the dry mixture using two knives in a cutting motion until the mixture has the consistency of coarse meal. Many prefer to melt the shortening first and add it to the milk and then combine both of these together with the dry mixture. In either method handling must be quick and deft.

Enough milk or liquid is added to just make a soft dough. The dough must be as moist as possible and yet permit handling. In making a single large shortcake, toss the mass of soft dough on a floured board and divide into two parts. Pat into shape, or roll lightly until one inch thick. For individual portions, use a cutter slightly larger than a biscuit cutter, and having a scalloped edge to give a pretty effect.

The dough may be baked in well-greased pie tins; but often there is more success if the dough is baked on top of an inverted tin. This practice allows a free and even circulation of hot air to strike all around the biscuit while it is baking. The oven for shortcakes should always be pre-heated and what is called a "quick oven." This means for those who wisely use temperature in their baking, 450° F. held for 15 minutes when the shortcakes are small, or 425° F. held for 20 minutes when the shortcake is a large single cake. The two layers may be placed on top of each other, and baked together, being sure that the dough is generously spread with melted butter before baking, so that the layers will easily split.

Recently there has come about a demand for a "new-fashioned" shortcake with a true cake foundation. For those who prefer this type, there are many white or sponge cake recipes which may be followed. If such a mixture is baked in a ring or border mold and turned to cool, then the center cavity can be filled with the sweetened berries and topped with whipped cream. One of the newest baking pans with a center opening is exactly suited to making this kind of novel shortcake. The same design can be secured in small individual cake pans, very attractive for company.

All fruits for shortcake fillings should be ripe, slightly crushed, and allowed to stand sprinkled with sugar for about two hours before use, ½ cup of sugar to every 1 cup crushed fruit is a good proportion. If there seems to be too little fruit juice, it can be increased by boiling 1 cup sugar with ½ cup water to a heavy syrup and combined with the fruit. A teaspoon or two of butter may be added to give richness. A few drops of lemon juice or some extract will bring out the fruit flavor.

The standard recipe for Mother's Old-Fashioned Shortcake will enable every homemaker to meet with success; and she may vary the dish according to season and such variations as her own inspiration may suggest:

Mother's Old-Fashioned Shortcake

Two cups bread flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons shortening, ¾ cup milk; butter; sweetened berries; whipped cream. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; work in shortening, using two knives in a cutting motion until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add gradually sufficient milk to give consistency of soft dough. Toss dough on floured board and divide into two parts. Pat into rounds and place on greased layer cake tins. Bake 15 minutes at 450° F. until golden brown. Split and spread with butter. Fill with sweetened berries between layers; ornament top with whipped cream and plenty of whole berries. To make individual shortcake, roll dough to 1 inch thick and cut in rounds slightly larger than baking powder biscuits.

[Continued on page 65]

Fruit Fillings for Shortcakes

Raspberries, cherries, pineapples, bananas and many canned fruits can be used as fillings. A delicious summer combination is strawberries with shredded fresh pineapple. Add 1 cup sugar to one box berries halved with a stainless knife, and 1 cup sugar to a generous pint of the fresh pineapple. Let stand separately until dissolved, then spread between layers, adding a little sugar syrup flavored with lemon if there is not enough juice. A refreshing orange filling is made by using 6 juicy oranges, peeling, cutting in half and then into large cubes, sprinkling with ¾ cup sugar.

Strawberry Surprise Cake

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups pastry flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon orange extract, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Strawberry ice-cream; whipped cream; whole berries. Combine as usual, butter cake mixture and bake in a greased and floured ring or border mold, moderate oven for 30 minutes. Turn out and cool. Place on serving platter, half fill center with ice cream, spread with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries. (Same cake mixture can be used for any cake foundation shortcake, and this center filled with sweetened berries, or a fruit whip of any kind.)

Quick Berry Cake

(To be Cooked on Electric Table Stove)
Crushed sweetened berries; shortcake dough; hard sauce. Grease the deepest pan thoroughly with butter and fill with an inch layer of the berries. Have dough ready and rolled 1-inch thick and shaped to fit the grill. Place on top of berries. Use shallow grill pan and invert over dough, like oven. Cook on high heat 5 minutes, then reduce to low heat and bake 10 minutes longer, without removing cover. Use hard sauce, into which mashed berries and a few drops of vanilla have been added.

Manufacturers desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 66]

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE CROSSES THE CONTINENT

[Continued from page 53]

curator of the Crocker Art Gallery. Through Noble Harry Gleie the Kiwanians of Sacramento presented a floral tribute.

Greater enthusiasm has seldom if ever been shown in a reception to the Imperial Potentate than at Sacramento. As he entered the room the audience rose and welcomed him by hand clapping and waving of handkerchiefs.

The Imperial party was taken to the spot where James Marshall discovered gold in 1848. A miner's pan was handed to Noble Crosland and his "panning" resulted in the finding of a fair-sized nugget of virgin gold. Nobles Kelly, Hirst, Simon, Vankamp, Atwood, Hickman, Porter and Blakeley of El Dorado County were the hosts on the occasion.

The pilgrimage was resumed that evening and at Ogden, Potentate Walter Ellingson; Past Potentates F. C. Schram, C. H. Fischer, M. E. Lippman, Chief Rabban J. S. Hibbert; Assistant Rabban H. O. Sanford; Past Potentate A. C. Wherry of El Kalah, Salt Lake City and Chief Rabban Erb of Islam, extended Moslem greetings; the El Kalah boys presenting candy and flowers to Mrs. Crosland and stocking the larder of the diner with a mess of freshly caught brook trout.

Here also, Potentate and Mrs. William T. Mayfield, El Jebel, became hosts and escorts of the party to the oasis of Denver.

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PATENTS

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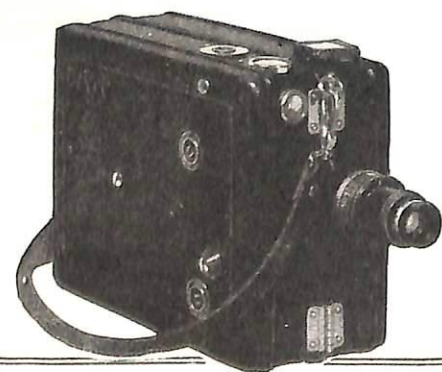
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DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

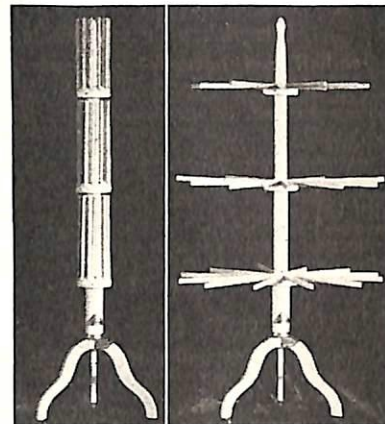
CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



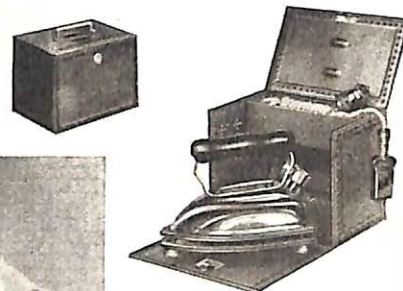
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



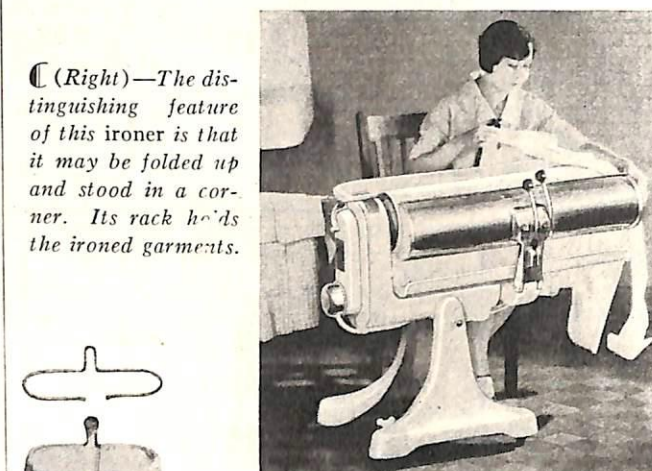
(Left) — This cylinder-type washer (on rollers) will safely and easily do the family wash or the daintiest of fabrics.



(Right) — This clothesrack (on rollers) folds up its 36 arms like an umbrella.



(Above) — An electric iron with a tapered point to get into pleats and tucks. It is stored in a steel fireproof case in which the iron can be placed while hot.

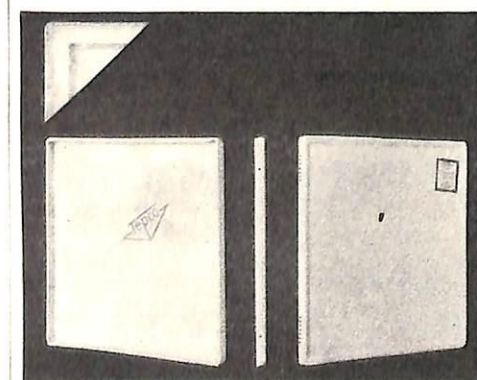


(Right) — The distinguishing feature of this ironer is that it may be folded up and stood in a corner. Its rack holds the ironed garments.



(Left) — The rod of this laundry bag rests on a wooden knob screwed to wall. Bag is easily slipped from rod and closed.

(Right) — In-a-door folding ironing cabinet with board that swings into any position.



(Above) — These white enamel iron washtub covers make a sorting table of any tub.



(Left) — This braided, flexible clothesline, strong and durable, will not split clothespins or stain clothes, or break under strain.

ATLANTIC CITY'S PREPARATION

[Continued from page 43]

facilities and may avail himself, free of charge, of the sailing yachts at the Inlet. Bathing and rolling chair privileges will be extended.

The local committee and uniformed representatives of Crescent Temple will meet each arriving Temple and escort it to its hotel, then to a photographer's stand.

On Sunday, June 12, Alcazar Temple, of Montgomery, Ala., will arrive at 4 p. m. on a special train, bringing Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland. He will be met at the station by Potentate Earl E. Jeffries and the uniformed organizations of Crescent Temple, by Mayor Anthony M. Ruffu, Jr., and the Atlantic City Band.

During the afternoon a mammoth church service will be held on the strand in front of the Ambassador Hotel, with the Rev. Dr. Samuel Steinmetz, chaplain of Crescent Temple, officiating, assisted by the Band and Chanters of Crescent Temple.

Band concerts will be held in the evening at the Imperial Potentate's Grandstand, Fralinger's Pavilion and Cuthbert's Pavilion. Special services will be held in all churches in the evening.

A series of free automobile and motor bus sightseeing tours will start Monday morning.

The annual meeting of the Recorders' Association and the Jesters will hold their yearly gathering Monday morning. The morning and forenoon will include a number of band concerts and broadcasting.

Atlantic City life guard drills, band concerts, a card party for the ladies and an inspection tour will be noted on the afternoon program.

At 6 p. m. the magnificent Submarine Grill Room of the Ambassador will be given over to the banquet for visiting Recorders. On the same evening, with the new million dollar Chelsea Auditorium as its locale, a formal reception and dance to the Imperial Potentate and his Divan will be held, under the auspices of the Potentate of Crescent Temple and his uniformed organizations.

The Chanters will broadcast over WPG, the most powerful municipally operated radio station in the world. Swimming and diving contests will be held at the Ambassador and Hygeia Swimming Clubs.

Tuesday morning will open with a parade at 9 o'clock. All the visiting Temples and their uniformed organizations will form for an escort parade to the Imperial Potentate, marching down the Boardwalk to the Hotel Chelsea Auditorium.

There, at 12:30, will be opened the Fifty-third Annual Session of the Imperial Council, A. A. O. N. M. S. The Potentate of Crescent Temple will extend the hospitality of the Temple. Governor A. Harry Moore will extend the welcome of the State of New Jersey. Mayor Ruffu will throw open the gates of the city. The Grand Master of Masons of the State of New Jersey will give greeting. Special features will include chanter selections by designated groups.

In the afternoon the Nobles and their families will have an abundance of opportunity to engage in a wide variety of entertainment attractions. In addition to bands brought by the Temples, the city at that time will have on its piers some of America's most famous professional musical organizations.

Minstrels, vaudeville, motion pictures, dancing, golf, roller chairs, swimming, yachting, and patrol drills will be available in profusion.

One of the great events of the week will occur Tuesday evening, the banquet for the Imperial Potentate, the Imperial officers and their Im- [Continued on page 69]



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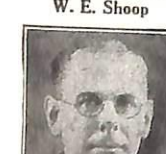
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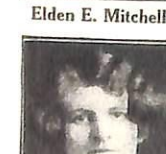
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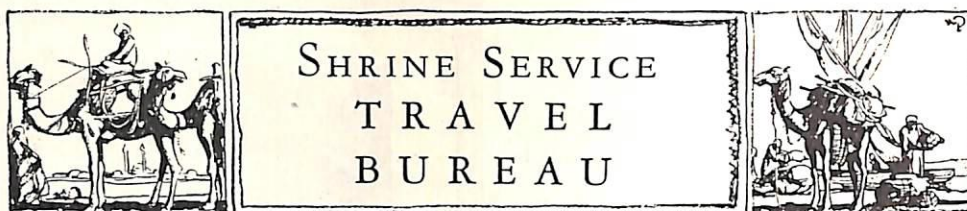
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The European Travel Season Starts

By Anne C. Granbeck.

AS SPRING drifts into Summer and the forbidding waves of the North Atlantic subside into balmy sunshine, the roadway to Europe becomes, by all odds, the most alluring of all paths for Americans. Each year, more and more American people discover that Europe is much closer to their door in point of time, and much more simple and inexpensive to travel than has been supposed. For some reason, due to old social traditions, vast numbers of American people have supposed that a trip to Europe was something you make once in a lifetime, after you have accumulated a pile of money and retired. The absurdity of such ideas and the quite astounding fact that European vacations need cost no more than a vacation taken in America, begins now to dawn on many thousands.

The truth of the matter is that there is no "exclusiveness" in a trip to Europe nowadays; almost any price, from a round trip ticket at less than \$200 up to whatever your purse can afford, is possible. Within recent years the one class cabin steamers have become extremely popular, giving to the traveler with a modest purse all the feeling of service and "exclusiveness" that was formerly obtainable at high prices in so-called first class accommodations.

Even this was not enough to meet the great demand for moderate-priced European travel, and the "third class tourist cabin"—available even on the greatest boats in the world—the Leviathan and the Majestic—has made a splendid name for itself.

Experienced European travelers are telling their friends to pay no attention to the talk regarding the unfriendly attitude to American tourists abroad. They know very well that Europe badly needs the American tourist, and that whatever may be their changeable political attitudes, they are eager to give the heartiest welcome to tourists.

Not only is there a wide variety of price in European travel but there is a similar variety in method. There are, for instance, the "cruises," constituting entire shiploads of tourists going over the same route—to the Mediterranean or the North Sea to the picturesque fjords of Norway. Then there is the personally conducted tour, a smaller group going together over a prescribed journey. In addition, there is the tour which is planned in detail for your own individual party, with all arrangements made beforehand. Finally (and this is the choice of many), there is the purely individual trip with no hard and fast objectives, leaving your next port to impulse.

Possibly the most thrilling addition to touring has been the quite marvelous expansion of airplane travel. Flying between London and Paris is now as routine a matter as the subway tunnel between New York and New Jersey; but naturally it brings unusual scenic adventure. Amazing networks of air routes are now accomplished facts throughout Europe and the near East. If you wish you may eliminate most of the ordinary forms of travel between England, France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, as well as other countries, by substituting air travel for other methods. To Americans endeavoring to make the most of the limited stay in Europe, the airplane

is a great boon in getting around quickly. It remains true as ever that England, France and Italy are the greatest magnets for American touring. Paris is naturally the central magnet, and Italy and Switzerland close seconds. England's picturesque and historic Anglo-Saxon shrines are by no means neglected.

Taking your own automobile to Europe is a far more simple plan than many realize; and because of the lack of congestion of automobile traffic abroad, as well as the good roads, this is an especially delightful way to see Europe. Others hire abroad comfortable automobiles and careful, competent chauffeurs for one day tours or for complete tours of Europe. Some find the increasingly efficient busses, which now prevail everywhere, a delightful way to travel.

Upon whatever plan or at whatever level of expense, travel to Europe for American people is a vast delight and education. Cut off as we have been for centuries from the older civilizations of the world and attaining in recent years more surplus and more leisure, we now, very naturally, desire to look upon the pleasant and storied faces of our home lands. Never before have there been so many aids, such complete and comfortable arrangements and such comparatively economical tours available.

Do not leave the planning of your trip until late. The Spring and early Summer travel pressure is very heavy. You will do well to make preliminary inquiries now, and you will be particularly wise if you make use of the SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU, and get suggestions, routes, practical information, estimates, etc., if not actual reservations. There are, of course, many practical details which must be looked after, if you are to be as comfortable as you should and can be; passports, visas, hotel reservations, stateroom positions on steamers, information as to clothes, baggage, money, etc.

But the main thing is to think about a European trip in the right way; to visualize it as a possibility, even if you have only three weeks or a month for your vacation, and only a comparatively few hundred dollars to spend. You will find this matter of a European trip far more "possible," far more flexible, far more simple than perhaps you have considered it. There is a trip that fits you, no matter how often you have been there before, or if you've never been there and must go alone, with only a small purse!

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to answer all questions on Travel here and abroad. She will do travel shopping, make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, opera, concert, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

ATLANTIC CITY'S PREPARATION

(Continued from page 67)

perial representatives while, at the same time, another banquet will be given the Imperial Potentate's wife, the wives of the Imperial officers and the wives of the Imperial representatives. Dancing will be held on the Steel, Million Dollar and Steeplechase piers.

Trapshooting Shriners will have an opportunity to match their skill at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. At the same hour will be held an Imperial Council Session in the Chelsea Hotel Auditorium. Shriners who are Lions are invited to the Lions Luncheon at The Breakers Hotel at 12:30.

At the same hour luncheon for the ladies of the Imperial Council Officers and representatives will be held.

A mammoth night parade will be staged at 8 o'clock, the participants being the Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates and their Bands, Patrols, Legions, Mounted Guards (on foot) and Chanters and all other uniformed organizations.

Another Imperial Council Session will take place at 10 o'clock Thursday morning at the Chelsea. Kiwanis of Atlantic City invites Kiwanians among the visitors to its luncheon at 12:30 at the Marine Grill.

All Shriners are cordially invited to the ceremonies at 7:30 attending the Master Mason Degree in Ancient Costume by Belcher Lodge at Masonic Temple.

Clubs holding open house include Atlantic City Shrine Club, The Elks' Club, The Moose Club, The Eagles Club, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A.

It is futile in any restricted space to list all the activities outlined for the eventful week, for they are myriad. Let these few mentioned suffice as instances of how well Crescent Temple intends to receive and entertain its guests.

WHAT THE LEFT HAND DOETH

(Continued from page 37)

"I'll be gone upriver a few days," he told me. "I may stop at the Dunvegan post or I may not. In any case you are never to mention my being here."

At the moment of answering him sharply I caught sight of the driver stepping in through the door for the sackful of food I had prepared. 'Twas the same stolid young Indian I had seen at the house of Jean Baptiste the night before!

"You may go to the devil, Andrew," I told him confidently. I had then come to the point of having complete faith in Jean Baptiste you see. And he had said I was not to worry myself. But for all the assurance I took from his attitude I was greatly tried by the things that went on around me and which I could not quite understand. Matu, one of the Indian friends of Jean Baptiste, left for Vermilion next day, Jean Baptiste having no time as he explained, to waste in driving the mail. He made a short trip upriver with his own dogs and when he returned I saw him holding an earnest conversation with old Jim Tanuk. Then next day he was gone upriver again, on foot this time, and carrying a light pack on his shoulders. Jim Tanuk and three or four of his sons left soon after taking with them an assortment of saws, axes and light tools on their sled. I put the dogs of Jean Baptiste in harness and set out on a short excursion up the river to see what I could learn.

A mile or so from the mouth of Big Smoky I came on Jim Tanuk and his crew at work in the middle of the river ice. There close beside the sled trail they had erected a stout [Continued on page 70]

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WHAT THE LEFT HAND DOETH

(Continued from page 69)

covered pen or stockade using the small logs of spruce from the thicket on the shore.

"What would this be, Jim Tanuk?" I asked.

"Dis trap for catch de bear," he answered and grinned. 'Twas plainly no bear trap as I could see, and I wondered what outrageous scheme was in the mind of Jean Baptiste.

The forebodings I suffered the next few days became an acute apprehension when I saw Andrew Farquhar's team and wooden-faced driver arrive at the Landing without the great man himself. Jean Baptiste appeared too, just at dark, but from neither of them could I have anything beyond the reassurance from Jean Baptiste that I was not to worry.

"But where is he?" I demanded. "'Tis part of my obligation to the Company to defend its property and the dignity of its officers."

"And so is it mine," answered Jean Baptiste. "Am I not a Company man? Farquhar himself will tell you when he comes that I have done just that."

"I will not be put off with such answers!" I retorted. "I would not believe the old liar if he said it!" I had been under a terrific strain, you see, and I had no faith either in Andrew Farquhar's errand or in his honesty. Nor his discretion either for I knew then he had gone up the Big Smoky and not followed the Peace at all. It was his gross preoccupation with himself, and his own fine schemes that permitted the thing to happen to him at all.

Farquhar's sled was moving along downriver on the last leg of his return to the Landing. Rounding the broad curve of the river Farquhar's driver jogging behind the sled, took off his cap and waved it back and forth above his head in signal.

When they had passed on Jean Baptiste appeared from behind a thicket of scrub spruce and fell into the trail behind him. So it was that Farquhar, bundled to the ears in robes and great-coat, had not the faintest idea that his trusted Indian had stepped aside and Jean Baptiste had taken charge.

They were racing along the beaten path in the snow and Jean Baptiste was clinging to the back-rest of the sled as they came abreast of the little building. Then he threw his weight suddenly to one side giving a tug to the sled as he did so.

Farquhar, half smothered in snow beneath the overturned sled, had not sufficiently recovered himself to swear when he found himself in motion again. Flat on his belly he was and Jean Baptiste, with the big man's ankles in his grasp, was dragging him swiftly through the door of the little building. There was not a dozen feet to go and before Farquhar had begun to struggle he was safe inside. And Jean Baptiste, bounding past him, was safe outside with the door closed and barred behind him.

"What do you mean by this?" howled Farquhar. "Open the door, you fool, or I will—"

"You will do nothing," Jean Baptiste informed him.

"Will you open that door?" commanded Farquhar.

"Have you no imagination," asked Jean Baptiste, "that you continually shout 'Open the door!'? Would I be ordered to trap you thus only to turn you loose the next minute?"

"What the devil are you talking about," Farquhar blustered. "Who has ordered this outrage?"

"The great Company has many servants, Farquhar. I am commanded by those that

govern you. All you have done at the mouth of Little Smoky is known to me.

"I must leave you now," said Jean Baptiste, "lest I disturb your thinking. A'voir, and come directly to me when you are at liberty."

Fortunately I was already awake next morning when Farquhar arrived at the Landing. I glanced out of the window at hearing the dogs outside and Farquhar, haggard and disreputable, was being helped out of the sled by Jim Tanuk. Without a glance toward the post he set off to the house of Jean Baptiste.

I remembered that my son's wife had always a great interest in my personal appearance and was given to scolding me for any neglect in my dress. I seized my jacket and wrenched a button off the front of it. Early though it was barely daylight you understand I could go and ask her to sew it on for me. I made my way unobserved to the back door of Jean Baptiste's cabin. As I expected, his wife was alone in the kitchen and when I explained the reason of my visit she bade me take off my jacket while she sewed the button fast again. Meantime I was bending an ear to the sound of voices coming from the living-room.

"—chance to explain yourself," Farquhar was saying, "before I start proceedings against you. No evasions now; why did you drag me into that infernal coop and keep me there all night?"

"Of course I was not actually ordered to pen you up," Jean Baptiste admitted, "that was my own idea; to prepare your mind and purge you of all contention and bluster. I saw through the window everything you did three nights ago at the mouth of Little Smoky. Even to the paper in your pocket that would give you so much trouble to explain."

"What paper are you talking about?"

"I have not read it," Jean Baptiste went on, "so I do not know if it is a bill of sale of the entire place, stock and all, or only an option to buy. It is one or the other."

There was a long silence as if Farquhar was debating whether to risk a further denial or not.

I heard a grunt from him then and the sound of his rising from his chair to stride up and down the room.

"Well, what have you to suggest?" he demanded. "I would be willing to listen to a reasonable proposition."

"Let me see your paper," directed Jean Baptiste. "Is it a bill of sale or only an option?"

"It is a bill of sale," Farquhar answered. "'Tis my confounded luck to fall into my enemy's hands at the very last. I might have suspected you that have always hated me since we first met."

"You flatter yourself," Jean Baptiste told him. "There are things about you I do not like—yes. But I do this in the line of my duty. And you will see that I am not your enemy."

"How will that be?" asked Farquhar doubtfully.

"Since the matter is entirely in my hands I will offer you the privilege of transferring your purchase to a third person and let the matter drop."

"And the price?" Farquhar asked.

"You will receive what you paid less a thousand dollars for good-will."

Andrew would have bristled at that I knew for it meant he was to lose some money. "Whose good-will?"

"My own," said Jean Baptiste.

"Gad," exclaimed Farquhar, "you are benevolent, aren't you! To what am I indebted for your good-will?"

"Gavin O'Neill is a good friend of mine and you are his father-in-law. I should regret seeing you come to disgrace, on his account. You are not obliged to agree to this you know; refuse if you like and matters will take their course. Here is a transfer already made out."

I had time in the silence that followed to marvel at this revelation I had come upon in Jean Baptiste himself. Here all this time I had fancied myself to be guiding him toward a career in the Company's service when unknown to me he was already a confidential agent of the very powers that be. I was tempted to burst into the room and shout to the arrogant Farquhar that this was my son who had him now at bay. I was stayed by something that was near a groan coming from Farquhar.

"Where do I sign?"

"Perhaps we had best go to the Post," Jean Baptiste said, "and have the factor sign as witness to your signature."

"Not that old scoundrel," Farquhar objected. "I would never hear the end of his crowing if he should get a hint of this."

"I think you do him an injustice," Jean Baptiste answered him gravely. "I have found the factor to be a man of rare discretion. But he need not see the document; merely witness your signing it."

'Tis tragic, is it not, that our necessities can so press upon us as to rob the few precious moments of triumph that life has to offer? Here was I glowing with pride and gratification over the praise Jean Baptiste had bestowed upon me and wanting to shout and dance in sheer fulness of spirit. But no! I must be ungraciously snatching my jacket from my son's wife and dashing off without a word if I was to be in my quarters when Farquhar and Jean Baptiste should arrive.

Farquhar entered with his usual pompous manner as if nothing out-of-the-way had happened since he left.

"Well!" I shouted, "do you bring the scalps of all your enemies with you, Farquhar?"

"Let us hear no more of your chatter, MacDougall," he growled. "I have a paper here to sign and you are to witness my signature."

I seated myself at the table and put on my spectacles. Farquhar kept the paper folded down to the corner where I was to sign, and even held his hand over the other signatures that were on it. But I had no mind to meekly do his bidding without a comment, so I said: "You are aware of the nature of this document you have signed, Andrew Farquhar?"

"Sign your blasted name and leave off trying to administer an oath to me!" he roared.

"You have signed it of your own free will?" I asked him.

But from the look he gave me I reckoned he had done so, and I wrote my name as "witness to the signature of Andrew Farquhar," without waiting for his answer.

"Here you are, my lad," he said and tossed the document to Jean Baptiste. "I shall expect you to see it is delivered to the proper person without delay. Let me know when 'tis done and I will send you something for your trouble of course."

Jean Baptiste answered quite meekly: "Don't bother. It will be no trouble at all."

"My son," I said to Jean Baptiste, after Farquhar was gone, "how is it that you have kept me in ignorance all the time, of the secret position you hold in the Company's service?"

"What position are you talking about? It is no secret that I have a contract for hauling the mail."

"But this thing you told Farquhar that made him come to heel? You represent his superiors, I understood."

"How do you know what I said to him?" Jean Baptiste demanded.

To put him at ease I had to confess that I could not help overhearing what was said in his cabin while his wife was repairing my jacket.

"I do not like that," he declared. "Suppose you had let out a sneeze or a cough with your ear fast to the door?"

"But you would have no fear of Farquhar and all the authority behind you," I said.

"You do not believe that story, do you?" he asked. "Even Farquhar would never have swallowed it except his conscience was burdened and I kept him prisoner last night till his spirit was weakened with rage and exposure to cold."

"'Twas great skill you used in breaking Farquhar's spirit before offering to deal with him," I said, "but what was in the document he signed? And what has he done on this trip upriver? He made great pretense of being concerned with stopping the little Martine's cash buying."

"He has done so," said Jean Baptiste. "Martine has been stopped."

He gave me the paper then and I read it in amazement. 'Twas an outright bill of sale reciting that Andrew Farquhar transferred all right, title and interest to one M. Dion, as party of the second part, the stock and buildings of the place known as Turnbull's Post on the Big Smoky river.

"The traitorous old devil!" I exclaimed, "with all his grand talk of stamping out independent competition in this section he was plotting to buy Turnbull's on his own account. 'Why did you not tell me,' I cried, 'while he still was here? I should have denounced him in fine style!'"

"You will never allow Farquhar to know that you have heard of this affair. Nor anyone else at all."

"And why will I not?" I demanded.

"I said you were a man of discretion," Jean Baptiste answered. "Was I mistaken then? This is one of those times."

"What times?"

"When the right hand may not know what the left hand doeth," he answered. "I am trusting you never to share this knowledge of Farquhar that has come to you today."

I THOUGHT then of the long time I had waited and hoped for the full confidence of my son; for the time when he would accept me as I wished to seem. That time had come I knew.

"How did you get the hint of his plans?" I asked after a time.

"The letter I had was from Gavin O'Neill."

"You acted for Gavin then, while Farquhar believed you represented some higher authority in the Company?"

"I told him no lie," said Jean Baptiste.

"The ones in authority I mentioned to Farquhar are his wife and the daughter who is Gavin's wife. Do they not govern him?"

'Twas the daughter discovered his plans and sent me the letter asking that I should prevent it. She fears he may disgrace himself if he is not watched."

"Who is this M. Dion who is transferee? I see you witnessed his signature."

"There is no Dion," Jean Baptiste explained. "But the M. stands for Martine."

"Martine? He has not been here since you had this contract and letter. How could it be his signature?"

"It is Martine's signature all right," declared Jean Baptiste, "I wrote it there myself."

I stared at the signature and Jean Baptiste's own name as witness. The writing was most unlike.

"You wrote it?"

"With my left hand," explained Jean Baptiste.



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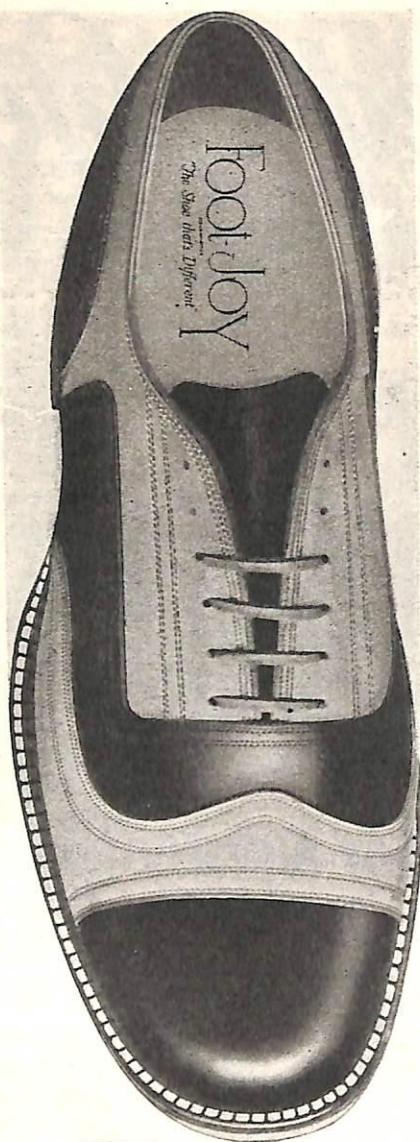
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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

EARLY and accurate information has won more battles than bullets. In finance and investment, it is fully as valuable as dollar ammunition for it is perfectly easy to waste ammunition, whereas no information that is used is wasted.

The industries of the world mesh like the gears of an automobile. The speeding up of one cog has its immediate effect on the speed of the others. Few people could see off-hand a connection between photographic supplies and automobile manufacture. Yet the Buick Motor Car Company alone, one unit of one company, consumed 45 miles of blue print paper one yard wide in drawings of new models, machinery and plant expansions in the last year. The kind of button a man wears on his coat has a direct and measurable effect on the price of the beef-steak he buys and a revolution in China regulates the cost of lady fingers in America.

The safety and peace of mind of every investor is tied up with the news of the day and with the absorption and interpretation of those happenings which affect his securities. How often one hears the advice: "Buy your bonds and stocks outright. Choose a sound security; have it transferred to your own name; put it in your safety deposit box and forget it."

You can make up your mind that anyone who gives advice of that character today is a member of the financial G.A.R. He is sitting on the steps of the Old Bankers' home, fighting over his old fights and out-storying his comrades.

Avoiding Ambush

General Braddock has gone down into history as a poor soldier because he deliberately walked into an ambush, disdaining the information and advice of his scouts. The investor who places his capital today as Braddock placed his troops, faces the same fate and is deserving of just about as much sympathy.

Since January first, a half score stocks and bonds have had sharp advances in price. Hundreds of people who followed the old maxim and put away their holdings in these securities and "forgot them," did not remember them until it was too late to take advantage of the heavy profits available. One broker spent \$400 in cable tolls trying to locate a client who had a big block of Wheeling and Lake Erie. By the time the holder was found and had authorized the broker to sell, the stock had dropped 60 points from its height and the customer was out \$300,000 he might have had.

One of the largest manufacturing companies in New Jersey had several million dollars in its treasury in Liberty Bonds. The bonds of this particular issue had been called for payment, but the treasurer of the concern had "put them in the safety deposit box and forgotten them." Before he re-

membered he had cost the concern some \$70,000 in interest.

The Life of a Bond

The life of a bond is one of its most important features. It is quite obvious that a thousand dollar bond which has twenty years to run and which bears interest at five percent will yield a sum of \$2,000 when it reaches maturity. If, however, the bond has but five years to run it will yield only \$1,250 to maturity. Consequently it is worth \$750 less so far as actual continued investment value is concerned than the first security.

Many bonds and preferred stock are callable before maturity at definite fixed prices, on due notice. In the case of preferred stocks these callable values range usually from 105 to 115 on an issue with a par value of 100. These provisions and stipulations should be given thorough consideration not only when the security is purchased but throughout the entire life of the investment.

Bonds and preferred stocks which are far more universally chosen for conservative investment than common stocks, frequently have a convertible feature. That is, they may be converted into common stock at a definite fixed price at the option of the holder. If, for example, a preferred stock may be converted into common stock on a basis of 115 in common for each 100 in preferred and the common rises to 130 while the preferred bearing, say 6 percent, is still quoted according to interest accruals at around 105, it is certainly to the interest of the investor to take advantage of this provision. But he cannot take advantage of it unless he is in touch, either personally or through his financial adviser, with his banker or some reliable source of unprejudiced information.

Know Your Rights

Every bond issue, every offering of preferred or common or management stock has definite distinctive privileges and obligations. Few investors know even after they have made their investments what rights their securities give them. The only way to find out and take full advantage of any situation which may arise is to have some disinterested expert analyze the capital structure and situation of the company for them.

Early this year control of a certain apparently unimportant and unprofitable railroad became essential to the plans of certain great carriers. The common stock had sole voting power. But there was a provision that, should two or more quarterly dividends on the preferred shares remain unpaid, the preferred shareholders had the right to elect the majority of the board of directors until

the arrears were made up. In other words, voting control had passed to the preferred. The preferred shot skyward. Then it became a question as to whether it would not be cheaper to buy the low priced common shares which had not paid a dividend for years and pay off the accrued dividends on the preferred, than it was to buy 51 percent of the preferred stock outstanding. Correct diagnosis of the situation made fortunes for some investors.

Investment Styles

Moreover, fashions in investment change as rapidly as do those in clothes. "Grandfather's hat," safely ensconced in the attic, would doubtless furnish as adequate protection against wind and weather as the latest \$10 Fedora in the modern shop window. But nobody is going to dig up grandfather's hat, except for a fancy dress party.

The investor must keep abreast of the times. Five years ago, the manufacture of radio receiving sets had hardly been heard of. Today hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in that line of endeavor. The same applies to scores of modern business developments. Few investors can keep in touch with all lines. Because some companies in a basic line of endeavor make profits it does not follow that all included in that field will be successful.

Ask A Policeman

The first impulse of a stranger in a strange city who is uncertain of his course is to ask a policeman, a taxi driver or someone who knows. That same impulse is a safe one for any investor to follow. Every American ought to be in a position to say, "I know my rights," and to stick to them through thick and thin. Either before or after he puts his money into the \$6,000,000,000 worth of new securities which will be sold to the

American public before January 1, 1928, he should find out his rights and know what he ought to stick to.

Knowing his rights and sticking to them is part of every man's duty. General Stonewall Jackson outlined the situation for every investor just before the battle of Gaines' Mill. Devotion to duty was General Jackson's watchword. A captain on his staff had roused his ire more than once by sins of omission. The captain's services were required to carry an important message to General Lee, but he could not be found at headquarters. An orderly sent to seek him reported he had been wounded.

"Wounded!" snorted General Jackson. "Why there's been no fighting since I saw him last night. Undoubtedly he has been wounded by the accidental discharge of his duty."

Thousands of investors are fooling today with the "unloaded" gun of duty. It is part of their duty to provide for their own future and that of those dependent on them by adequate investments. Properly discharged, that duty is a weapon of safety and protection but if neglected through failure to secure and use authentic and unbiased information, it is likely to cripple them financially for life.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

PENSIONED [Continued from page 32]

Green, the Manager. There would be a few of the older performers, and perhaps some of the men from the front door. The Grand Amalgamated was working north now; by next Sunday, it would be only a few hundred miles away.

Slowly, in the big space of the wagon yard, the "round top" of the tent was raised. A day more and the sawdust wagons, pulled by circus horses which had not known harness in years, moved under the big top. Volunteer workmen made their appearance with seats. Performers gathered for the rigging of their apparatus. The band bellowed in its first concerted rehearsal. The entry formed, crowded the back door in waiting for the signal of Jerry Mason's whistle, then suddenly parted. A messenger boy moved forward, and Jerry signed the receipt blank with a suddenly shaking hand.

He knew what it would be. Mr. Billy couldn't come. A long moment he hesitated, then with a nervous finger, raised the flap. There it was—in the first three words, and Jerry Mason's brow furrowed.

"Sorry, can't come—"

He saw little more for an instant. But suddenly he was reading the telegram anew—the words had blurred when first he had glanced downward; with a gasp he caught the sense of jumbled sentences, evidently sent in frenzied haste by a mentally distorted man:

"—can't come. Ship at once all possible canvas and seating equipment Marsboro. Will try reach there tomorrow. Also all wagons in running shape and herd elephants. Send horses and workmen. Loss of life

heaviest here. Have bank forward hundred thousand First National Marsboro. Acknowledge. William Thorpe."

Jerry Mason weaved, as though stunned by a physical blow. Then suddenly he swerved and with a bound broke through the startled line at the padroom entrance, running for the office and the telephone.

"The Gazette, quick!" he snapped.

A wait, agonizing in the dragging passage of time. At last a voice at the other end. A stream of questions passed Jerry Mason's lips. Then the answer:

"No, we haven't got anything about the circus. But if they were at Hudson, there may be something to it. The dam broke above the city there."

"The show's gone!" he gasped. "The show's gone!"

It sobered him. The show could not be gone! It must not be gone! There was the billing ahead, the crowds waiting for it, the posters proclaiming the fact that twice daily, rain or shine, in spite of obstacle, in spite of weather, of elements, of anything which might halt all else, there would be the circus, bringing its pleasure, its happiness—

"Jake!" shouted Jerry Mason as a form approached. "Grab that automobile. Tear down to the H & R N and tell 'em we want forty cars on the spur here quick as we can get 'em! Cap—you, Cap Reardon! You know 'em down at the bank. Take this telegram down there. Tell 'em to send that hundred thousand and to have ten thousand up here as quick as they can send it."

"Get me the newspapers in Marsboro!" [Continued on page 74]

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PENSIONED [Continued from page 73]

said Jerry Mason, a sudden determination in his voice. Then, as a dozen duties called, he turned the telephone over to the treasurer. "Be sure you talk to the editor. And tell 'em," he called over his shoulder as he went out the door, "that those billboards hold good. Tell 'em there'll be the matinee at 2:15 as usual!"

On he went into the pandemonium of what once had been a land of the pensioned—but it was different now. Activity was everywhere.

"On with you!" said Jerry Mason. "Use those three big property wagons there for the trunks, the other four for the rigging. Well, don't stand there staring at me. I mean just what I say—everybody ready with wardrobe and props inside an hour. Time is short!"

A shrieking signal sounded from the spur tracks just beyond the winter quarters gate; the clanging of a bell and the grinding of steel upon steel. Then there came a familiar sound, a beloved sound, that of steel runways, screeching as if in protest as they were raised into position against the flatcars. High atop the seats of wagons which had been doomed never to move again, teamsters gathered their strings of leather and clucked to horses which had known little but clover.

From the wardrobe room trunks began to clatter, followed by excited women, carrying under their arms a last minute collection they had hitherto forgotten. Everywhere there was the confusion of preparation, strangely enough a confusion which seemed to melt into concert. All in an instant, it seemed, the training of years had leaped into command—bosses of other days had organized their little squads, each to a task. Hour by hour went by, while Jerry Mason, pipe jammed in mouth, gave his final inspection. Then, at last a wave of the hand, the excited shouting of men and women from the car windows ahead, the double shriek of an engine and a train moved forward on its journey to the rescue of a beloved institution.

Down in the freight yards of Marsboro, the next afternoon, a muddy, bedraggled train, with equipment badly loaded, with broken wagons and grimy smashed paraphernalia, thrown into place like the junk it was, with smashed windows and water-soaked, tattered remnants of canvas, lay on a sidetrack, deserted. There was no need for haste—for out at the circus grounds, a show was in progress, and a moist-eyed man sitting in survey; Mr. Billy was looking upon a Grand Amalgamated Circus of yesterday.

The billing had been fulfilled. True, there were only two rings where yesterday there had been four. True, too, the band missed its cues, or blared forth with a schottische where otherwise there would have been a foxtrot.

But no one cared, least of all the audience—for that audience understood. The youth of the Grand Amalgamated lay crippled, but the age of it carried on—Cap Reardon, spring-kneed and gray in his lion cage, with his ancient Nubians and yawning, cat-like Bengals, Petite Marie, still proud and coquettish, even though the strain of the flip-flop brought a grimace of pain, the old elephants, the old ponies, the old clowns; old animals and old people performing the acts of a score of years past—but the applause came just the same.

A time of thankfulness and of pride, this space of weeks, in which the discarded men and women, the discarded animals, the discarded paraphernalia stepped into the place of that which had succeeded it. There was no mixture of the two; the flood had come just before matinee time, as the people of the circus were arriving at the dressing tents

to make ready for the afternoon show. And even for those who could work without the necessary properties; the clowns for instance, who, by the aid of a few hours work on costumes, could again have stepped into the ring, there had been the ultimatum of Mr. Billy:

"No, let the show go on just as it came from quarters. They're getting a kick out of it. Besides, aren't the crowds happy?"

For Mr. Billy, harassed, overworked, a thousand details calling upon him for adjustment, had not been too busy to observe. But for that matter, even the veriest roughneck of the real circus had seen it—the nervousness of the old performers, the constant asking of questions, the little knots which formed about the resting place of the big circus each day, where, with supplies and paraphernalia arriving in town after town according to schedule, the world's greatest show was rehabilitating itself that it might again take to the road in its old garb.

And during this time no one of the valiant little crew of pensioned rescuers drank more strongly of the present than he who had made it possible—Jerry Mason. A reprieve—it represented just that to him. He had known prison for so short a time; the agony of it had never dulled. Now life, life and activity and happiness had come again for a few brief weeks e'er the gates should clang anew.

Then, on a space near the railroad yards, an extra big top rose, each day unobserved by those who followed the ancient wagons to the showgrounds; clean and bright and new it was, this tent, and a band played softly underneath. There were no spectators; they were all beneath the big top of a pensioned circus. They did not know. But the performers who struggled in their old-fashioned way to entertain were not so fortunate. Down there by the railroad track a new Grand Amalgamated was holding its rehearsals. Two days more and the thrill of life would vanish for an exiled band. At last those two days were gone.

A tremendous affair of new canvas had moved into place. New wagons were spotted about the circus grounds. Within the big top new seats were in place, new rigging hanging from the top of the tent. The Grand Amalgamated had been born again; youthful performers were hurrying about their work of inspection, then rushing to the dressing tent that they might take survey of their glittering, newly made costumes. The pensioned circus was gone, save for the little knots of men and women, wandering about the grounds, or standing beside the dressing tent. Their task was done, and Jerry Mason, the slump once more in his shoulders, paused for a command as he passed toward the outlet of the grounds.

"Think our train leaves for winter quarters about eight tonight," he said quietly. "I'll let you all know during the matinee. I'm going down by the station; I'll find out."

Then he went on, while Mr. Billy, trotting to overtake him, finally dropped into step.

"Better look out for the shipping of the canvas and other stuff while you're down there," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"And Jerry," they halted at the edge of the lot, "there's a check in the wagon for you. Just appreciation, you know."

Jerry Mason straightened and jerked his head.

"You—you needn't to've done that, Mr. Billy. We were all just—just tickled to death to do it. We're just sorry—"

"I know, Jerry." Mr. Billy put a hand on his shoulder. "I—I—hate to see you go back, Jerry. That's for all of you."

"Yeh—I know," said Jerry, dejectedly. "Still we've got to keep young, Jerry."

"Oh, sure, there ain't no place for us old 'uns. Nobody—"

But Mr. Billy had stared into space for an instant, then snapped his fingers in excitement. He whirled, and hurried for the big top.

"Got to see the equestrian director," he called back. "Something's bobbed up. Come back here as soon as you can."

"Sure."

But freight agents have a way of their own. An hour passed and another. Then, the last bit of tentage loaded, Jerry turned for the circus grounds, to say good-by. His hands were in his hip pockets, his shoulders thrown forward. Slowly he moved down the midway, past the bright sideshow, the brilliant ticket-wagon, and to the gates. There Mr. Billy halted him.

"Aren't you going in?" he asked. Jerry Mason shook his head.

"If I were responsible for a thing," Mr. Billy cut in, "I'd at least take a look at it."

"Responsible?" Jerry Mason straightened suddenly. That was a familiar voice, coming from far away! He moved through the gate and cut across the menagerie to the big top connection. It was a familiar form: Old Jared, the pensioned announcer. And familiar figures waiting at the padroom entrance: Petite Marie, Cap Reardon, Old Mike, Frank Kane with Old Mom, the lead elephant behind him. And the voice of the announcer, still sounding:

"Now, we take great pleasuh-h-h-h in pre-sen-tin-g-g-g the evolution of the circus. They say the cir-kus does not change. We will see foah ouh-selves, ladies-s-s-s an' gentlemen! For heah is a featuah which can be presented onlay-y-y by the Grand Amalgamated Cir-kus, the cir-kus of yesterday, re-created, re-born, revived with the actual, living-g-g-g, breathing-g-g-g, participants in a grand ten minute review of

the show ouh fathers and grandfathahs loved. I take great pleasuah-h-h-h, ladies-s-s-s and gentlemen, in presenting to you the onlay-y-y Cirkus of the Past that can be presented undah this or any-y-y oathah canvas! The Cirkus of the Past, Ladies-s-s-s and gentlemen, the Cirkus of the Past!"

Five minutes later, Mr. Billy halted beside the rocking form of Jerry Mason, swinging gloriously in the big top connection. He poked Jerry in the ribs. Then he poked Jerry again. But Jerry did not heed. For Old Jules, the clown, was atop an elephant tub. Grouped along the hippodrome track and in the rings were the members of a circus that was pensioned no longer, swaying to the music of an old time band, and to the lilt of an ancient clown song:

"Can she bake a cherry-pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?"

"Can she bake a cherry-pie, charming Billy? She can bake a cherry-pie—Quicker'n a cat can wink its eye—Oh-h-h-h-h-h! She's a young thing And cannot leave her mothah-h-h-h-h!"

The song ceased, and the applause began to thunder—the applause of thousands to whom it revived the circus of other days leading the applause of those to whom it was a novelty of the present. Mr. Billy moved closer.

"Well, Jerry," he said quietly, and then cleared his throat with a great effect of brusqueness, "I wasn't far off when I told you to frame me up a feature, now was I? But listen, be on time tonight, will you? That act won't be perfect until it has an arenic director."

"With a dress suit on!" Jerry Mason beamed. "I won't be on time, Mr. Billy, I'll be ahead of time!"

And the band played on.

PAUPER TO MILLIONAIRE AND BACK AGAIN [Continued from page 17]

sight and before many days had elapsed we were discussing marriage! When I told Walter Morosco of our plans he became furiously angry, telling me plainly he would not permit it. He ordered me to remove to San Francisco again, and Mrs. Cockrell and her daughter were evicted from the ranch almost without notice. The change necessitated my leaving school but he engaged a private tutor for me, and lengthened my hours at the theater so I might have no time to search for Annie. His strategy availed him little however for soon I found them in a Hyde street apartment, and I managed to spend much of my time with them.

The next season brought me another advancement when Morosco took over the Grand Opera House and installed me as treasurer at a fair salary.

Somehow I had managed to learn the "hunt and peck" system of typewriting on an old Caligraph and it was fortunate I did, for Gerald Dillon and Philip Hastings, newspapermen employed extra as press agents, often were too busy or too filled with the joy of living to attend to their work. I then filled in for the boys and found it brought me friends, for men like Ashton Stevens, then a critic for the Examiner, commended me for "taking care of the boys."

A fine friendship sprang up between us, and it was permitted in after years that I should produce a play by Stevens, now a national figure in the employ of William Randolph Hearst.

Two years had passed, but I had not lost sight of my matrimonial hopes. I now was making \$25 weekly as treasurer of the Grand

Opera House. I had taken over the press agent activities for \$15 more each week and best of all I had \$300 in the bank which I resolved to put to work.

Annie agreed it was time for us to wed. Accordingly we were married at the Church of the Advent and went to San Jose and Del Monte on our wedding trip.

The San Francisco of that day truly was the Paris of America. Its cafes and saloons were little short of clubs, so completely did they cater to the same groups daily. Men made their rounds in leisurely manner, meeting their friends, transacting business and making merry in an equally leisurely manner. Racetrack gambling was done openly. It had a fascination for me and so fortunate were my selections that many stagehands, actors and managers followed my betting. In a small way I was fortunate as the famed Philadelphia Phil, though he plunged with hundreds where I wagered but dollars. My largest winning was on Perseus to win and Swiftsure for place. The odds were one hundred to one and my taking for the race was \$1,200.

By now I had accumulated small but substantial savings as sums were considered in those days, and Los Angeles was calling me. The City of Angels whispered of fame and fortune and, best of all, Mrs. Morosco had told me that a little stranger was "coming to our house." I had broken definitely with Walter Morosco, so I hurried South and leased the Burbank Theater in Los Angeles. My son was born in the meantime.

One of the conditions of the lease was [Continued on page 76]

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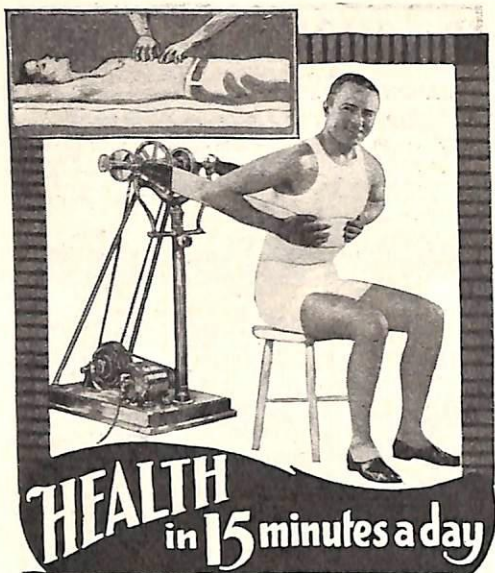
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POAUPER TO MILLIONAIRE AND BACK AGAIN [Continued from page 75]



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that the seats should be refinished in mahogany. When I arrived the work was not done and I howled dolefully. A force of painters went to work at once, but the stain dried with tantalizing slowness and it was with fear and trembling that I prepared for my opening with "Mme. Sans Gene." Tim Frawley played "Napoleon"; Mary Van Buren had the title rôle.

A huge crowd of summer garbed men and women streamed into the theater that night, and John W. Griffin, owner of the theater, and I stood in the lobby and said "All is well." The opening was a charming success, artistically as well as financially, and the crowd remained to applaud the players to the echo.

"Mme. Sans Gene" ran for several weeks, after which I produced my own play, "The Judge and Jury" which ran for five weeks to capacity business. So popular did the house become almost at once that I raised prices to a "top" of seventy-five cents without protest. My first individual production brought me a profit of \$7,000 and with it I resolved to invade New York. With the egotism of youth I refused to sell the play to Charles Frohman who wanted it, lock, stock and barrel. Walter Jordan, now manager of the National Theater, advised me to accept, but the best I could do was to dispose of a half interest.

The play was done at Wallack's Theater, Broadway and Thirtieth street. Charles Frohman and Al Hayman attended some of the rehearsals and demanded that I take out the "rough-house" scene in the first act in which cowboys put an eating place out of business.

I protested, insisting that the scene was true to life.

"Don't give 'em what is real," C. F. admonished me. "What they want is what appears to be real."

In another scene a crowd of hangers-on were to chase a "bad" woman out of town. To facilitate the action we had runways built and on the opening night a score of the "mob" slipped and were skidded out on to the stage! Just as the supernumeraries slipped and fell, so did the play! Two weeks later I turned back to Los Angeles, my play a "goner" and my Burbank profits dissipated.

My success in Los Angeles aroused the interest of Fred Belasco, brother of the "Great Man of Broadway." Fred resolved to have a finger in the financial pie and promptly arranged with "D. B." for the latter's productions for stock use. Several millionaires were interested with him, among them A. C. Jones and Ben Johnson. His manager was John Blackwood.

Equipped with surefire hits Fred got some of my company with offers of larger salaries. This opposition made it necessary for me to write my own plays, the second of which was "The Half-Breed." This was inspired by my leading woman, Blanche Hall, who formerly had lived in the Indian Territory. She had known a man, educated, well groomed and on the surface very much the gentleman, who at night was a gunman, cattle rustler, holdup man and generally the scourge of the countryside. I wrote the play around him and it ran for eight profitable weeks.

Next I wrote in collaboration with Harry C. Cottrell of San Francisco "The Society Pilot," which ran for ten weeks against the Belasco opposition supported by the wealthy "angels." Again funds were piling up, and I resolved to go to New York again and purchase rights to sufficient plays to make my position secure. The Shuberts sold me an option on all of their plays for \$5,000,

and the Frohmans gave me a similar right for \$7,500. Then I felt I was in the position of the bibulous mouse which squeaked: "Now, then, bring on your dad-blamed tomcat!"

The cat in this case was Fred Belasco and it did not take him many weeks to discover that there was little nourishment in fighting me. Canny, as always, he proposed a consolidation with construction of a Morosco Theater in Los Angeles. I was to have seventy percent of the stock, Fred and his associates the remainder. As I recall it, they sold their holdings within a few weeks. I took over the Belasco house and soon had it on its financial feet, giving me two winners in a city then of but 90,000 souls.

Mose and D. A. Hamburger, Los Angeles millionaires, learning of the proposed Morosco Theater, induced me to locate it on Broadway between Eighth and Ninth streets, almost on the fringe of the residence districts. We built an eight-story theater and studio building, giving over the top floor to a dramatic school which I directed with the aid of Hobart Bosworth. This, too, succeeded, and soon we had to import Frank Egan of Seattle to help with the work. Every dollar I made from all sources went into the building fund and to make new dollars grow for me, I took over the Los Angeles Theater, the Republic and a burlesque house on Main street. H. C. Wyatt, meanwhile, had built the Mason's Opera House.

Wyatt and I also ran the Casino Theater with Rice and Cady as the stars, after which I installed Kolb and Dill at the new Majestic where they started a run of successes past all of my expectations.

It will be seen that, for the moment, I "owned" Los Angeles from the theater standpoint. I had seven theaters under my direction, five of them big money-makers. The other two I eliminated.

In addition my fortunes were so flourishing that I had built a palatial three-story residence at 991 Elden avenue. It was a beauty, with large, lofty rooms, a garage for three cars, and all of the other appurtenances of wealth. The former Mrs. Morosco now owns and occupies this house.

Among the guests we entertained there were Margaret Illington and her husband, Major Edward Bowes. She appeared in "Kindling" under my direction after having divorced Daniel Frohman, erudite brother of "C. F." Major Bowes now operates the Capitol Motion Picture theater in New York and he and his charming wife have a superb estate at Ossining, N. Y.

It was about this time that I met Richard Walton Tully. He showed me the manuscript of a play, "The Bird of Paradise" and I agreed to produce it with Miss Illington as "Luana." Bowes read the play and demanded certain cuts. Financial interest in the play was divided among James Phelan of San Francisco, Claus Spreckels, one of the sugar millionaires, Tully and myself. James Neill was the director, a fine Southern gentleman, and I left for my hunting trip depending on him to soothe Tully's injured feelings over the cuts.

Two days later a messenger found me 8,000 feet up in the Tehachapi mountains and hurried me to a ranch telephone where Neill informed me he had not the courage to break the dreadful news to Tully! I said a few "bad words" and then instructed him to call a rehearsal for eight the next morning. Promptly on the hour, unshaved and still in hunting garb, I appeared and proceeded to whip the play into shape.

When we moved to Chicago Bessie Barriscale played "Luana." After a good run there we moved to New York with

Laurette Taylor in the leading rôle. The critics did a perfectly gorgeous job of butchery on our play.

But I tore a leaf from Morosco's book of expedients and gave confidential agents orders for two thousand seats for that night's performance. This made it necessary for the users to call at the box office for their seats and the treasurers made each wait a few extra seconds. As a result passers-by saw a huge line waiting for "The Bird of Paradise," to see the play the critics said was bad. Double lines extended along Broadway around Thirtieth street and into Sixth avenue, and to the south past Weber and Fields, and along Twenty-ninth street.

After that attendance picked up amazingly. New Yorkers always want to see the play they cannot get seats for. Later we moved to the Maxine Elliott Theater and ran for six profitable months. The run probably would have been longer but someone began writing "blackhand" letters to Miss Taylor and she demanded her release. We sent Blanche Hall to take the rôle, but New York would not countenance the substitution. Hartley Manners accompanied Laurette Taylor to Los Angeles and later became her husband after she had appeared in a revival of "The Seven Sisters." There must have been a spirit of romance about that play for it was during its run that I met and learned to love Selma Paley, a golden-voiced singer, though it was years before she learned of my affection.

"The Bird of Paradise" made me at least \$100,000 annually for a number of years. It mattered not who played "Luana" on the road; the crowds rushed to see the play. I cast Lenore Ulric, the great Belasco star of today, for the rôle, but her health broke down and she never appeared in it. Carlotta Monterey, once the wife of Ralph Barton, also was a "Luana."

During 1920 Tully offered me \$40,000 for my rights in the play. I felt it was due for a slump and when James Peede came in one day with the cash in his hand, I accepted.

MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 13]

"Exactly the idea that came to me, Larry!" "If Peter Buchanan can talk, Maida—if he can talk—don't you see? Then perhaps the truth of that old mystery may at last somehow be gotten out of him, and I—and I—"

"And you may at last be cleared, Larry!" "Have you heard whether he can speak?"

"No. He only reached Green Manors about an hour ago. Dr. Grayson had him brought out from New York in a motor ambulance."

"Maida, let's go straight there!"

"Of course we'll go; that's why I came for you. I met father and Beatrice out riding on my way to meet you, and I told them the news. Naturally they'll be eager to know the truth about Peter's condition. After all, father is almost Peter's brother. And Beatrice was once his wife; and though they didn't make a go of their marriage, I don't believe Peter was ever hard with her."

That implied defense of Buchanan awoke an ancient jealousy in the hot-tempered Larry.

"In spite of all that's happened, Maida, I think at bottom you're really more than half in love with Peter Buchanan!"

"Don't be silly, Larry," she chided him gently, her fine grey eyes giving him a swift glance. "I can't help feeling sorry for Peter—and as for my liking him a bit, why not? He's my uncle, isn't he?"

"You may call him that—but there's not one drop of blood kinship between you! And for an uncle, Peter Buchanan is not so very old—not more than thirty-eight or

We opened at Rochester with "The Bird of Paradise" on its road tour and I left for New York that night. During the matinee Laurette had asked me to read a play Hartley Manners had written, but I refused definitely until the road tour of "The Bird of Paradise" was put over.

Two days later I encountered Manners in the station as I was ready to depart for Rochester. He asked if he might join me and I responded that I would be pleased, on condition that he should not mention his new play to me. He assented—and lived up to his promise. Soon he announced his intention of retiring, but as he departed he said with great seeming innocence:

"If you run out of reading matter you'll find some interesting things in my grip."

"I quite imagine so—and that's without thanks for the tip," I replied sarcastically, fully aware of his stratagem.

The hours passed. I read the papers, progressed through the time table and then resolved to seek through Manners' grip for a book. He had seen to that, however, and finally I took out the despised manuscript and began glancing over it.

Two hours later at the Schenectady station I awakened Manners, crammed \$500 in bills into his hands, gave him my fountain pen and had him sign a memorandum of agreement which gave me the rights to "Peg O' My Heart." He signed the document, yawned, folded the bills and then fell asleep again with the money loosely clutched in his fingers.

This little transaction, in which boredom and luck had their part, netted me more than a million dollars in the next few years. Likewise it raised Laurette Taylor to real stardom.

In the June issue Oliver Morosco continues his life-story and reminiscences about some famous stage stars of today when they were in the making. Read "Pauper to Millionaire and Back Again," in June.



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MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 77]

who had just stepped from their car, saw the young pair and paused to await them. And even in that moment of high suspense Larry Kane was struck, as he always was at sight of them, by the perfectly matched aristocracy of these two. Arnoldo Dodge was tall and strikingly handsome, and had the leanness and litherness which some few rare men manage to carry into their middle forties and thereby achieve the effect of a vivid youth that has changed only in taking on dignity and authority.

Beatrice Dodge, only seven years older than her stepdaughter, was tall even beside her tall husband. Figure and dark face required no aid to artifice, and yet upon her artifice had wrought with its all of smart sophistication. Always self-possessed, always coolly graceful and distantly gracious, never emotional, she inevitably recalled, to such as had heard them, the wry phrases in which Peter Buchanan had summarized his former wife—"iced elegance"—"pearls and black velvet"—"the frozen duchess."

"I suppose you two have also come to see how my brother is," remarked Mr. Dodge as the young pair came up.

"Yes, Mr. Dodge," said Larry. "You know what a tremendous lot it may mean to me if Mr. Buchanan has recovered enough to talk."

"Certainly I know, Larry."

THEY mounted the porch of the bungalow, and Mr. Dodge knocked at the door. Dr. Grayson himself answered, a grey-bearded man in his sixties, who looked the distinguished figure that he was, and sharply glanced them over with his autocratic eyes. He had known them and been their summer neighbor almost all their lives.

"Hello—Peter Buchanan's whole damned family!" he exclaimed with the ironic brusqueness that could not be resented in one so famous and so independent.

"Naturally we were all eager to know just how Peter is," responded Mr. Dodge. "How is he, Dr. Grayson?"

"You may see that for yourselves. I'll let you all see him—but only this once."

Dr. Grayson led them across the living-room, scene of the old tragedy, and through a door that opened directly off it. The four visitors found themselves in a bedroom as clean and starkly bare as a hospital room; on the iron hospital bed was a sheeted figure of which nothing showed except the face. There was a moment of breathless quiet while all gazed down at the too famous Peter Buchanan.

Nothing in that pallid, marble-like face seemed to live except the dull brown eyes; they were piercingly watchful, but otherwise they might have been the eyes of anyone, they were so lacking in individuality. His hair was lank and of a dingy, almost neutral yellow, and eyebrows and eyelashes were of so neutral a color that he gave the effect of not having them. The face was singularly unprepossessing with ears that stood out grotesquely, with a pendulous, bulbous nose.

From that face Larry's eyes went swiftly to a picture he had noted in a silver frame on the bureau at the head of the bed. This was a full length autographed photograph of Peter Buchanan as he had been before he had gone to prison. It showed a body presumably under medium height, fat and dumpy—expensively but slovenly dressed, for no tailor could hope to turn Peter Buchanan into a figure of smartness. The photograph inevitably suggested a heavy lack of all the graces, of all adroitness of body and aptness of tongue, which count so much in the winning and holding of the favor of women.

"Dr. Grayson," Larry choked out with

husky eagerness, "would you mind stepping into the next room with me for just a moment. There's something—something I want to ask—"

"If it's about Peter, ask it right here," broke in Dr. Grayson. "Peter knows his condition, he's accustomed to hearing himself talked about. What do you want to know, Kane?"

"Doctor—has he—has he regained his power of speech?"

"He has not, Kane. And I think there is small chance that he ever will."

"But—but," persisted Larry desperately, "can't he say things in other ways?"

"He can't move so much as a finger."

Larry turned slowly upon Maida. Their soaring hope, with its so many aspects, had that instant crashed to its swift finish.

"Pardon me, Doctor Grayson," spoke up Dodge, "but if you do not expect my brother to improve, then I do not understand why you removed him from a well-equipped hospital to this cottage."

"When I said I did not expect Peter Buchanan to improve, I did not say that I did not hope that he will improve," replied the brusque specialist. "I do so hope, and I believe in giving every patient every chance, even when it's a small chance. I believe Peter has a better chance in the quiet and fresh air of the country than in the hot and noisy place that every city hospital becomes in summer months."

"Pardon again, doctor—but how is Peter going to be cared for here?"

"I'll be seeing him daily, and he will be under the constant care of Jackson, my best and most trustworthy male nurse. Jackson is also a first-class cook. Peter's old confidential secretary, Jennings, makes up the rest of the establishment."

"Jennings here!" exclaimed Dodge.

"Naturally. You know how devoted Jennings has always been to Peter. I saw you looking at that old photograph of Buchanan, Kane; that's Jennings' picture, and it always goes with him. He's seen something in Buchanan, even if the rest of us have not."

"Hunchbacks often have such dog-like devotion," Dodge remarked. "Pardon me once more, doctor, but just what is his present condition?"

"ALMOST exactly what it has been from the start. Peter is physically helpless, but he understands everything and his brain is as good as it ever was."

"As good as ever, and yet dead," breathed Arnoldo Dodge. "The living dead man!"

"I'm really very sorry, Peter," put in the cool even voice of Beatrice Dodge.

The living dead man could respond to this only with a drab stare at his one-time wife.

"Doctor Grayson, how long do you think Peter may be like this?" she asked.

"Perhaps for thirty years or more. And then he may go any day. But not from his present condition. His immediate danger is something else; and he's well acquainted with this new danger."

"His new danger?" exclaimed Mr. Dodge.

"I don't need to remind you that the thing that sent Peter to Sing Sing was a blackmail charge. We all know that Peter is reported to have made, in the course of his law practice, the greatest documentary collection of family skeletons in New York City. There are many persons who fear Peter may recover and revenge himself by making devastating use of these old skeletons. There have been threats, and I believe there will be attempts to take his life to prevent any such activity on his part."

Near the foot of the bed stood a large

steel filing cabinet with heavy locks securing each drawer.

"Is that Peter's 'Scandal Chest' that the newspapers have written so much about?" asked Mr. Dodge.

"I believe it is," Dr. Grayson replied indifferently. "Jennings insisted on bringing it along. He said Peter had always had it in his own room, and rested easiest when it was before his eyes."

Dr. Grayson's manner again became brusque, autocratic. "You have seen all there is to see about Peter, and I have told you all there is to tell. But does any of you wish to ask anything else before you leave?"

"Not—not I," hopelessly answered Larry Kane. The others said nothing.

"Then I am going to presume that no one of you will have any reason to wish to see my patient again," continued the bedside autocrat. "It will do you no good to have such a wish, for it is my order that no one is to see him after today. Peter Buchanan must have absolute quiet; if necessary I shall establish a guard about the house; he must be disturbed by no one. That is," Dr. Grayson amended, "by no one except his friend, Mr. Delacroix."

"Mr. Delacroix?" queried Dodge. "What Delacroix is he?"

"He and Peter were interested together in a big rubber proposition in Brazil, and they were the best of friends."

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"Delacroix is also a patient of mine," continued Dr. Grayson. "I have taken the adjoining cottage for him, and shall move him out in a few weeks so he can be near his old friend. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to wish you all good afternoon."

"Good-by, Peter," said the cool, poised voice of Beatrice Dodge, pausing at the door. "I really am very sorry—and I really do hope you get better. Good-by."

For a moment the dull brown eyes of the living dead man and the coldly brilliant eyes of Beatrice Dodge held each other.

Dodge had lingered behind the others.

"Doctor Grayson, could I remain with my brother a few moments longer—and alone?"

"All right. But not for more than a minute," Dr. Grayson went out.

The two brothers, who had been so much in the public eye, who by their contrast in person and career had pointed so many morals and adorned so many tales, were once more alone and face to face. The tall, straight, handsome brother smiled down at the ugly face upon the pillow, and his smile slowly grew into one of taunting satisfaction.

"So this is your finish, Little Gargoyle—your final finish!" he murmured softly. Little Gargoyle had been Arnoldo Dodge's very private nickname for his younger step-brother since their nursery days, the nickname that had always made Peter writhe.

"Something over three years ago, Peter," he continued in his tone of mocking solicitude behind which was the grimmest malevolence, "you lost your head and swore you were going to start something. Something by which you would at last beat me out. You don't look any too active this afternoon, Little Gargoyle—and so I beg to inquire just when do you expect to begin?"

The drab brown eyes in the death's mask of a face gazed impotently up at the smiling brother.

With his low taunting laugh the older brother turned away and passed out. For a moment after the door closed there was silence and no motion in the room. Then the man's head rose cautiously from the pillow, and the death's mask of a face became alive with concentrated listening. Then the bed clothing was flung aside, and Peter Buchanan slipped to the floor in his

bare feet. His grotesque face was now twisted with rage, long repressed, and one clenched hand shook at the door through which Dodge had just gone.

"I've already begun, Arnoldo Dodge!" he cried in a fierce exultant whisper. "Just now—before your own eyes—I've already begun!"

When Dr. Grayson re-entered the bedroom and found his grotesque patient standing enraged in the middle of the floor, he showed no surprise at the amazingly swift cure of his paralytic.

"I knew Dodge had his reason for wanting to see you alone—what was it, Peter?"

"He stayed behind to rub it in—to taunt me—to gloat over my helplessness!" cried Peter.

"Don't let that make you mad—since we wanted to stage just such a scene with the purpose of driving home the idea that you are permanently helpless."

But Peter's rage was not to be so easily quieted. "For thirty-five years Arnoldo Dodge has been rubbing it in!" the pent-up bitterness of a whole life poured volcanically from him. "And to think that until I was past twenty I worshipped him, I was his dog. Because he was handsome—graceful—popular with men—easily won the favor of women—because he had everything I didn't have, and everything I wanted! And always he hated me, made fun of me; and if I tried to get a thing, that was always his signal to make certain I didn't get it. He took Maida's mother away from me; I don't think he really ever cared for her. And he took Beatrice away from me; I know it was his irresistible way with women that induced her to divorce me. He's had everything—I nothing!"

"My bad reputation is due to Arnoldo's work," Peter raged on. "Certainly he was behind that blackmail trap into which I stepped so blindly. Doctor, except for his shell, his manners, Arnoldo Dodge doesn't belong to the twentieth century. In spirit he's a throwback! It's that Italian blood of his; he belongs to the fifteenth century; he's handsome, clever, diabolical Cesare Borgia in the make-up of today!"

"Listen, Peter—isn't your condition partly your own fault, and partly your imagination?" inquired Dr. Grayson. "You let Arnoldo build up in you an overwhelming inferiority complex."

"But, damn him—I'm now free forever from that inferiority complex he forced on me!" Peter cried pantingly, his gargoyle of a face tense with grim inflamed purpose. "From now on I'm the one who'll dominate!"

"You really think you can act well enough to put through the rest of your plan?"

"If I was actor enough to play the helpless paralytic for nine months after you had cured me, then everything that follows ought to be easy! And I think the way I stood up under your hellish program of dieting and exercise is proof that I'll certainly stick the whole thing out!"

With an impatient hand he jerked the sheet-like nightgown loose from its single button and tossed it aside.

The naked figure was as lean and lithe as a lightweight fighter's; and no longer did it seem insignificantly short, for its proportions were perfect and it now had grace, resilience.

"That forty pounds we took off has certainly made a world of difference," approved Dr. Grayson, eyeing his product critically. "And dancing an hour a day with my daughter, who is certainly some dancer, couldn't but give a very different bearing to a man who had never danced before." He picked up the silver-mounted photograph on the bureau and studied it. "Clever idea, Peter, planting this picture where they all saw it, and thus freshly fixing in their minds the image of the dumpy

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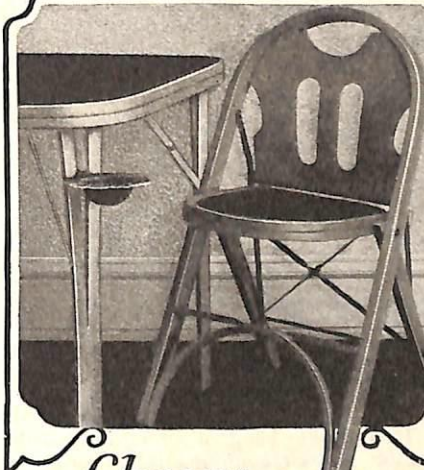


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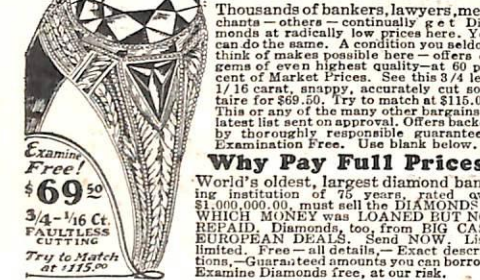


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MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 79]

unattractive Peter Buchanan they knew." "And my face will be nothing like my face as their minds all see it—not when you have finished your job upon it!" Peter exclaimed, feverishly looking into the future. "When Peter Buchanan is officially dead and officially buried—and when as the dark stranger, the debonair, intriguing Henry Delacroix, I come upon the scene, there'll not be a soul who'll suspect, and then you'll see how I'll put my whole plan across!"

"I've got to keep on saying, Peter, that your idea of sloughing off one identity and putting on a new identity strikes me as mighty old stuff. The craziest kind of crazy melodrama."

"You know very well that during the three years I lay on my back, I thought of nothing else but the mystery of the murders in that next room. And after over three years of such thinking I see my plan as the one possible plan by which I can hope to solve that mystery."

"You know very well what would happen to me if I tried to do anything in the identity of Peter Buchanan! I don't know who shot me up three years ago, but I'm certain it was no bandit or bandits. That robbery was camouflage; the motive was my murder, my elimination, and in the opinion of the person or persons who made that attempt, I'm at present the same as dead. But if it were suspected that Peter Buchanan had recovered, he would not be allowed to live a week. So my one chance of life, absolutely my only chance, has been and still is to pretend to be a paralytic until all preparations have been completed for me to be buried and for me to walk into this mystery as Henry Delacroix."

"That scandal chest will explain everything," Peter grinned at the steel filing cabinet. "It was a good job that was done, working that empty fake up into the black menace it is. When I'm murdered that rifled cabinet is the obvious motive that everyone will accept and believe."

His slender figure was now a trembling flame of anticipation. "And doctor," he panted in fierce intensity, "and, doctor—once I'm established in Green Manors as Henry Delacroix—with Peter Buchanan buried, and everyone who feared him feeling safe and off their guard—then at last the way will be cleared for my solving that old mystery, and I'm going to solve it!"

"And whom do you think you are going to prove to be the murderer?"

"I'm not saying now; I'll let the facts answer that question! There are half a dozen suspects, and I'll overlook none. But that old sensational story of guilty love, I've told you a hundred times that that's all bunk—a frame-up to divert suspicion from the real motive and from the real criminal! I once loved Laura Dodge, and I know it simply was not in her nature to become involved in any such affair. If I'm right, doctor, the unknown figure behind this mystery is diabolically clever—and so ruthless that, to gain his ends, it counts as nothing if he destroys a woman's name!"

"This isn't the first time you've hinted big at your brother."

"Why not?—since he's the one possibility that's never been adequately investigated!" Peter exclaimed fiercely. "And if any such suspicions are true, there's no telling—there's no telling how Beatrice may be mixed up in it all. At the least she—my own wife—might have been the motive behind the crime. Certainly the signs point to such a possibility—her divorcing me—her prompt marriage to Arnoldo."

"Perhaps—and again perhaps not," said Dr. Grayson. "I've studied you all, and I'll admit that Beatrice is one woman I have never been able to make out."

"If she's in it with guilty knowledge I'm sure Arnoldo led her in!"

"And Arnoldo is the one you're after—for that and a dozen other scores." Doctor Grayson slowly shook his white head. "Peter, if he's the unknown villain, you could not be bucking a more dangerous enemy—keen, subtle, swift. And all your established mental and nervous habits will be against you, for he always has licked you, you always have admitted to yourself in advance that he could lick you."

"But this will be a different Peter Buchanan who will face him!" Peter cried.

"New!" he repeated, as though it were the key-note to a new thought. He turned to a full-length mirror that was set in the wall and with hot eyes studied his ill-favored features. An infinite yearning fairly reached forth from that face. "New!" he breathed pantingly, in almost tremulous awe. "Doctor—I'm to be young—handsome! I'm to have youth, and youth's charm and graces! I've been a joke, a jest—but at last I'm going to have my chance at all the things in life my heart has always wanted!"

"Are you still set in your idea about Maida, Peter?" Dr. Grayson asked softly.

"Yes! Why not? I lost out with Laura—I lost out with Beatrice! Haven't I the right to some love in my life, if I can win it? And I love Maida! If I clear up this mystery, and so clear my name, is there any reason why I should not marry Maida?"

"None if you can make her care more for you than she seems to care for Larry Kane."

"I'll make her care! I've got more to give her—a better brain, more culture, more experience with life, more of everything with which to feed her soul, her happiness."

"Delacroix's appearance in Green Manors is some six or eight weeks off," Dr. Grayson reminded him. "There's a lot to be done in that time, and you can't begin your siege of Maida or begin your investigation of the mystery until after you have become Delacroix. I'm not going to be responsible for any unnecessary hoax about Peter Buchanan; so Peter Buchanan's murder and burial are postponed until after you have established yourself as Delacroix. Everything in the future depends on that. Are you going to be able to put yourself across as Henry Delacroix?"

"I've got to!"

"Don't be too sure. Beatrice and Arnoldo are both very keen. As soon as you have become Delacroix, before anything else is done, you must be put to the supreme test."

"What test?"

"The test of Beatrice and Arnoldo. If you make good with them, you can probably make good with anyone. If you fail with them, our plan ends right there. So our next big thing is that test."

"And if I pass the test?"

"Then you can go ahead with all your plans."

Peter's body tensed with the fierceness of the vast determination with which he sought to dominate his suspense over that expected meeting.

"Oh, I'll put myself across!" he breathed as though crying out the orders to his will.

"I'll put myself across! Don't fear—I'll put myself across!"

[To be continued]

In the next instalment of "Mystery House," Peter Buchanan, rejuvenated by science beyond recognition, must now face the dangerous situation of making his worst enemy accept him as the stranger, Henry Delacroix. Read "Mystery House" in the June issue.

SLOT MACHINE EDUCATION

[Continued from page 27]

qualms of conscience. And it is then that they seek the Dean's office of a college or university, as the sinner seeks the confessional.

The college cannot stop to meet elementary demands; it cannot take the time to teach a man to read and write and spell; it cannot give the emigrant the a-b-c of citizenship, by which he hopes to be assimilated. Nor can the college descend from its academic position of requiring that students seeking its guidance should have had a stated amount of fundamental training before coming under its liberalizing influence or under its special training. Even the Schools of Business insist upon an educational background. The little brick school-house is therefore still the keystone to the situation. But nonetheless the Dean of the College is confronted by the grown man and listens to his tragedy.

One day there came to college a bright, eager young man who told his story appealingly. He had started in a factory and step by step had mastered the details of the automobile trade. He had risen rapidly to a position of responsible trust, and now his corporation desired him to become the head of one of their important branch offices. What should he do? He did not know how to dictate a letter; he could not read fluently; his grammar was uncertain. Yet to all outward appearances he was prosperous. He was willing to pay. It was only time that counted now. He had just two months in which to fit himself for the job. Would they help him? He wept in the Dean's office. This was no case for the college, but for the special instructor.

Another moment in a Dean's office. At this door a limousine with a chauffeur. Before his desk a top-hatted, cutaway-coated gentleman, his gloved hand holding a silver topped cane. From the ranks he had risen and was a designer of motors for high priced cars. His fame was widespread and year by year he was coming in contact with an everwidening circle of culture. He was going abroad and meeting men of distinction who were asking him to their homes where social amenities had to be faced in the drawing-room and at the dinner table. And he was shivering for fear of discovery behind the efficiency of a capable secretary who corrected his English, wrote his letters in formal spelling and gave to his office a touch of refinement and ease. He had all the money he needed; he could pay liberally for the veneer he sought: he was financially capable of establishing a chair of anything in the college—if only the college would make a cultured man of him.

Students, aged fifty and sixty, are in the

classroom. The woman who orders chops for dinner, the boarding-house keeper who desires to solve problems of economy, the scenario writer—they too are in the classroom or are "listening in." So this is education!

Business shows a vast interest in the university's effort to aid it. Business sends its experts to the college lecture platform to demonstrate to the student how necessary are the very things of the classroom for the affairs of life. Business contributes money to education for it realizes that special training, such as is given in the schools of business, in the laboratories, in extension courses, in the long run saves money. Business invites the college to come into its stores and give courses to those behind the counter, instruction so to speak before the counter. Business heretofore had to pay heavily in time wasted, in inadequacy, until experience made the clerks proficient.

SO THIS is education! The janitor working for a certificate—an incipient bachelor of conservation. The fact that an apartment house owner wants his janitor to take such a course is significant. So this is education! The college writes its graduate body telling them the newest books to read in their particular profession or interest. College laboratories send their men to laboratories owned by corporations. The Bell Telephone Company, the DuPont factories maintain corps of workers. The trained mind is required to run the world. Never before has business been so scientifically founded.

Every activity in human life today has an economic foundation, requires a social sympathy. The art of the theater, the field of the church, the profession of letters, the organization of libraries and schools—all involve a matter of economic understanding. Even the home rests upon the proper adjustment of the home community. Give one a sure training in the three Rs, with a mind aware of the processes of correct thinking, which assures the proper correlating of facts clearly seen, give one a knowledge of economics (which involves a survey of history) and one has an excellent armor with which to face the emergency, to confront the obligation. With such equipment, no matter how much of a business man he may be, one is on the road toward a liberal education. Instead of being antagonistic, adult and adolescent education are each a part of the same thing—they both face the same goal: to extend human understanding through the liberalizing of a well-trained mind.

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[Continued on page 82]

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A few leather-bound copies of the first volume of *The Shrine Magazine*—May, 1926, to December, 1926—remain in stock. The price is \$6.00—Send your order now.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN [Continued from page 39]

appeals to her father, a kindly, philosophic man.

Mr. Halevy (FREDERICK PERRY)—I was a good boy, Bobby. I married young and brought up two lovely children. I can't say I regret it, but there are moments when it appears to me that Don Juan and Casanova chose the better part . . . don't ask me to talk seriously on this topic, my dear. After all, I'm your father and I know my duty . . . Marriage is no love affair . . . It's a house and bills and dishpans.

And then there is that matter of an I. O. U. which had been given Rims at a card game and mislaid by him, only to be found unhappily by Bobby. That doesn't help matters much.

Later on, when they are alone and when another storm has been narrowly averted the little O'Neills cling to each other.

Rims—You know dam well I'm crazy about you. But, hell, the way everything gets blooey.

This, obviously, is the moment to try the trump card—to broach the subject of that little child who is supposed to harmonize all discords.

Rims—Good God, girl! I guess we've got trouble enough—you think I want to join the chain gang? A baby! . . .

Bobby—No, I can't do it! I can't go through with it! . . .

Bobby plunges into an orgy of truth. This isn't the first time she has tried to trick him. She tricked him into marrying her. The boy burns with anger.

Bobby—I guess I know when I've had enough!

Rims—You mean you're leaving me? All right. Suits me . . .

With their blundering hearts in tatters, the two youngsters fling themselves separately out into the night.

Mrs. Gorlik (BEULAH BONDI) keeps a "perfectly respectable" lodging house. You could tell that by looking at her. It is in her grim mansion that Bobby takes refuge after she had fled from her husband and gone back to work for Mr. Mengle. It is, likewise, to Mrs. Gorlik's that Rims comes seeking her.

Enter Mr. Mengle's chauffeur with a box

for Bobby. It looks like flowers and Rims is frantic with jealousy. Instead, however, the box contains a bolt for Bobby's door. A sort of clumsy Mengle joke—he had come to see her last night and the landlady, looking upon him with suspicion, had kept opening the door all the time—Bobby supposes he thought it would be funny . . .

Rims—Listen dear—that house of ours. It isn't a bad little house . . .

Bobby—Oh, I wonder if I can tell you. What we wanted was a love affair, wasn't it? Just to be together and let the rest go hang—and what we got was a house and bills and general hell. Do you know what I think a love affair is, Rims? It's when the whole world is trying to keep two people apart—and they insist on being together. And when they get married the whole world pushes them together so they just naturally fly apart. I want my love affair back. I want hurried kisses and clandestine meetings, and a secret lover . . .

It is ten o'clock. Mrs. Gorlik arrives to call attention to the fact that no gentlemen callers may remain after that hour. Rims has to leave.

Rims—Are we going to get a divorce? Bobby—If you like.

Rims—Will you marry me again if we do? Bobby—Oh, Rims, you are a darling!

Would you do it all over again?

Rims—Sure I would.

He goes, and Bobby, left alone with her struggle, throws herself across the bed, sobbing. She doesn't see the window (which gives upon a fire-escape) raised gently from the outside. She doesn't see Rims sneak back into the room—like the secret lover she yearns for. He tiptoes across and picks up Mengle's bolt. He begins to fasten it to the door. The noise arouses Bobby.

Bobby—Oh, Rims! Rims—Bring the screw-driver, will you, dear?

Will she! And so, with the whole world—in the person of the horrible Mrs. Gorlik—trying to keep them apart, Bobby and Rims find themselves lovers once again, with all the old, mysterious passion binding them together.

SALARY WAS NO OBJECT [Continued from page 33]

should be run he said "Yes" promptly and in less than one year was turning out forty-five instead of twenty organs in the same space and with the same men. His pay was therefore increased, by \$.50 a day!

"After I had been in one piano and organ factory for nearly twenty years," he says, "and had risen to be superintendent at \$2,400, I decided to quit and manufacture piano players on my own."

"The player piano, then in its first vogue, was beginning to popularize the piano, but had its limitations. I believed I could produce a 'registering' piano on which the veriest tyro could easily express himself."

Gulbransen bought a second-hand piano small enough to go into a workshop in the basement of his modest home. In that basement and on that instrument he developed a mechanism which had the desired ease of action combined with individual registration of the music played. His first "home-made" player worked so well that business associates and other friends added to his little hoard until with \$8,000 capital he began the manufacture of his novel mechanism, to be placed in pianos of various makes.

He moved his infant industry to Chicago, center of the piano trade. The hopeful patentee and one very young assistant started factory operations in a loft overlooking Union Park Court. The first Gulbransen registering mechanism, fitted into an attractive stock piano case, was adopted so readily by piano dealers that in ten years the Gulbransen Company was occupying a six-story building overlooking the same Union Park Court.

"Early in the game I learned that the mouse trap idea so generally credited to Ralph Waldo Emerson has its weak points. It's a fine thing to build a bang-up mouse trap, but the world will not build a path to your factory unless you tell the world about your product. I didn't have as much money as I have now but I put a chunk of it into advertising. That turned the trick."

"There is no limit to the amount of good music that can reach American families," he says, "and I am grateful that I have been permitted to help smooth the way. But I couldn't have done my bit toward smoothing it if I had bothered about my early pay envelopes."

UNIFORMED BODIES

Dr. E. W. Spottswood of Missoula, Mont., Potentate of Algeria, Helena, showed his appreciation of a snappy Patrol by presenting it with a new silk banner, preceding its recent Ceremonial.

The Grays Harbor Patrol made its first appearance in uniform at the fall ceremonial of Afñi, Tacoma, Wash. Patrols from other parts of the Afñi district also paraded.

Aleppo Temple Band, helped the Elks celebrate the opening of their new club building in Boston, leading the parade.

SHRINE CLUBS

Tripoli Country Club, Milwaukee, will be served by the following officers for the ensuing year: Walter H. Tompkins, President; Henry F. Vogt, Vice-President; Frank M. Weinhold, Treasurer; Harry R. Crandall, Secretary; and Julius J. Goetz, Earl Johnson, Chas. W. Brew and Thos. E. Barnum for the three year directorate term. The big social affair of the Country Club season was the first annual reunion and dinner of the Duck Club. This was composed of 25 members who, at the beginning of the season, had contributed \$5.00 each to stock the waters of the links with enough wild ducks to make the course more picturesque. They were called together by Noble Julius J. Goetz to consume "duck," grown choicely large and tasty in the interval. Each member was given the privilege of inviting enough guests to be certain of a clean platter.

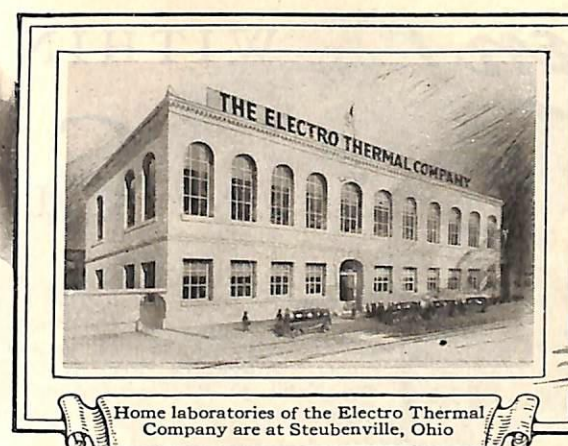
The Valley Shrine Club of Houston, Tex., is laboring for the establishment of a new temple in that territory. It has 340 members and has given numerous social entertainments. The Hidalgo County Shrine Club is for the members of that county. Mercedes has a club of its own. In addition to the Shrine Clubs there are the Brownsville Scottish Rite Club and the Trowel Club in the valley of the Rio Grande.

The Atlantic City Shrine club has a valuable co-worker in Ashia Gammia, a woman's organization, formed to aid the club in its social and philanthropic work. One crippled child is already on the road to recovery at the expense of this organization, and in June next Ashia Gammia will be found actively promoting the enjoyment of the ladies attending upon the Imperial Council meeting.

The Johnson City Shrine Club, connected with Kerbel Temple of Knoxville, has a Boot and Brace club which supplies funds for traveling to children from that jurisdiction. The Rotary Club has contributed \$347.56 and the Kiwanis Club \$18.50, the balance of the fund being made up by individual contributions on the part of Shrine members, the total for the year to date being \$476.06.

Minot Shrine Club, N. D., presented on the occasion of the recent Ceremonial held at that place, to Potentate and Mrs. A. V. Haig, Kem, Grand Forks, a beautiful silver service.

[Continued on page 86]



Offices are also maintained at Los Angeles, Calif., for Western patrons. European headquarters have recently been established at London, England.

FOR MEN PAST 40 This New Home Hygiene!

AN AMERICAN scientist has made a discovery that touches the very keynote of health, vigor, and welfare of men past 40. He has found a simple home treatment for prostate gland trouble.

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Without medicine, surgery, violet rays or trick treatments, he has found a way to directly stimulate the prostate gland—often driving out the congestion and making it function its normal way. So great has been the success of this treatment that an organization has been established to furnish it to the millions of men who are in need of it.

2 Out of 3 Men

Are you one of the 2 out of 3 men who have prostate trouble at a certain age, according to many medical authorities. Many are victims without knowing. Very often such con-

ditions as sciatica, aches in back, feet and legs, frequent nightly risings, chronic fatigue, depression and weakness are symptoms.

FREE Book

This institution has published a little book, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40" which reveals amazing facts about old age. If you suffer with prostate trouble, it may be a godsend to you. While the edition lasts it will be mailed Free. Don't go on with conditions that may lead to surgery—or that takes the pep, energy and joy of living out of life. Mail the coupon below immediately to

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600,000,000 blades were bought—and thrown away—last year. Did you use the same blades over and over again? Robert H. Ingersoll of Dollar Watch fame, offers an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of used blades. Makes every blade good for 100 to 300 perfect shaves.

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automatically brings the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strip at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. Over 1,000,000 sold within a single year.

Ten Days' FREE TRIAL Prove the Ingersoll Strop is all we claim. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it ten days. Your money back at once, if not completely satisfied. Write at once, mentioning make of razor you use. **ROBERT INGERSOLL, Inc.** Dept. 855 476 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanishes in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

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Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 1205 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

[Continued from page 85]

Allegan, Mich., Shrine club met at the Otwelligan Country Club, thirty members and their ladies being in attendance. Turkey was the main subject for discussion at the dinner. Afterwards, Rev. Wm. Gallagher and Noble F. R. Brown made addresses. Dancing and cards filled in the evening.

The Great Falls, Montana, Shrine Club is working to bring Algeria, of Helena, to that city for a Ceremonial in June.

The Fremont, Courty Shrine club apparently has a full treasury or did have. The members were served a turkey dinner recently.

The Kismet Glee club, Brooklyn, varied the program at its second annual dinner and dance with selections by the Glee club, community singing by the crowd and several musical solo numbers.

John Berent is the president and Roy J. Chase secretary of the newly formed Lockport, N. Y., Shrine club.

El Zagal Nobles, Fargo, N. D., have organized a booster luncheon club at the instigation of Potentate A. J. Stephens.

Orlando, Fla., Shrine club took West Palm Beach by storm recently, descending on the coast city in a large bus and many private automobiles. A move was started to organize a new temple in central Florida.

Aimee Semple McPherson was a speaker at a recent meeting of the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine club.

The Helena, Ark., Shrine club sent 100 members in a special train to the recent ceremonial of Al Chymia, Memphis, Tenn.

A "hick" dance was the novel affair enjoyed by the Huntington, Calif., Shrine club recently.

With a PERSONAL TINGE

Noble F. W. Bainbridge, Medinah, Chicago, is happiest when in charge of the distribution of gifts and candy to the children of the members of the Edison Club. The event occurs annually and more than 10,000 pounds of candy and an equal number of gifts are distributed, Medinah Mosque being the scene of activity.

Noble George Hull Porter, Medinah, Chicago, died suddenly of acute indigestion recently. Noble Porter was the son of Past Potentate James W. Porter, Pyramid, Bridgeport.

Charles J. Geohagan is serving his twenty-seventh year as recorder of Zamora, Birmingham, Ala.

Potentate Francis H. Appleton of Aleppo was host at the Engineers' Pittsburgh Deputy club, Boston, to Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown, and Noble Alex Gilliland and Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar of Providence. The visiting Nobles had come to pay their respects to the Imperial Recorder, Benjamin W. Rowell, of Lynn, Mass., who has been ill for some time. Treasurer Brown and Recorder Rowell have been associated together in office for 32 years.

Noble Wm. B. Heston, organizer and leader of the justly famed Aladdin Band of Columbus, Ohio, died following an illness which developed while Noble Heston was leading the band in the first of the two big parades held in Philadelphia last June. Noble Heston had the honor of leading the only Shrine Band which was accorded the privilege of directing a concert in the White House grounds, in honor of President and Mrs. Harding. Noble Heston was a member of the Columbus City Council, and head of a large real estate business.

Noble Allen S. Boyd, Abou Saad, Canal Zone, known as the Mayor of Pedro Miguel, was instantly killed by the explosion of ten pounds of dynamite which he was carrying in a jitney to a gang of convicts doing road work in the zone. Noble Boyd has been Treasurer of Canal Zone Lodge and all the York bodies for the past ten years, and of Abou Saad Temple since its institution. He was a delegate from the Canal Zone to the Democratic National Convention in 1924.

Four former Potentates of Zuhrah Temple and four 33rd degree Scottish Rite Masons were honorary pallbearers at the funeral of John S. Dodge of Minneapolis, who had been head miller of a large milling company for nearly fifty years. The Past Potentates were Charles E. Owenshire, Past Imperial Potentate; George W. Critten, James F. Ellis and A. M. Chesher. The honorary 33rds were T. V. Adams, F. O. DeGroff and Louis Kopfmann.

A claim to be the youngest Shriner in the United States is made by Lee H. Shank of Grand Rapids, Mich. He became 21 years old July 3, 1926, and is a student at Junior college. He received the 32nd degree November 11th and crossed the desert in Saladin Temple November 22nd.

James A. Gunn, Jr., a member of Melha Temple, Springfield, is the new Grand Commander of Massachusetts and Rhode Island Knights Templar.

Judge Albert S. J. Owens, who has trod the desert, has been elected to the Supreme court of Maryland, after two unsuccessful trials at the polls. He has been a member of the judicial council of Maryland.

Bishop Charles E. Locke, of the Methodist Conference, made a Shriner in the Philippines, is now a member of Osman Temple, St. Paul.

Pat Collins, catcher for the New York Yankees, had it handed to him in the recent Ceremonial of Abdallah, Leavenworth. He is a resident of Kansas City, Kan.

Director Bennett, Tripoli, Milwaukee, celebrated his golden jubilee at the winter ceremonial of that Temple, it being the 50th ceremonial session in which he had taken an active part.

[See Hospital Notes on page 87]

HOSPITAL NOTES

Osman Woman's Auxiliary, St. Paul, claims credit for the first Girl Scout organization, which has been in operation now for nearly a year, under the direction of Mrs. Marion Gooch Ames, daughter of Treasurer Charles Gooch, Osman. The auxiliary also added \$200 worth of selected books to the library, which they feel is now the most complete at any unit.

Acca, Richmond, has inaugurated a temporary hospital service at the Sheltering Arms, pending the establishment of the unit assigned to that city. Already 120 children have been cared for by Dr. Thomas Wheelodon and eighteen, who were totally disabled when first taken in charge, are now able to care for themselves, with or without braces or crutches. One particular case where the lad walked on hands and knees is the especial pride of the Temple, this lad being able to walk around now, with only one brace attachment.

Erection within a year of a 50 to 100 bed convalescent home addition to the Twin City Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children is virtually a certainty according to George K. Belden, president of the Convalescent Home, Inc., of Minnesota.

Thirty-five thousand dollars is already in the treasury toward the \$150,000 to \$200,000 necessary for the construction and outfitting of the home.

Completion of the home will make it possible to reduce the approved waiting list, which continually remains at about 200.

Joe Freeman, Emmett, Ida., spent more than six months in the Portland unit, a deformed leg being the subject for treatment. His leg is now straight, he has returned home, walking with a cane which will be dispensed with as the muscles strengthen. He was sent to the hospital by the Emmett Shrine Club, El Korah Temple, Boise.

Members of Atlantic City Shrine club have raised a subscription of \$694 for new beds for the North American Home for Crippled Children. Such sums as may be received in excess of the price of the beds will be used for the new blankets and linen. Alex Vollmer is chairman of the Children's Committee in charge.

Charles H. Bennington, a one-legged professional dancer, was among the entertainers who have visited the Twin City hospital unit. Bennington lost his nether limb in a motorcycle accident in 1908.

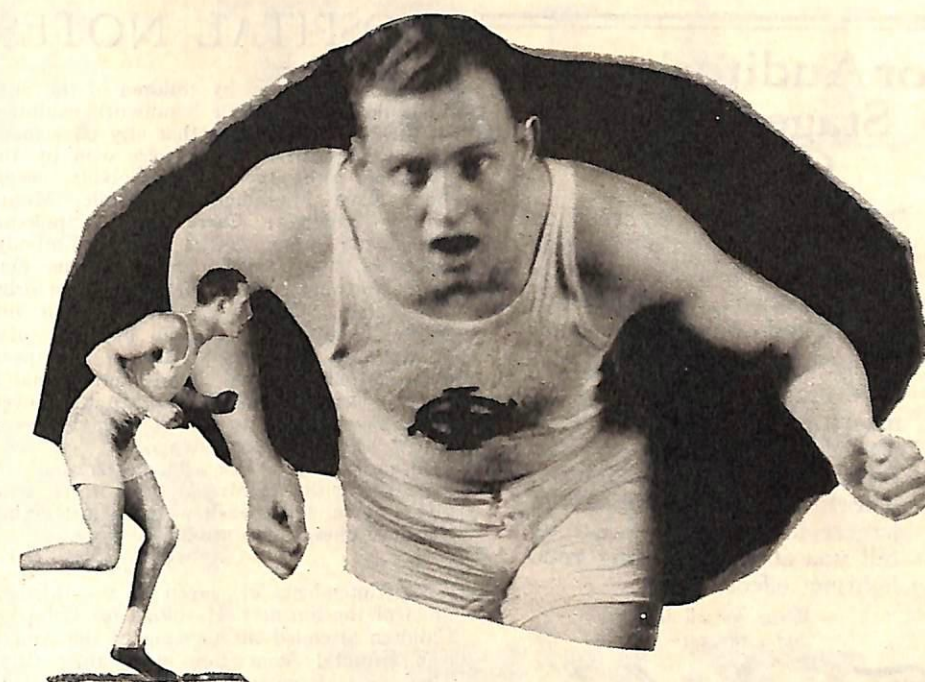
More than 500 young boys and girls, who had been crippled practically all their lives before entering the Shreveport, La., hospital unit, have been dismissed as cured. It has had more than 700 patients.

The convalescent home of the Chicago hospital unit was the beneficiary of a lively hockey game between the Chicago Athletic association and the Illinois Athletic club.

The women's auxiliary of the Twin City hospital unit has contributed \$2,700 to the proposed convalescent home and to the hospital 35,000 surgical dressings, more than 3,000 garments and 177 children's books.

Almas, Washington, D. C., has sent six children to the Philadelphia unit.

[Continued on page 88]



Ruptured Runner Tells Secret!

WHAT an amazing invention!

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him on the track again. Only four months before he had been badly ruptured. How the team had mourned his loss! And yet there he was, sprinting up and down as lively as ever. You can imagine my amazement.

Yet how much greater was my astonishment when, in answer to my casual remark about his operation, he replied smilingly:

"I have had no operation."

Seeing my amazed expression, he proceeded to reveal his secret. Then it was that I learned how an amazing little device no larger than a quarter not only effectively seals rupture, but also often heals it and puts one well on the road to complete recovery!

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1217 Webster Ave. Chicago

HOSPITAL NOTES

Blue ribbons won by children of the Spokane hospital for their handiwork exhibited at the Interstate fair in that city have made glad their hearts. Prizes were won by the following girls: Inez Ricks, Colville, needle box; Irma Manning, Stevensville, Mont., woven handbag; Carrie Hart, Spokane, parchment lamp shade; Ruby Embody, Spokane, fancy basket, and Christena Ferraro, Northport, Wash., napkin ring of original design. The boys also did their bit. Walter Swanson, the Eskimo boy, Haycock, Alaska, and Raymond Matthews, Thompson Falls, Mont., entered hand-painted match boxes. Louis Caluci, Tarkio, Mont., showed some clever hand-carved toys, gayly decorated, and a variegated woven mat won Audron Dunlap a blue ribbon. A share of the credit is due to Mrs. William Berry, who gives several hours each week to instructing the little ones in educational therapy.

Superintendents of eleven of the thirteen units of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children attended the meeting of the American Hospital Association at Atlantic City. They were accompanied by Miss Florence J. Potts, director of nursing, James R. Watt, secretary of the hospitals, and Mrs. Watt also attended the Atlantic City meeting.

After the Atlantic City meeting the superintendents went to Philadelphia, where they had a meeting. On Monday, they were guests of Past Imperial Potentate and Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick and were entertained by them at lunch and later were shown the sights of the sesquicentennial. The Past Imperial Potentate, who is also mayor of Philadelphia, entertained the visiting superintendents at dinner and a theater party.

Nurses and doctors at the Chicago hospital unit are taking especial interest in the case of Leedy Curl, an 11-year-old girl from Palatka, Fla. Practically all her life she has been unable to walk because of an accident which happened to her when she was a baby. Her father gave his life for his country in France and recently her mother died. The American Legion post at her Florida home called the attention of the Shriners' Hospital officials to the case and she was soon on her way to Chicago. The physicians say that long treatment will be necessary for Leedy, but they are confident she can be cured.

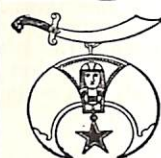
The children of the Twin Cities unit made an exhibition of their handiwork at the Minnesota State Fair and received marked attention. The work consisted of toys, needlework and lace. The Women's Auxiliary were in charge of the booth and passed out circulars informative of the work of the hospitals.

Rev. Thomas Quinn, pastor of St. Sylvester's Catholic Church, Chicago, was one of the speakers at a non-sectarian meeting in that city in aid of a convalescent home, to be a part of the Chicago unit of the Shriners' hospitals.

Forty-five cures in one month is the wonderful record of the Shriners' hospital in St. Louis. This makes a total of 846 since it was opened. And still there were 337 little handicapped children on the waiting list at latest reckoning.

Zuhrah women's auxiliary to the Twin City hospital made dancing help the cause at a party recently. Mrs. Ed Sullivan and Mrs. C. A. Kirchenstein had charge of the ticket sales.

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Three Shrine Tours all leaving S. S. Cedric, July 2, —visiting England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France.

Parties are strictly limited to number. The three tours offer exceptional opportunities to Shriners and their friends to make the trip under the most attractive conditions, assured of a congenial party.

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30x3 1/2 ss or cl.	3.65 1.75	34x4 1/2	6.50 3.25
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31x4 ss or cl.	4.50 2.00	36x4 1/2	7.25 3.40
32x4	4.95 2.25	38x5	7.50 3.50
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No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

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All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of help-fulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so **RESTORE HAIR** in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own

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